

SEPTEMBER, 1927

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production



THE WORLD'S GREATEST MOTION PICTURE

Q Jetta Goudal, the girl on the cover, is at work on "The Forbidden Woman".

Q SCREENLAND is published on the 5th of the month preceding date of issue.



SCREENLAND

Title Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

September, 1927

"The Spirit of the Movies"

VOL. XV, No. 5

Eliot Keen, Editor

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Walter G. Springer, Publisher

Magazine Builders, Inc., at 49 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y., U. S. A.

Walter G. Springer, President; E. E. Adams, Secretary and Treasurer; Sam A. Craig, Jr., Advertising Manager; E. P. Frenz, Circulation Manager. Copyright 1927. Trade Mark registered. Single copies 25c.; subscription price, United States and Canada, \$2.50 a year, foreign, \$3.50. Entered as second-class matter, November 30, 1923, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Additional entry at Long

Island City, N. Y. Permission to reprint material must be secured from the publishers. General Executive and Editorial Offices at 49 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y. Western advertising offices: Powers & Stone, Inc., 861 First National Bank Building, Chicago, Ill.; Pacific Coast: Loyd B. Chappell, 611 So. Coronado St., Los Angeles, Cal.

Member Audit Bureau of Circulations

Printed in United States of America **Roto-Color** Giles Printing Co., New York, N. Y.

A JOB FOR A WRITER—PAGE 38



ONE thing you have always known about pictures—those made by Paramount are best. Now you get Paramount quality in the whole show—Paramount Features, Paramount News, Paramount Comedies and Cartoons. Two hours of the best motion picture entertainment in the world! You can see the Paramount 100% Program at all the best theatres and you should because in Short Features, as well as long, "If it's a Paramount Picture it's the best show in town!"

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Firemen, Save My Child

"Oh for
the Life
of a
Fireman!"



THEY'RE in again! Beery and Hatton, the goofy gobs of "We're in the Navy Now." This time they're fighting fires but it's just as much fun! Edward Sutherland Production with Josephine Dunn and Tom Kennedy.

Clara Bow in Hula

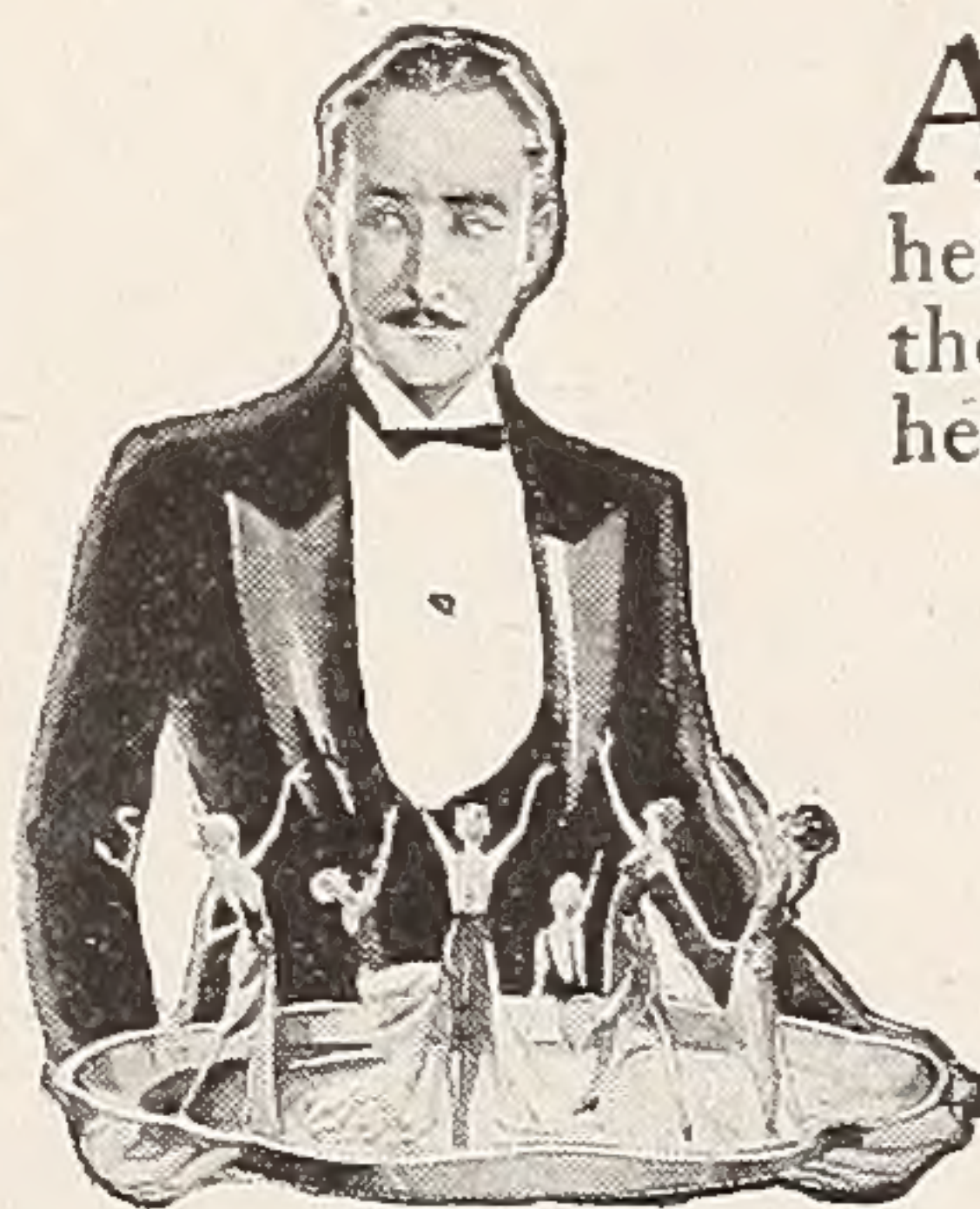
*A South Sea
Siren with "It"*

VICTOR FLEMING
Production
from the novel by
Armine von Temp-
ski, with Clive
Brook and Arlette
Marchal.



Adolphe Menjou in Service for Ladies

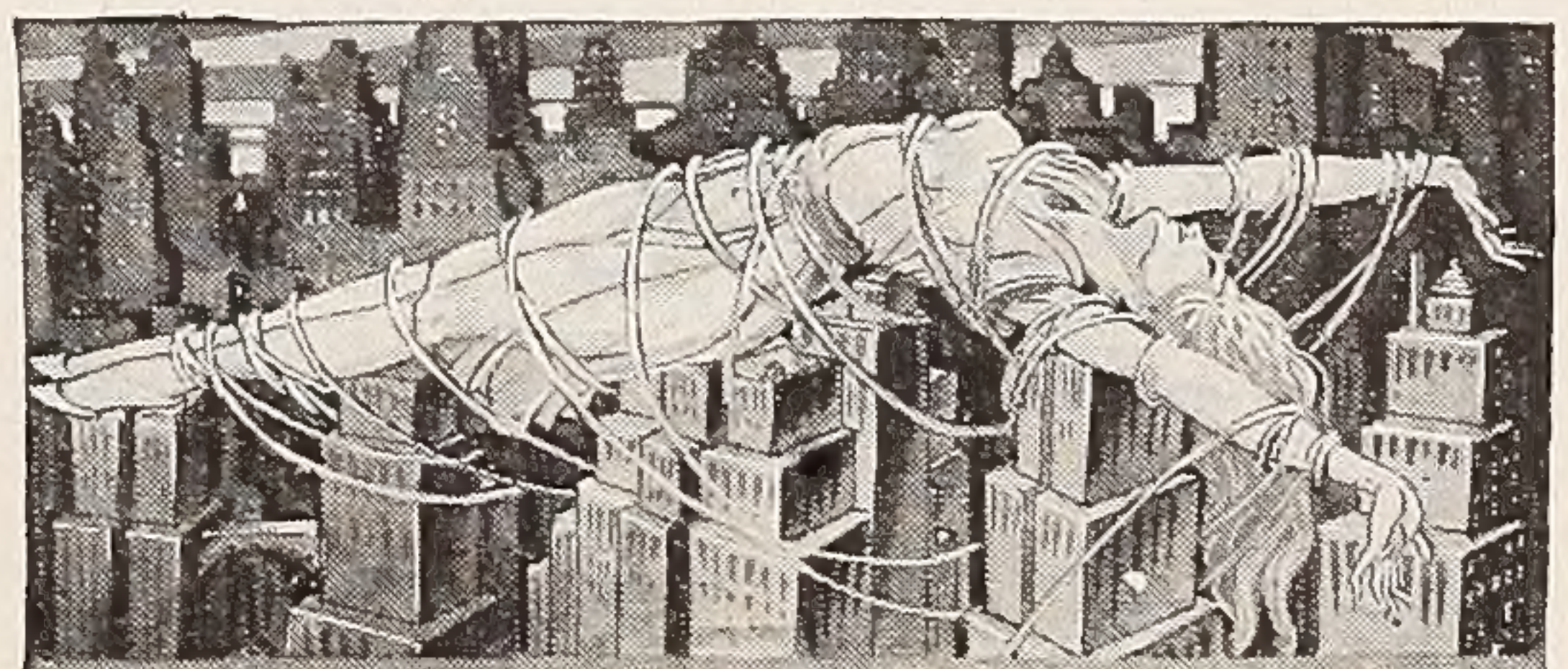
A Head Waiter with a Heart!



ADOLPHE MENJOU loses his to a pretty heiress who is dining at the hotel where he is the head waiter. The perfect situation for this perfect gentleman! Directed by H. D'Abbadie D'Arast, from the story by Ernest Vajda. With Kathryn Carver.

Metropolis

HIGH into the air! Deep into the earth! The indescribable Paramount-Ufa cinemiracle that startled New York. Directed by Fritz Lang, adapted by Channing Pollock.





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Reduce your overweight.

Don't do it by abnormal exercise or diet. Such results are hard, dangerous and transient. Do it in the easy, pleasant way.

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Name

Address

City & State

prestol it's gone!!

FLUFFY OF TORONTO. Not a bit ruffled, are you? Well, you would be if you had my job. If you have only one question that puzzles you, you are lucky—like Lindy. How do I know all the answers to all the questions that pour into me from all the four corners of the earth? Ah! that's what puzzles me, sometimes. Yes, Ralph Forbes played opposite Renee Adoree in "Mr. Wu". He's the husband of the stage star, Ruth Chatterton.

Wilma G. "Is there a place for you in my little nook?" Step right in. Thanks a lot for all the kindly interest. Yes, Richard Dix is as nice as you think, and then some. You can write him care Paramount Studio, Hollywood, Cal. No, Richard hasn't been engaged to anyone since he moved to Hollywood. Dare you to write and ask him why! I don't know.

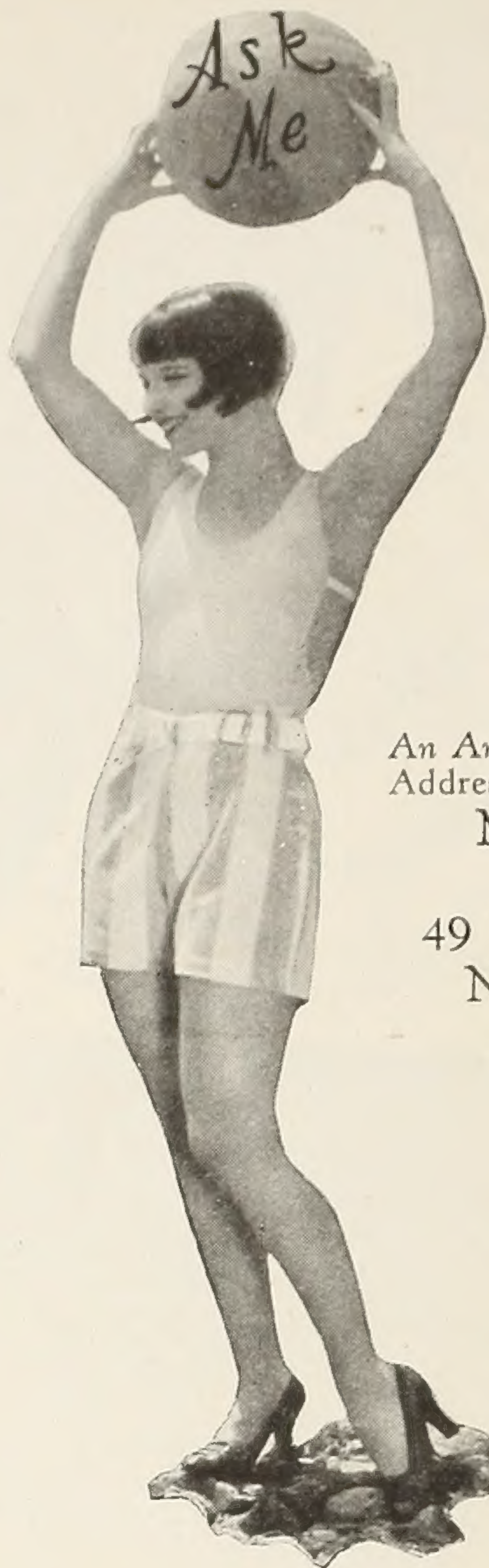
Peaches. Whose? I don't wonder that you have fallen hard for Estelle Taylor and her big husband, Jack Dempsey. Your case a bit unusual? No! Now you just go on lovin' 'em both as much as the boy friend will stand for. Very keen about 'em myself. Estelle's hair and eyes are a beautiful dark brown. She is 5 feet 4½ inches tall and weighs 129 pounds. Her latest film was "New York". Sure, write her and tell her all you have told me. Estelle is under contract to United Artists, but should be addressed care the Barbara Hotel, Los Angeles, Cal.

Indianapolis Cutie. Alice Terry has been working in "The Garden of Allah". In overalls? Oh, my no! Over-time, maybe. And you resemble her? You lucky thing. Now all you need is to find a Rex Ingram to "discover" you too. Good luck.

S. A. of Detroit. Well, I, for one, know why I go to the movies. For fun. It's fine we don't all like the same pictures at the same time or the theaters would not hold us. They are crowded enough as it is. You evidently agree with Sherman about war! He certainly knew his cigars. Didn't "The Big Parade" interest you at all? Now I'll ask one! Why do you go to the movies?

Anxious. Really, I feel as badly about it all as you do. But it's the trend of modern times. No, the genial William Haines is not married, but Charles Ray is. Up to date, George Lewis is among the un-attached. You still have a chance, if you're not too anxious.

A Valley Rose. It did, did it? If I give you all the addresses you asked for this time, you'd never write again. But these may keep you busy for awhile. The child actress, Joyce Coad, is with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studio, Culver City, Cal. Clara



© Louise Brooks upholding the slogan of SCREENLAND'S answer department.

An Answer Page of Information
Address:

MISS VEE DEE,
SCREENLAND,
49 West 45th Street
New York City.

Bow and Esther Ralston, Paramount Studio, Hollywood, Cal. Janet Gaynor and Buck Jones, Fox Studio, Hollywood, Cal.

Jolly. When the "King of Kings" passes your way, watch for Simon of Tyrene. William Boyd plays this part. You are quite right

about his wonderful facial expressions. Bill is one actor with facial expressions who does not make faces. He is in "Two Arabian Knights", having been borrowed from Cecil De Mille by United Artists for this one picture.

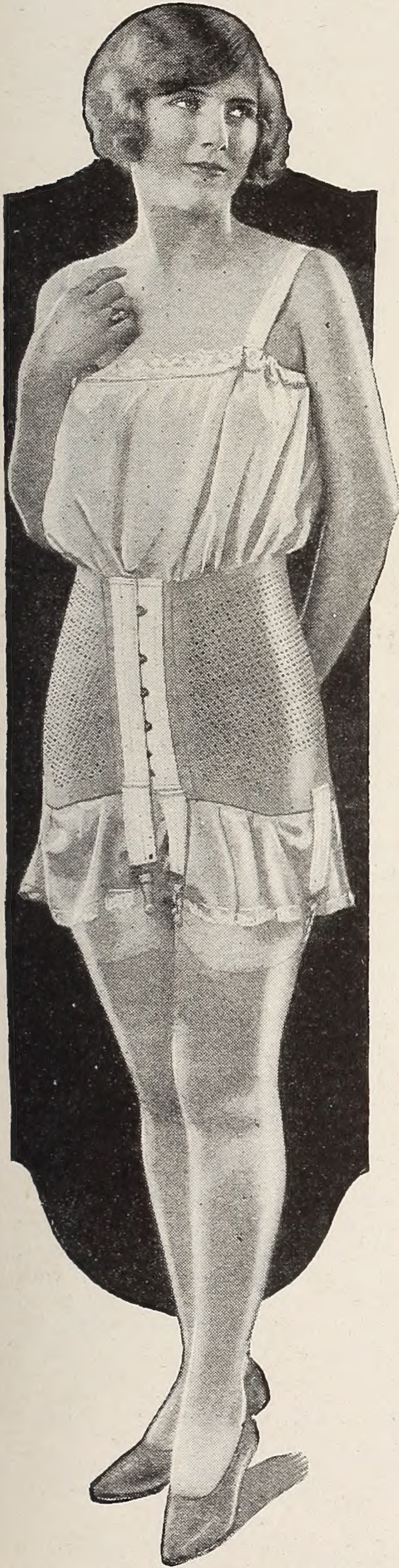
Sapulpa, of Okla. I will hand you one, as the soul of wit. You are it. Ruth Roland was born in San Francisco, Cal. She was a child actress at the age of 3 years. She has reddish brown hair and violet eyes. You've read about violet eyes—well, Ruthie really has 'em, they tell me. The color of Miss Vee Dee's eyes? Well, they have been black. Work that out.

My Bonny Jean. Who ever told you that Richard Dix was an Indian? Just because he was so splendid in "The Vanishing American?" I thought so. If you write him care Paramount Studio, Cal., you may be rewarded. His real name is Ernest Carlton Brimmer. He was born in St. Paul, Minn., in 1894, and is not married.

J. of Leadwood, Mo. Elinor Faire is the wife of William Boyd. Yes, they are both in the cast of "The Yankee Clipper". Lois Moran and Lois Wilson are not married, though Miss Moran has been reported engaged recently. Nothing to it, say I.

Ginger. Wish I had a nick-name as snappy as that. Mine is usually "Hey"! Virginia Valli has never told me just how old she is: but I do know she was born in Chicago. Yes, Blanche Sweet is a blonde. Phyllis Haver can be addressed, 3924 Wisconsin St., Los Angeles, Cal. Patsy Ruth Miller at 808 Crescent Drive, Beverly Hills, Cal.

New ~~Ventilated~~ girdle reduces waist and hips ~two to four inches in *TEN DAYS*



FASHIONABLE women everywhere are praising to the skies the marvelous new Perfolastic Girdle that reduces fleshy hip and waist almost as if by magic and quickly gives you the slim, youthful figure you desire.

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Don't confuse Perfolastic with the old style, heavy rubber garments that were so uncomfortable. Perfolastic is a featherweight, *ventilated* girdle that weighs just seven and a half ounces (garters included), and is full of tiny holes to let the skin breathe and the pores function as they should. It is so cool, so comfortable that you hardly know you have it on.

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ter still, with every breath you draw, with every step you take, Perfolastic exerts a continuous, gentle massage that *takes off flesh*.

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Universal Pictures Star

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Won't you test, at my risk, my *Parfum Narcisse*? You, too, will find the fragrance so delightful. It is new in America. It gives the personality *charmante*. It is refined—yet alluring.

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Other famous perfumers sell to America by expensive methods. Last year millions of dollars were spent to force demands. Also the stores must have their big profits. So the costs to you go up—up. I can save you \$3.00 or more per ounce. By dealing direct—from me to your boudoir. I think this big saving will interest you. So I announce my *Introductory Offer Extraordinaire to America*.

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It is so simple to try my alluring perfume. My special Introductory Offer Coupon (below) is worth \$3.00. Mail it to me—I send the gorgeous full ounce bottle and package. Just pay the postman \$2.00 (plus a few pennies postage cost). Then try as much as 50 drops. If not delighted—or if not the most attractive perfume you ever used—or if not equal or better than perfumes sold in exclusive shops for \$5.00 or more—then return to me in three days. At once I will return your two dollar bill. Do not delay. This is a short time offer only. Awaiting kindly, I say *au Revoir*.

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Name

Street

City..... State.....

I enclose \$2.00. Send prepaid with the same 50 drop trial offer.

May McAvoy listening to "The Jazz Singer" her next picture.



THE Costello girls—all three of them came back to Broadway, to be welcomed with three cheers, a picture premier, a gala luncheon, photographers, and—a monkey. Dolores, Helene, and Mrs. Costello, who looks more like an older sister than a mother, left New York just about two years ago to seek their fortunes in Hollywood. You know what happened in those two years if you have been seeing any Warner Brothers pictures at all. And if N. Y. didn't exactly send out brass bands to welcome them home, it was probably only because Colonel Lindy happened to be in town at the same time. Dolores is a star now, and Helene a promising featurette; and Mrs. Costello is mighty proud of them; but not too proud to make Dolores eat a substantial breakfast of liver and bacon when all Dolores wants is strawberry jam and toast. As for the monkey—someone presented him to the stars when they arrived, and he ruled their temporary household at the Ambassador, as only monkeys can do. The Costello company is made up of good troupers.

There's nothing dolorous and dreary about the real Dolores. She only sighs and cries for the camera. Actually, she's younger, blonder, smaller, and snappier than you'd ever dream from her pictures. Her eyes are a beautiful blue. She wears smart, short skirts in place of the trailing things her characters call for. (She does prefer costume stuff for pictures, though.) Her mother says Dolores has had that wistful, sad look ever since she was a baby—but it doesn't mean anything! It means a lot on the lot, Mrs. Costello. Dolores has perfect poise, and she's never really sad; she just looks that way. Yes—she *does* resemble Elsie Ferguson.

Helene looks more like her dad—the famous Maurice Costello, who was the first matinee idol of the movies. Which means she is a very handsome girl. She's the younger sister, but is so self-possessed she seems older. Black hair—and dark blue eyes—tiny feet for which she loves buying shoes; new shoes are Helene's hobby. And she almost always dresses in black. Black frock, black hat; and one day at luncheon a beautiful black cross and chain was her

only ornament. And in case you have heard the rumors of her engagement to Douglas Fairbanks, Junior—Helene says they're good friends, with no engagement nonsense about it. And that's that.

Warner Brothers gave Dolores a luncheon at the Park Lane. It was a nice luncheon, and the guest of honor made it even nicer by the spirit of the little speech she made. It consisted of about three words: "I thank you". That's our idea of the kind of a speech movie stars should make. It is also Dolores'. She says she always feels sorry for a movie audience when confronted by a long-winded screen star making a personal appearance. Stars, she thinks, should be seen, and not heard.

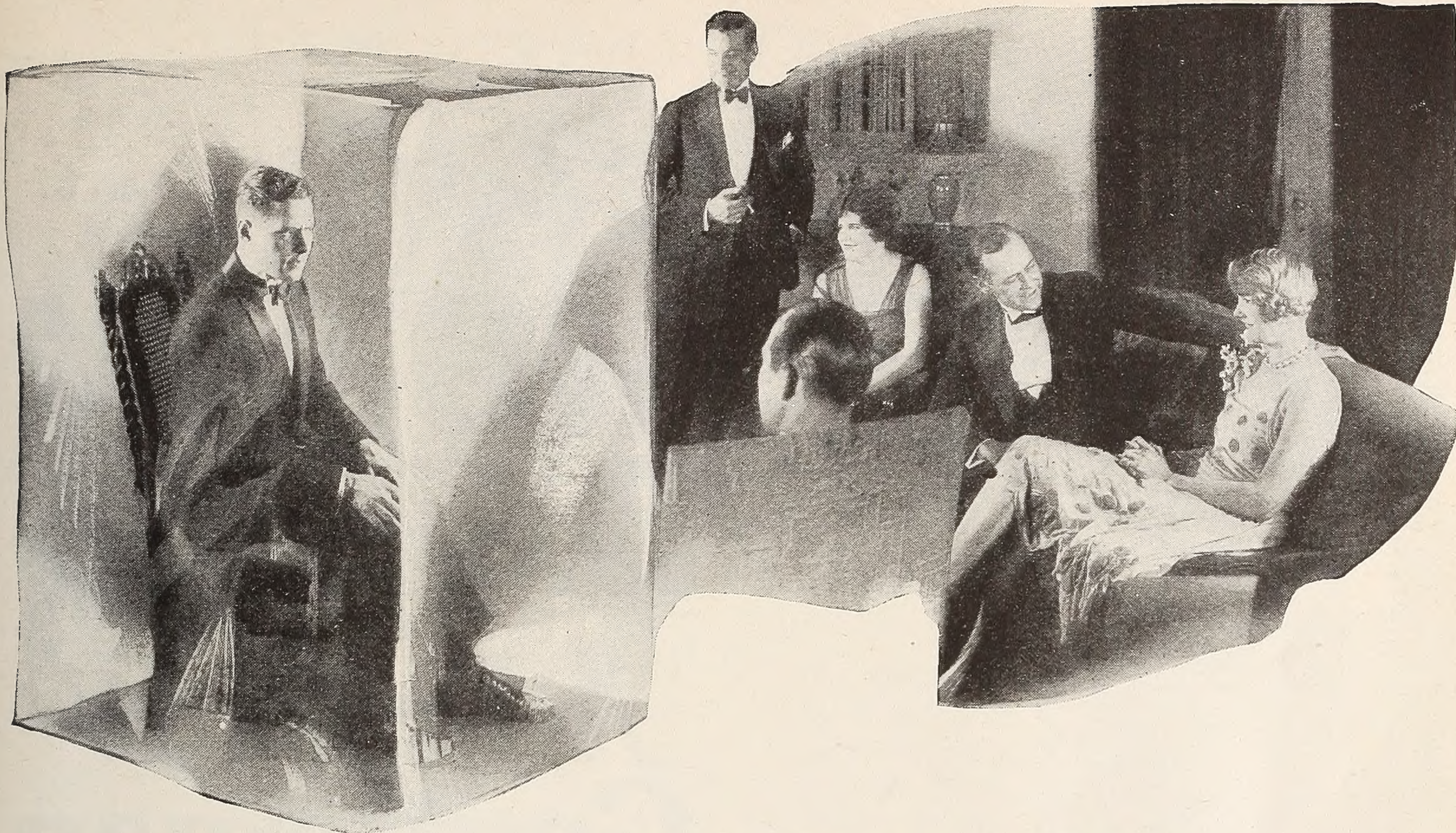
The Costello sisters used to do a sister act—singing and dancing—in George White's Scandals. Some day Dolores wants to go back to the stage—not in musical comedy, but in drama, if she can "find a beautiful play".

* * *

Anna May Wong gave New York its first chance to see her in person. The lovely little Oriental actress is a quaint picture, with her deep brown almond-shaped eyes, her golden-brown skin, and her striking costumes, which she designs herself. Even her street clothes have an Oriental motif, with gorgeous Chinese brocade fashioned with Parisian chic. Anna May attracted attention wherever she went. She's a smart, sensible young lady, with only a trace of accent in her slow, measured speech. She was deluged with offers to go on the speaking stage under the direction of one of America's most prominent producers; to make a picture in Germany; to stay right in New York and be featured—and to come back to Hollywood. Right now she is having the time of her life seeing New York.

* * *

Marion Davies was in New York for a spell—quite a lengthy vacation as vacations go with these busy film folks. But Marion is a daughter of Manhattan and never stays away any longer than she can help. Not that she loves Hollywood less, but New York more, maybe. Now we've started something!



I Turned To Ice When I Tried To Talk

—But Now I Can Sway An Audience of Thousands!

I HAD always been painfully bashful. When I trying to carry on even the most commonplace conversation my voice would sound unnatural and my hands and knees would tremble. Often I would listen to an argument among a group and become so keenly interested that I would want to voice my own opinion—yet timidity would keep me silent. I never had the courage to stand up for what I knew to be my rights—I was always afraid of what people would say, ridicule. Since my childhood I had had a secret desire to appear in public, to be active in politics—but my shyness was so great that I turned to ice when I tried to talk—in even the smallest gathering!

My inability to talk was also affecting my business success. I dreaded going in and asking for a raise—I was afraid of any situation that meant using my voice—having to express myself. I didn't know how to present the ideas which I was sure the firm could use. I was just a plodder, a truck horse, capable of doing a lot of heavy work but of no use where brilliant performance was required. Often I would see men who were not half so thorough nor so hard working as I, promoted to positions where they made a brilliant showing—not through hard work, but through their ability to talk cleverly and convincingly—to give the appearance of being efficient and skillful.

In 20 Minutes a Day

And then suddenly I discovered a new easy method which made me a forceful speaker almost overnight. I learned how to dominate one man or an audience of thousands—how to say just the right words at the right time, how to win and hold the attention of those around me, how to express my thoughts simply and clearly, yet in a pleasing, interesting and amusing way. In just a few months I was able to make campaign speeches for a local candidate—I who a short time before had turned to ice when I tried to carry on an ordinary conversation!

Soon I had won salary increases, promotion, popularity, power. Today I always have a ready flow of speech at my command. I am able to rise to any occasion, to meet any emergency with just the right words, to approach all types of people with ease and fearlessness. And I accomplished all this by developing the natural power of speech possessed by everyone, but cultivated by so few—by simply spending 20 minutes a day in my own home on this most fascinating subject.

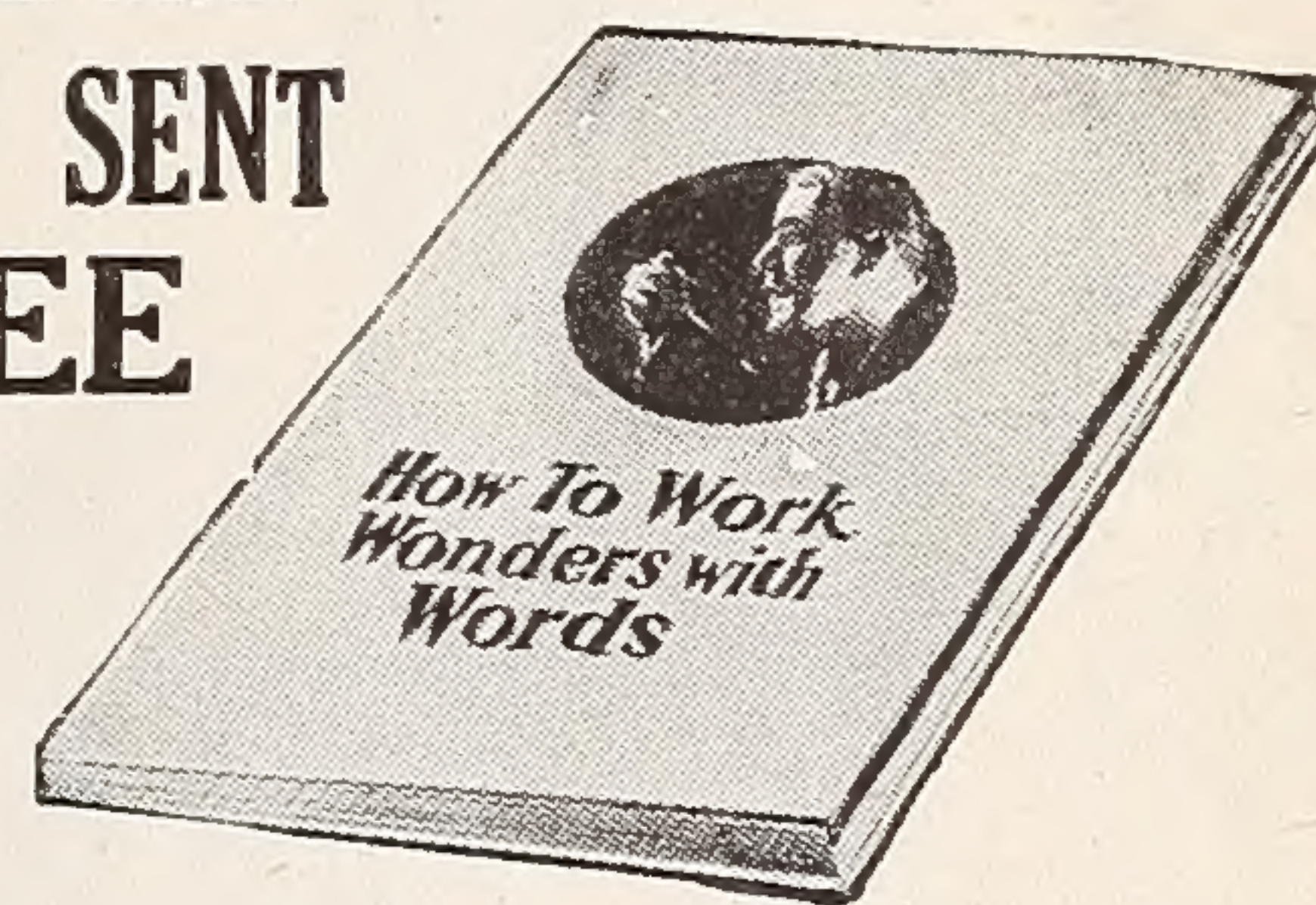
There is no magic, no trick, no mystery about becoming a powerful and convincing talker—a brilliant easy, fluent conversationalist. You, too, can conquer timidity, stage fright, self-consciousness and bashfulness, winning advancement in salary, popularity, social standing and success. Today, business demands for the big, important high-salaried jobs, men who can dominate others—men who can make others do as they wish. It is the power of forceful, convincing speech that causes one man to jump from obscurity to the presidency of a great corporation; another from a small, unimportant territory to a sales-manager's desk; another from the rank and file of political workers to a post of national importance; a timid retiring, self-conscious man to change almost overnight into a popular and much applauded after-dinner speaker. Thousands have accomplished just such amazing things through this simple, easy yet effective training.

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This new method of training is fully described in a very interesting and informative booklet which is now being sent to everyone mailing the coupon below. This book is called *How to Work Wonders With Words*. In it you are shown how to conquer stage fright, self-consciousness, timidity, bashfulness and fear—those things that keep you silent while men of lesser ability get what they want by the sheer power of convincing speech. Not only men who have made millions, but thousands have sent for this book—and are unstinting in their praise of it.

You are told how to bring out and develop your priceless "hidden knack"—the natural gift within you—which will win for you advancement in position and salary, popularity, social standing, power and real success. You can obtain your copy absolutely free by sending the coupon.

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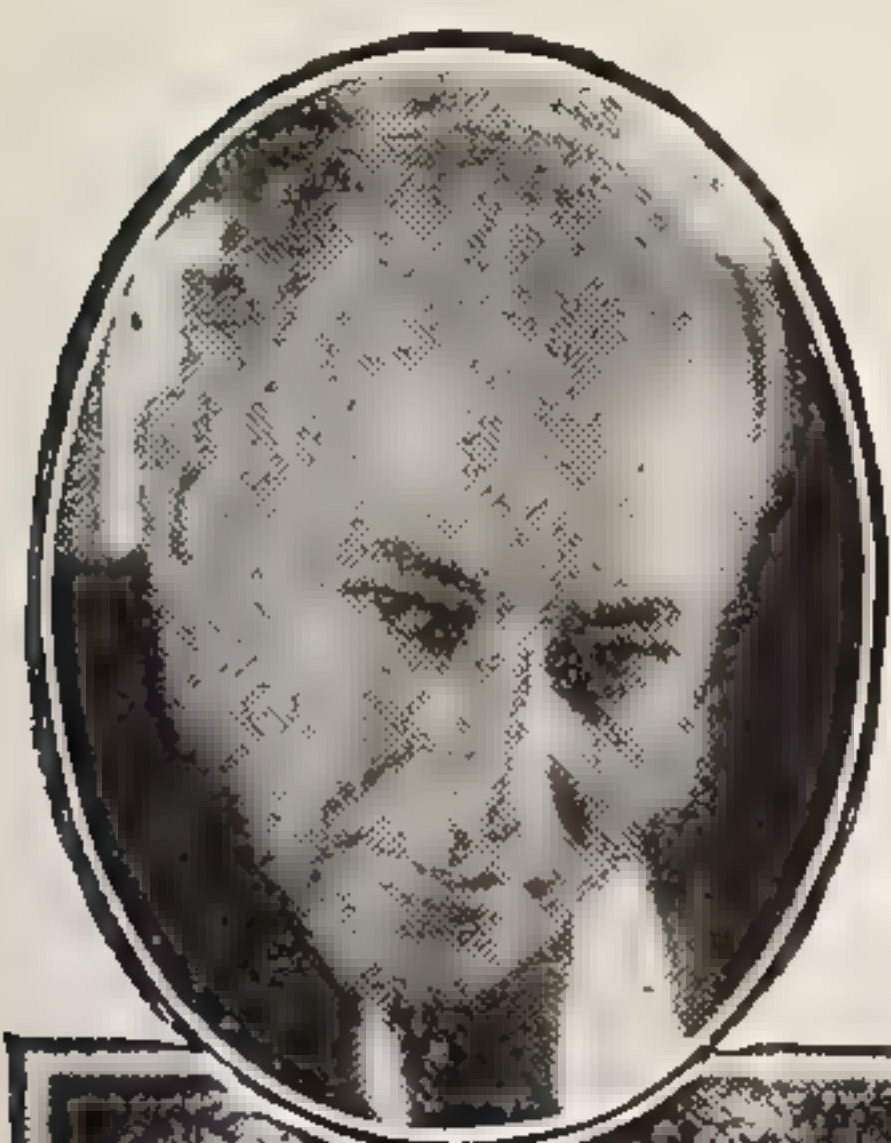
The Romance of Pathé

A pioneer in picture entertainment

Over thirty years ago in France, Charles Pathe used a primitive motion picture camera to take scenes of a woman feeding chickens, a running horse, and the like. He developed his own films, then exhibited them to a curious public through penny-in-the-slot machines—the far-off predecessors of the modern motion picture theatre. He thus became a notable pioneer in a business which has made the lives of untold millions happier, and has become one of the great industries of the world.

Pathe Produced the First News Reel, the First Drama and Comedy

From that day to this the house of Pathe has been a leader. The first news reel, the first enacted motion picture drama and comedy were produced by Pathe. It is to-day famous for the best news reel—the Pathe News—as well as the best in comedies and every kind of short subjects.



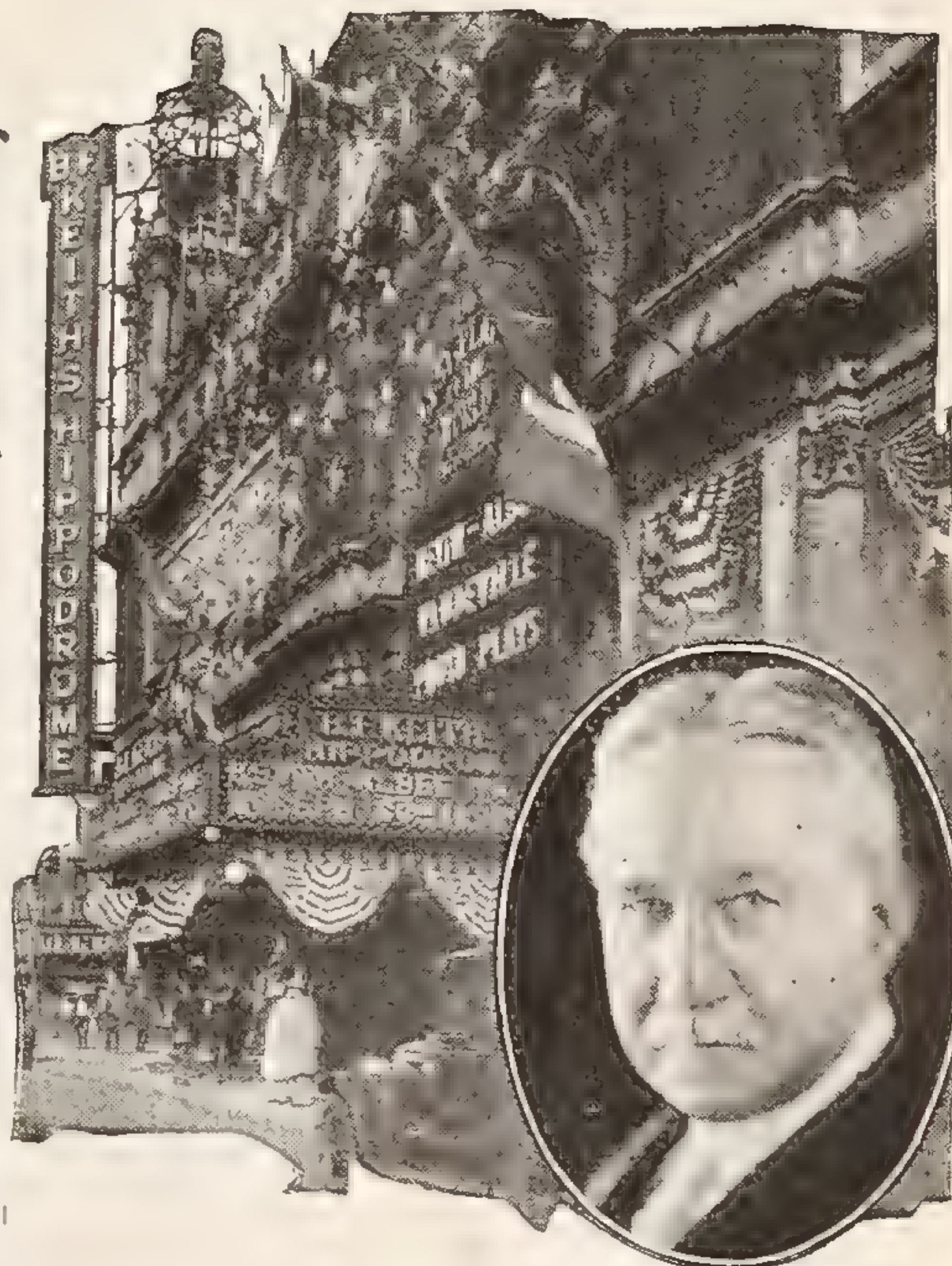
Cecil B. De Mille, master Producer, and his studio at Culver City, Calif.

The Genius of De Mille, The Showmanship of Keith-Albee, Make a Greater Pathe

Now for the betterment of screen entertainment, the best brains in production, distribution and exhibition have come together; Cecil B. De Mille, whose surpassing genius created the incomparable "The King of Kings," and who stands alone as a feature producer; Pathe, the leader in short subjects, and through the Pathe-Dupont Co., a manufacturer of film, and the vast Keith-Albee, Orpheum and allied theatre circuits, the world's greatest showmen.

For the first time there is thus associated in one enterprise every vital element of motion picture activity from the raw film stock to the perfect and lavish presentation upon the screen.

Thus is continued the romance begun over thirty years ago. The pioneer is still the pioneer. The first is still the first.



E. F. Albee, President of the Keith-Albee Circuit of theatres and the New York Hippodrome, typical of the Keith-Albee Theatres.

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YOU can banish those annoying, embarrassing freckles, quickly and surely, in the privacy of your own boudoir. Your friends will wonder how you did it.

Stillman's Freckle Cream bleaches them out while you sleep. Leaves the skin soft and white, the complexion fresh, clear and transparent, the face rejuvenated with new beauty of natural coloring.

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Removes Freckles | Whitens The Skin

The Stillman Co., 3 Rosemary Lane, Aurora, Ill.
Send me your FREE make-up and skin treatment booklet.

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Don't Fear
the embarrassment of objectionable odors from
PERSPIRATION
keep your body healthy & sanitary by using
TRADE MARK
NYSKA
Formerly "Charm"
Destroys Perspiration Odors—A Charming Deodorant
A superior odorless antiseptic toilet powder that contains No Talcum. Very beneficial to comfort when dusted on sanitary napkins, underwear, dress shields, etc. Refreshing after the bath, gives instant relief to tired, swollen and aching feet. An indispensable toilet requisite. Price 50c at drug and dept. stores. **Clip this out and enclose 10c for generous sample.**
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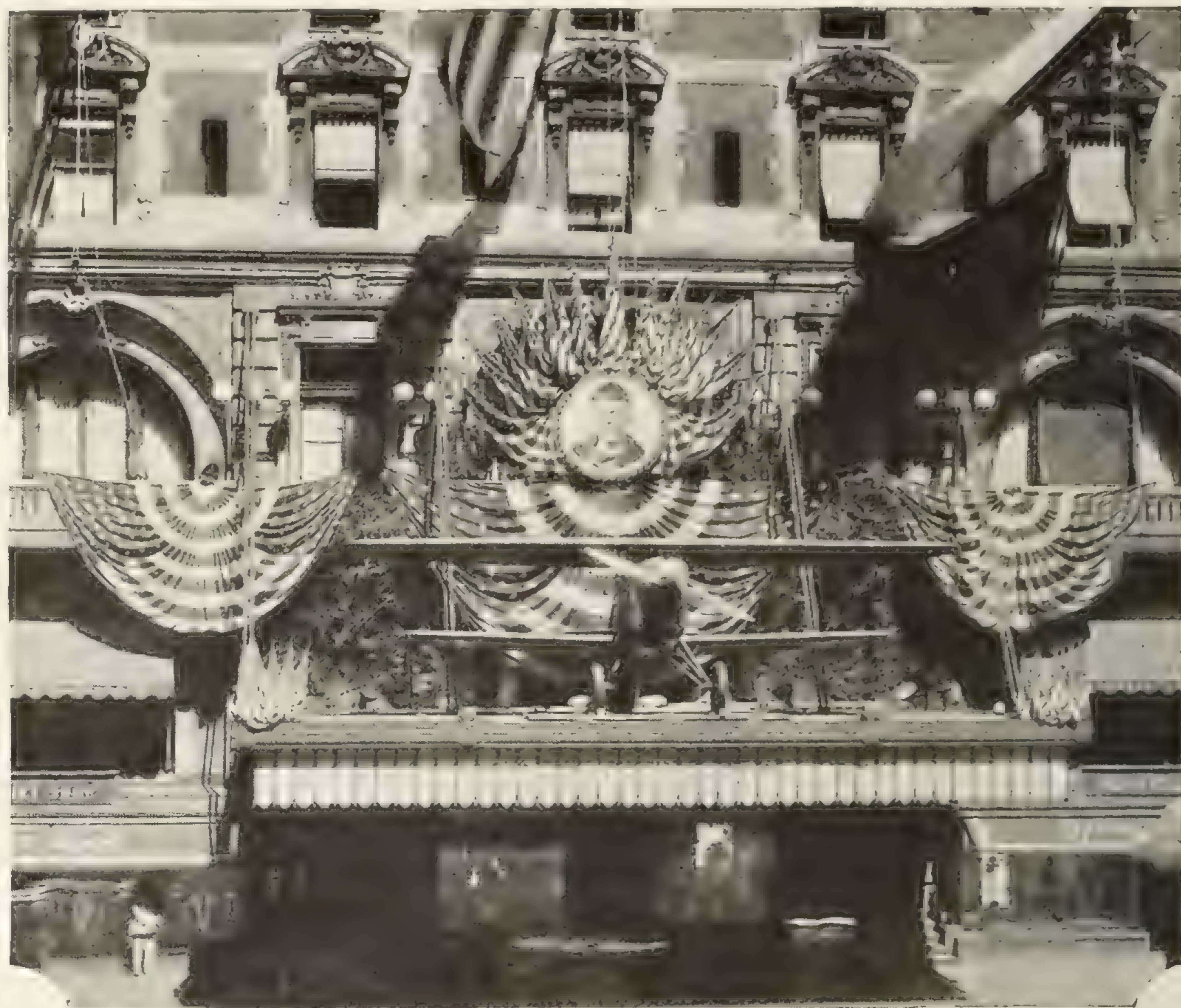
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DARKENS and BEAUTIFIES EYELASHES and BROWS INSTANTLY, makes them appear naturally dark, long and luxuriant. Adds wonderful charm, beauty and expression to any face. Perfectly harmless. Used by millions of lovely women. Solid form or water-proof liquid, BLACK or BROWN, 75c at your dealer's or direct postpaid.
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What's Doing in Times Square

By Helen Ludlam



Col. Lindbergh conquered the theatres and hotels of Broadway. The Hotel Astor gave him the most picturesque greeting.

A LONG with the rest of the Universe, Broadway went mad about Colonel Charles Lindbergh. Every playhouse along the Gay White Way, the hotels and most of the stores and restaurants paid tribute to the sporting young flier with colorful decorations; French, English and American flags wound together; pictures of Lindy decorated with flags; pictures of his silent partner, the Spirit of Saint Louis. In the shop of an upholsterer reposed a dignified Windsor chair covered in red and cream chintz and the pattern exhibited a bewildering number of impressions of Lindy and his plane. People stopped at nothing in their endeavor to show their enthusiastic admiration for this twenty-five year old lad who seemed, when I saw him, to be taking a perfectly impersonal view of the whole demonstration and as interested in the people and what they were doing as the people were interested in him.

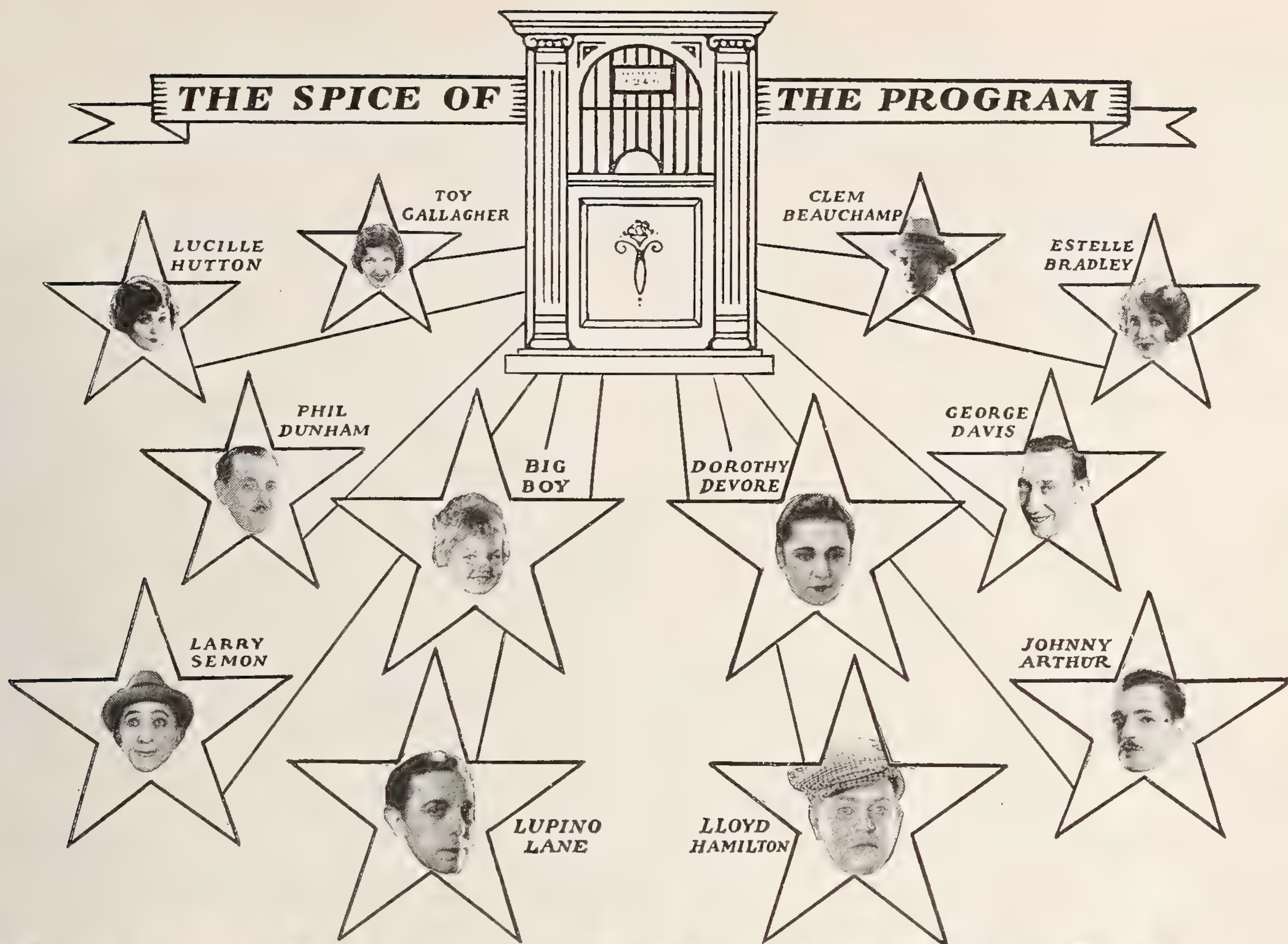
Certain it was that for three weeks the whole of New York was given over to the latest about Lindy. At four o'clock in the afternoon of the day he started for France the screens in the Times Square section flashed the take-off. The Roxy was perhaps the most interesting because it had the Movietone which recorded the cheering and the whir of the propellor. His reception in Washington and the amazing speech that he made was also heard. All through the audience people caught their breath as the sincerity and greatness of his gesture was realized. Reading the words on the printed

page of the newspapers had not quite the same effect, was not understood quite as clearly as in the darkened theatre when Lindy stood before our eyes quietly, and in two or three short, simple sentences joined the hands of Europe and America in friendship. Had we actually been in Washington the effect could not have been more thrilling I am sure. That week all conversations, whether within the hectic confines of the Times Square section or at the exclusive and secluded tables at Sherry's and the Crillon, began and ended with Lindy.

The summer heat has little effect upon the picture patrons because of the comfort these days in the temperature of the theatres. All of the large houses and a few of the smaller ones have installed the cooling systems so that the crowds are as great during the summer months as in the winter.

This week the Roxy Theatre offers Blanche Sweet in "Singed". It has made such a hit that it may be held over for another week. Everyone is very happy about it because Blanche Sweet has never lost the little nitch she won in all our hearts. The Capitol is showing a rousing comedy by the name of "The Callahans and the Murphys" with Marie Dressler, and the Strand has "The Prince of Headwaiters" with Lewis Stone. The Rialto is specially proud to offer Emil Jannings in "The Way of All Flesh".

They can make all the wise cracks they like about the California climate but it didn't rub the bloom off that great actor's art.



These Stars Outside Mean A Good Show Inside

**These Short Features
Always Make a Good Show Better**

LUPINO LANE COMEDIES
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LARRY SEMON COMEDIES
TUXEDO COMEDIES
with Johnny Arthur
MERMAID COMEDIES
(Jack White Productions)
CAMEO COMEDIES
LYMAN H. HOWE'S HODGE-PODGE
OUTDOOR SKETCHES
by Robert C. Bruce
FELIX THE CAT CARTOONS
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Produced by Walter Futter
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The NEWS REEL Built Like a Newspaper

THE words "Educational Pictures" in the lobby mean entertainment on the screen—an evening that cannot fall flat. For these quality Short Features will redeem any longer feature that might prove a bit dull to you; and they enhance the most absorbing super-feature . . . they always make a good show better.

Educational is the acknowledged leader of the Short Features field . . . its comedies offer the greatest line-up of popular stars, and are the funniest of the short laugh-producers of the day . . . its prize-winning short classics and novelties are always interesting and often inspiring . . . its news reel, Kinograms, is second to none.

Long specialized experience . . . seven years dealing in nothing but Short Features . . . enables *Educational* to provide for you the finest entertainment that is to be found in the briefer subjects that make up "the spice of the program." Look for the *Educational Pictures* trade-mark or the names of these stars before stepping up to the box-office. They always mean a good show inside.

EDUCATIONAL FILM EXCHANGES, INC.,
E. W. Hammons, President
1501 Broadway, New York, N. Y.



GRAY HAIR

Is Not Necessary

You are only as
old as you look!

Wm. J. Brandt's
Liquid

EAU DE
HENNA
Hair Color
Restorer



will cover hair in 10 to 30 minutes so that you would not know it ever was gray. It is liquid. One application with a toothbrush does it all. No pack. No mess.

You get the natural color. No one will suspect your hair has been dyed. Leaves it soft and lustrous—no dead color—no streaks—no spots—just a uniform color.

ANY ONE CAN PUT IT ON

It will not rub off. It stays on several months. Shampooing, sea bathing, sun, permanent waving, curling or straightening iron—nothing takes it off.

You can cover any gray no matter how stubborn or how caused. It also takes at the roots.

You don't have to fuss around for a week. You get the color right away.

Wonderful For Touching Up

You can put it on just where needed. Can be used over other dyes or where powdered hennas have been used. Does not break the hair. Does not interfere with permanent waving.

Full directions in each box in English and Spanish. Colors: Black, Dark Brown, Medium Brown, Light Brown, Drab, Blond, Auburn. Price \$2.50. C. O. D. \$2.77. In ordering please state color desired; order through your Department Store, Druggist, Beauty Parlor or direct from us; give full local address.

Accept no substitute for Wm. J. Brandt's Eau de Henna.

HAIR SPECIALTY CO.

Dept. 265-L, 112 East 23rd St., New York
Men as well as women use Eau de Henna to advantage.

HAVE PRETTY ROUND FACE AND NECK

Instead of unsightly hollows

RESULTS GUARANTEED



Don't let sunken cheeks, hollow temples or a drawn, skinny neck keep you looking thin, peaked, old, worn out. Science offers you a sure, delightful way to put on flesh where you need it. No dieting or tiresome exercise. Simply apply Tiffany Tissue Builder. It is a secret compound of amazing tissue building oils. It has brought new attractive beauty to thousands.

Hollow cheeks and temples, skinny necks and under-developed busts round out almost at once—firm—dainty—beautiful. Crow's feet and wrinkles disappear as tho by magic. The soothing tissue building oils will not irritate the most tender skin. Neither will it grow hair.

Results guaranteed and your money promptly refunded if you are not delighted after four weeks' use according to directions. Price \$3.00. Send check, money order or currency and we will send prepaid. If you prefer send no money but pay postman \$3.00 plus few cents postage when he delivers it.

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Be a Camera Man Earn up to \$250 a Week



Here's YOUR chance to get into the movies! Big pay jobs open to camera men. You can quickly qualify. Fascinating work. Also big opportunities in Portrait, Commercial and News Photography.

No Experience Needed

We'll start you in Professional Photography and give you a real Professional Motion Picture Camera or View Camera FREE. Famous experts teach you by mail. Or come to our great New York Studios. Earn while learning.

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HERBERT BRENON FILMS

Sorrell and Son--a Book for Fans



I THINK that the director who is in a position to choose the story

he wants, usually turns to something that, first of all, appeals strongly to his own emotion and experience. Second thought may bring consideration of its box-office qualifications

—publicity value, the casting of its characters, novelty of theme, accessibility of locale, etcetera. If the story absorbs him, however, because it reflects his viewpoint on life with truth and beauty—what the individual director regards as true and beautiful—then he is likely to scout the secondary considerations.

My first reading of Warwick Deeping's popular novel, "Sorrell And Son" impressed me profoundly. Here, I thought, is a beautiful love story—the love of a father for his son. Certainly, this is something different. We have been surfeited with tales of mother love, but, for some reason, paternal affection has never been treated, except in terms of comedy—as though some prejudice existed against the biological constancy of the male animal. Paternal affection, however, is often as profounded and patiently sacrificing as the maternal variety, though, possibly, the higher we go in the social scale the more frequent is the manifestation.

In Stephen Sorrell and his son, Kit, we are dealing with highly cultivated people. The father, invalided out of the war, disillusioned by the infidelity and desertion of his wife, is thrown back into the economic chaos, out of step, by five bloody years, with his environment. There is no work to be had in his former clerical employment, his major's stripes have no significance in the new order of things and he finally comes to the embarrassing recourse of taking whatever manual labor he can find.

His proud nature shrinks from the pecu-

Herbert Brenon and his son.

niary vassalage which becomes obligatory in providing food and shelter for himself and his eight year old son. His sensitive spirit dreads the time when the boy will awake to his father's impotence and humiliation. The youth's introspective disposition

By Herbert Brenon

and keenly analytical mind seem to presage an disenchantment. Rigorously, by every self-denial and personal sacrifice within his power, the father determines to give his son the advantages that a changed world has, somehow, cheated him out of, and the boy, fortunately, grows into manhood with a true appreciation of those sacrifices and a worshipful adoration of the man who has made them.

Stephen Sorrell eventually rises again, through arduous mastery of the new order, onto his former social plane, but the task has been a wearying one and his old physical disability is destined, in the end, to cheat him of a complete happiness. Nevertheless, he has fought a brave and successful fight; he has seen his son through school and college, to a doctor's degree, the beginning of a great career as a surgeon. His philosophy has helped the youth over life's rough spots, out of the morass of illicit love, false ambition and despair, into the clear light of a sound and mature understanding.

In the end, by a subtle irony, never, I think, equalled in modern literature, the son, in his role as a skilled surgeon, is faced with the heart-rending task of putting his father—suffering from an incurable malady—out of his misery.

This, in brief, is the thematic treatment of "Sorrell And Son". The incidents that advance the story are appealing and often tragic; there is a subordinate, romantic love interest in the boy's life, and intensely

(Continued on page 101)



THE BROWN DERBY

THE LIVE WIRE

RAINBOW RILEY

STEPPING ALONG

ALL ABOARD

"HIT-HIT-HIT, THE BOY IS MARCH-ING!"

Laugh Leader—Chuckle
Chief—Mirth Master!...

Now Johnny comes
marching home with
another hilarious
HINES HIT—

Enough gags and giggles
and stirring thrills in
"White Pants Willie" to
knock the hot weather
cold!

A glorious glorification
of a Big Oil-and-Gas
Man—(he manned the
pumps at the swellest
Service Station in town)
—whose first white pants
proved to be the SEAT
of a thousand troubles...

AND THAT GIRL!
—well, you'd leave
home for her too!

C.C. BURR

presents

JOHNNY HINES

in

WHITE PANTS WILLIE

Adapted from
Liberty Magazine
Story by
ELMER DAVIS
Directed by
CHARLES HINES



First National Pictures

Take the Guesswork Out of "Going to the Movies"





Dolores Del Rio

Drawn by Hal Phylfe

SCREENLAND'S HONOR PAGE PORTRAIT SERIES

SCREENLAND

September, 1927

Dolores, Here's Your Halo



OUR sensitive little face expressed for us the wanton Charmaine in "What Price Glory" most delightfully. In "Resurrection" your Katusha has the power to raise you to starry heights, and now we read that your "Carmen" is more and more wonderful—and we can well believe it. Shades of Montezuma and Popocatepetl! You leave your temperamental tempestuous Mexico and find your gold mine in Hollywood and as for friends, why, bless your heart you've got more friends in these United States than Pancho Villa had press notices.

Te felicitamos Dolores, con la Pagin  del Honor.



  Dolores Del Rio having finished the "Trail of '98" is now living the famous role of "Ramona", Helen Hunt Jackson's classic tragedy of an Indian maiden.



⌚ A scene from "Wings" the war film dedicated to three million dough-boys.

The MOVIES Take Your MEASURE

An Editorial by Eliot Keen

IN a picture show you will find what you take into the theatre. If you are interested in a hobby you will find that the screen plays with you. Experts of every sport and every age work on the sets, and famous artists determine lighting effects and camera angles. The archery enthusiast thrills over "Alaskan Adventures", the doughboy over "Rookies" and the artist will long remember the photography in "The Scarlet Letter". The animal lover will enjoy "Chang" and the book-keeper and everyone else "The Way of all Flesh".

Perhaps your business is selling? If so you will find in screen stories the master touch of salesmanship—*Suspense*. When you can arouse interest, excite desire and suggest pleasure to come, you are a salesman and in these qualities the screen offers a fruitful field for study.

If you ever hear the movies condemned, look at who is doing it. You can be sure that he takes very little in with him.

The SILENT NUMBERS of The Silent Drama

Anna Q. Nilsson and a page from the Los Angeles telephone directory.

Why only a few of the stars have their names in the telephone book.

Betty Bronson right among the "B's". One of our most democratic stars.

LOS ANGELES

2146	Nilsson Anna Q. f 256 W 24th	2803	Nilsson
5921	Nilsson Adelaine Mrs	8250	Nilsson
3312	Nilsson Anna f 816 N Rampart	1524	Nilsson
7829	Nilsson George W f 620 N Crescent	4071	Nilsson
1566	Nilsson Wm f 1630 S Union	9720	Nilsson
7763	Nilsson George W f 412 N Ardmore	1706	Nilsson
3639	Nilsson & Nelson elec suppl	0827	Nilsson
2810	Nilsson Anna M Mrs f 1120 E 52nd	4377	Nilsson
4179	Niman Clifford S f 5508 Fondale	1314	Nilsson
2111	Niman M Mrs f 936 W 6th	6633	Nilsson
1438	Niman Max f		

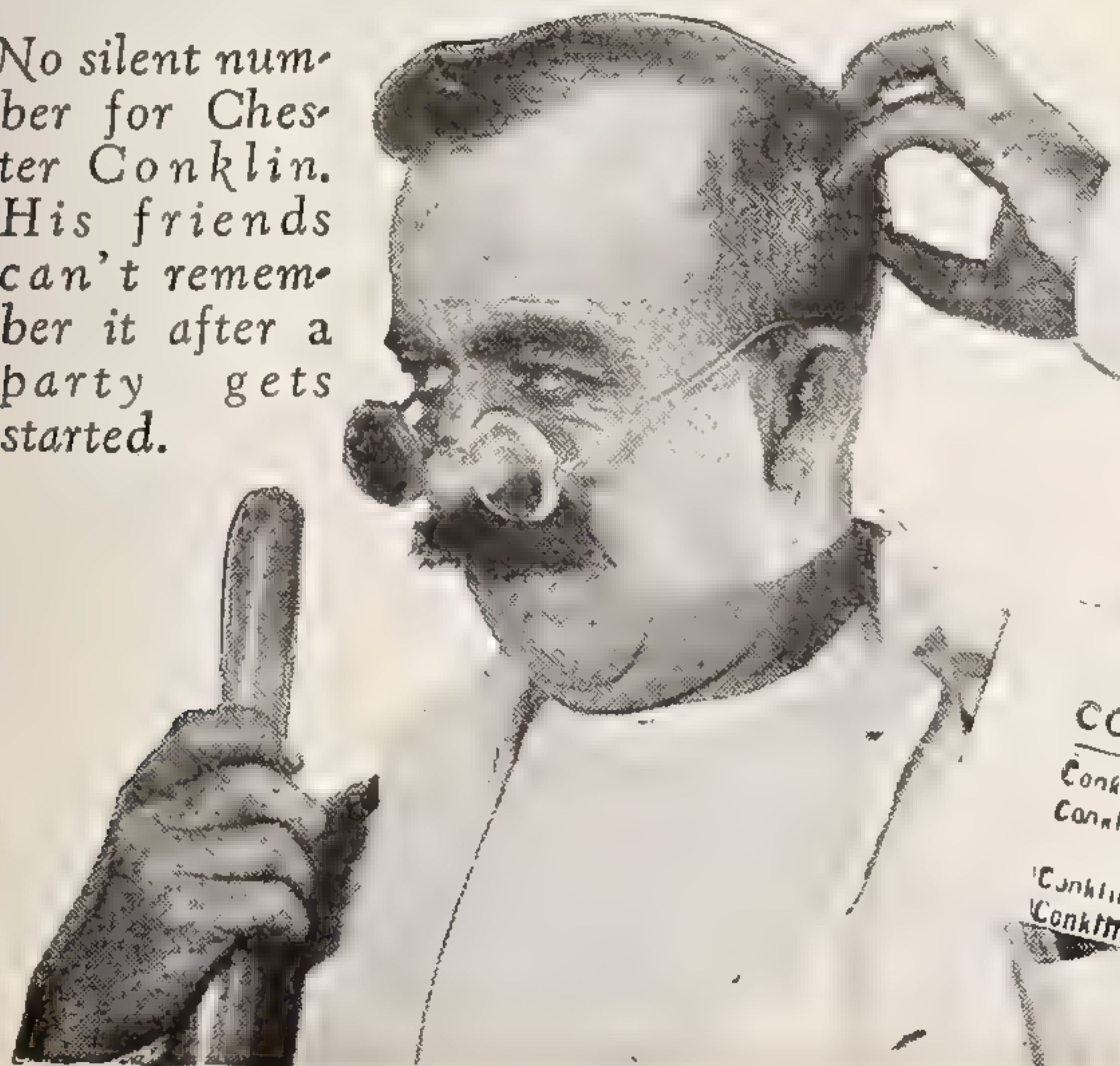
ANNA Q. NILSSON is superstitious about it so there her name stays right in the list. It was in there when she started and every phone message has been a happy one ever since.

Betty Bronson wants to be sure that her old chums from Orange, New Jersey, surely call her when they come to Hollywood

Chester Conklin appeared in some pictures and some strangers called him up. He appeared with Pola Negri and more strangers on the phone. Now he can hear his popularity grow.

No silent number for Chester Conklin. His friends can't remember it after a party gets started.

Harry Langdon likes to answer his phone at night and practice falling over chairs.



CON-COO

Conklin Chester	Conklin Geo W f 1936 Harcourt	556 865	Lang
Conklin Geo A Mrs	Langdon Harry f 7206 Bolyd	3009	Lang
Conklin E H f 2422 Ridgewood	Langdon Herbert M f 216 E 82nd	6476	Lang
Conklin E K f 817 Calhoun	Langdon J H sign post 921 Gardner	1481	Lang
Conklin E K f 1653 E Florence	Langdon Leona f 4159 3rd av	7646	Lang
	Langdon M f 216 1/2 E Vermont	2325	Lang
	Langdon Nadine E f 923 N Seward	5482	Lang
	Langdon Photoprocess Inc ct regtra		
	1 W Bella hild		



ONE of the

By George Mitchell



James Hall in his Hollywood home.

From little towns and villages they come, sometimes they leave with a blessing but oftener they start out with only high hopes and an extra shirt.

James Hall left Dallas, Texas, with a traveling "Kismet" troupe.



Jimmy and Louise Brooks in "Rolled Stockings". He is a grease-paint seasoned actor but he appears a regular business man—that's talent.

JESSE LASKY, who needs no introduction, was sitting in his office one handsome day when his secretary bubbled in. She had something on her mind. Anyone could see that. The astute Mr. Lasky, whose eyes are open even in his sleep, noticed it at once. "Well, what is it?" he asked. "I've something to show you," said the secretary whom we now know well enough to call by name: Jean Cohen. "I'm busy this morning," said Mr. Lasky. "Well," said Jean, "What I've got to show you is going to increase your business." "Nobody knows it," said Mr. Lasky, "but I was born in Missouri." Jean made a magic gesture at the door and in stepped a young man in blue serge and his early twenties.

Mr. Lasky passed his eagle eye over the young man, put down his cigar, dug down into his desk, pulled out a contract-form and

BOYS *that* RAN AWAY—

James Hall



spoke: "What's your name?"

"James Hall, said the youth.

"On the dotted line," said Mr. Lasky handing him the contract.

Later Mr. Lasky said, "James Hall is the only person I've ever signed to a long term contract solely on the strength of his personality and appearance without a screen test. I figured that anyone with so many qualities arguing his future would succeed. I've been more than justified in my hunch. In the year he's been with us, his popularity with the public has increased until now he's the third leading man from the top in the game." Exit Mr. Lasky smiling.

Now let's go back and get started right . . .

One dismal night in Dallas, Texas, when the rain was beating a song and dance of the rooftops, a musical show dragged its weary way into the theatre scattering its scenery, props and trunks all over the sidewalk. On one of these trunks, a big black one, was painted the name Marie Thompson.

Marie was a frail. The kind of kid who sang and danced her way into the hearts of those who were wise enough to sit in on one of her performances.

At least so thought Clinton P. Brown, Dallas's uppest and comingest young painter . . . house, (Cont. on p. 103)

James Hall was signed by Mr. Lasky without a screen test.



His next picture will be "Swim, Girl, Swim, with Bebe Daniels.

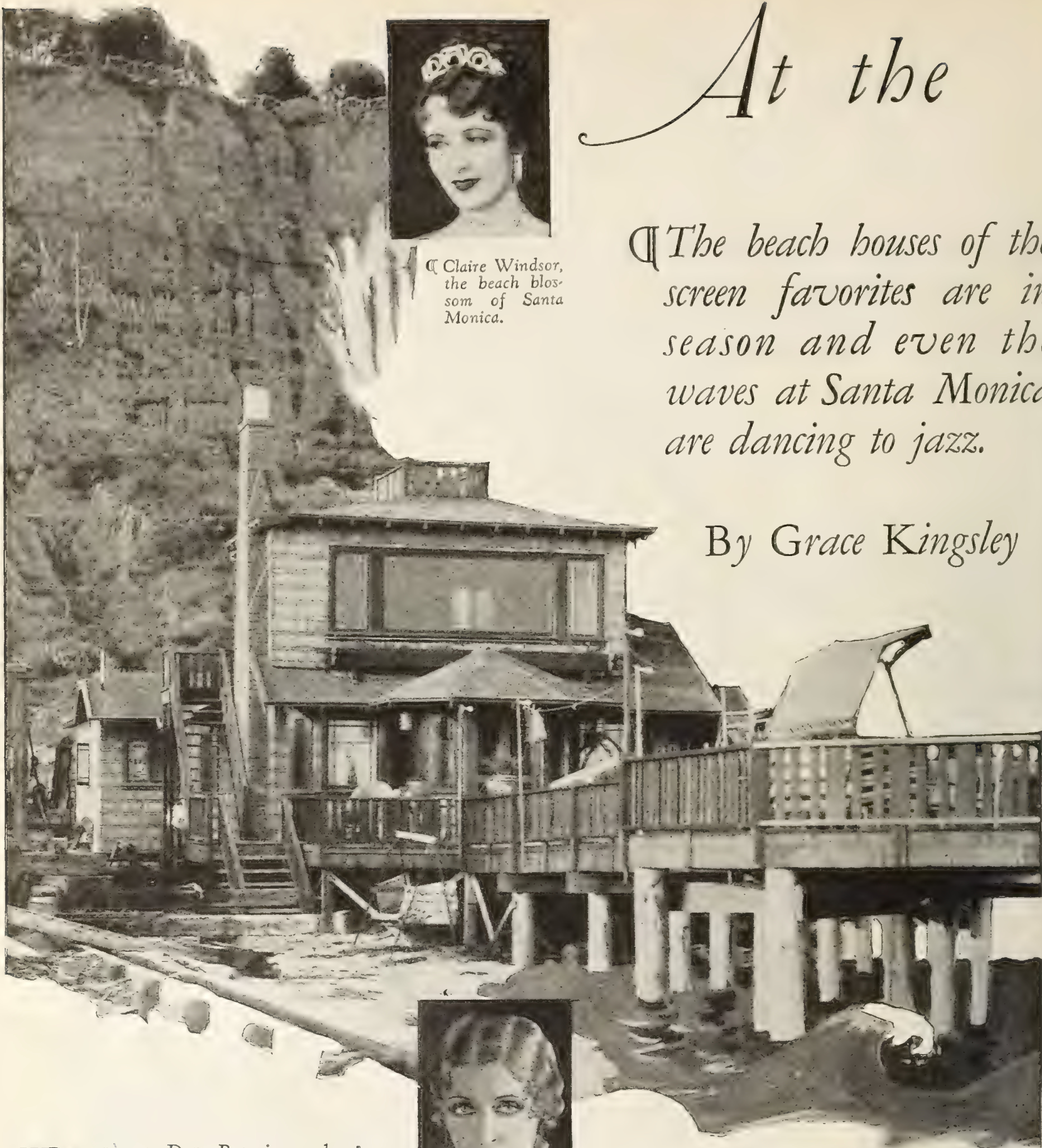
At the



☞ Claire Windsor, the beach blossom of Santa Monica.

☞ The beach houses of the screen favorites are in season and even the waves at Santa Monica are dancing to jazz.

By Grace Kingsley



☞ Rita Carewe, daughter of director Edwin Carewe, now recuperating at the beach house of Dolores Del Rio.



☞ Grant Withers and that proud look—he's engaged to Alberta Vaughn.

"DOLORES DEL RIO is so lovely, with such a pure beauty, and manages always to maintain, in an entirely effortless way, such a fine, yet kindly and human attitude toward people," remarked Patsy thoughtfully as we met for a moment at the party which Dolores and her husband, Jaimie Del Rio, were giving at their lovely Spanish home in Hollywood.

"Her manner is simply that of a perfectly well-bred woman," I answered.

"No," answered Patsy, "there is something even more than that,—there is a sort of spiritual quality about her,—a sort of Madonna atmosphere,—and at the same time that warm enthusiastic cordiality about her such as only the women of Latin countries really possess in its full flavor."

"No time to philosophize or gossip!" exclaimed Rex Lease, as he dashed in and carried Patsy off in a mad fox-trot to the music of the Spanish orchestra.

Dolores was gorgeously beautiful in a lovely shade of scarlet velvet trimmed with bands of brilliants, and her hair was more severely coifed than usual, pulled straight

Hollywood Jazzerie of THE DUNCANS

☞ The beach house of Rosetta and Vivian Duncan has a private soda fountain.

☞ The braw Scotchman George K. Arthur patronizes Rosetta's soda fountain — it's free.

☞ Rosetta is Topsy, a charming hostess, and always the pep of the party.



back into a knot on the nape of her neck, and revealing her ears.

Dolores and Claire Windsor at the moment were forming a little group by themselves, and were beauty show enough, just those two, with their contrasted brunette and blond loveliness. Claire confided when she came back to the sofa where we were sitting that she and Dolores had been talking about the exceedingly *caliente* character of "Carmen"; the picture which Miss Del Rio has just finished.

"And when Miss Del Rio went into the films her husband had it put into her contract that she was never to kiss a man in a picture!" exclaimed Claire.

Patsy and I met the handsome cousin of Miss Del Rio who has just arrived from Mexico, and who has been doing a little in pictures very successfully. He is Carlos Asinusolo, but as nobody ever will remember that name, he has changed it to Carlos Amor.

"And Amor looks like a reasonable name for him, doesn't it?" remarked Patsy, looking the young man over approvingly.

Don Alvarado was there with his (Cont. on page 95)

Do you SCOFF at "PULL"? They don't

By Delight
Evans



☞ Gloria Swanson pulled Lawrence Gray into fame in "Stage Struck".

☞ If you are glad to help someone else with an introduction remember that the men above you feel the same way—at least they do in the screen world.

☞ Lawrence Gray's latest is "After Midnight".



☞ George O'Brien had a pull with Richard Dix and now he's a regular—See "East Side West Side".



WHAT is Pull?

You may think that it has something to do with taffy. And you may be right. What is taffy without the pull? Like the orange blossom without the gin—I mean, bride; or Tom Mix without Tony; or Greta Garbo without eye-lashes; or Nanette without Rin-Tin-Tin; or a beach without a bathing-girl; or—say, what is this, anyway? A guessing game? I'm serious. I really am. I've got to find out what Pull is, and you've got to help me. Pull yourselves together.

If you like me, you'll pull for me. What's that? Well, let's pretend you do like me. You can promise not to pinch or stick out your tongues at teacher for just a few minutes, can't you? And a few minutes are all I need. This Pull thing has me all upset, and it's going to be thrashed out, or none of us will get a wink of sleep

☞ Gunboat Smith is in "We're All Gamblers" with Tommy Meighan. His pull with Richard Dix gave him his start in "Say It Again".



tonight. Somebody said to me the other day: "You can't get any place without pull." That's what started the whole thing. And now I have to figure it out for myself, and that's where you come in. What is Pull, little girl over there in the corner? "Pull isn't what you know, but who you know?"

Well, that's not bad. Only don't wink

in Pictures

☞ Rudolph Valentino was ever one to give a pull up to a friend.

☞ Richard Dix is in "Man Power" and many great films and Rudolph Valentino helped him in.

FAMOUS PLAYERS

LONG GREEN

TO THE PEAKS OF MOVIES

☞ Johnny Hines has passed on the hand-up that Matt Moore gave him.

☞ Matt Moore—his brothers helped him in and he has kept up the idea.

when you say it. And it's whom, not who. But we'll let that go. Pull. Not push, or shove. You can push around a revolving door all day, and not get anywhere. If you shove you may get arrested. But a little pull can open doors and let you in. It's something you can't get anywhere without. Try to get along without it, and see how far you'll go. We all use Pull. It wouldn't be much of a world if we didn't. If you don't like pull, that means you won't use it—you won't pull for anybody—you won't give a friend a hand up. So you wouldn't do us any favors, wouldn't you; and you don't like to do things for your friends? What's that? You haven't any friends? Well, I'm not surprised. Pull makes friends and keeps them. When somebody

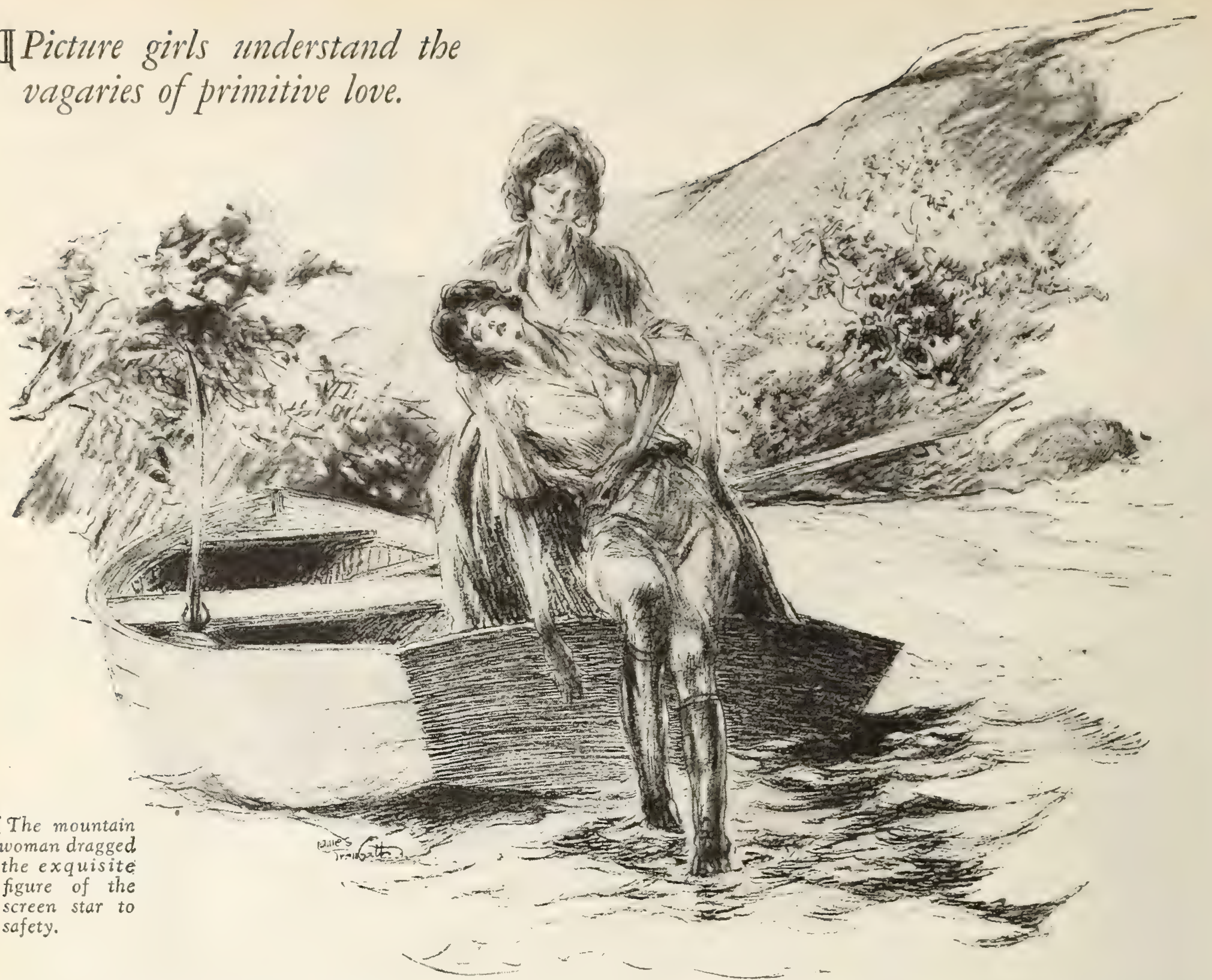
☞ Jacqueline Logan was started in pictures by Johnny Hines.

pulls for you, you feel like pulling for somebody else, and then it gets to be a habit. Charity is an endless chain of Pull. If Lindy hadn't had millions of people pulling for him, "We" mightn't have crossed the Atlantic. If it weren't for Pull, lots of other screen stars besides Lindy wouldn't be entertaining you. And I can prove it.

You've all heard of Antonio Moreno. But I'll bet you have never heard of

(Continued on page 90)

Picture girls understand the vagaries of primitive love.



The mountain woman dragged the exquisite figure of the screen star to safety.

"THAT girl's a menace to society! Come on out of here James!" said an irate fat lady something past middle age to her equally middleaged and somewhat apologetic husband.

"Aw gosh Lizzie. We hardly got here. What's eatin' yeh?" he protested at the same time tearing his all too interested eyes from the fresh young beauty of Peggy Arden as displayed in "The Land of Heart's Desire".

"You've seen a-plenty. Come on!"

And James went. They always do when Ma takes that tone, no matter what names they answer to.

Meantime the charming subject of the lady's wrath and jealousy was hard at work in the Kentucky mountains on her latest picture "Men of the Frontier". Eddie Northland, the youthful director, was amazed at the energy and intensity, amounting almost to genius, with which Peggy depicted her character. As one of the frontier women, beset by savages and undergoing all the hardships of that remote period, she flashed through the scenes like a bit of lambent flame. The rude homespun dress and poke-bonnet were unable to dim her beauty and personality, they enhanced them.

"Honestly, Peggy, the stuff you're doing these days will make a classic in films," declared Northland late in the evening of the final day's work as, on horseback, the two were headed for the mud-sequestered county-seat where the company, after renovating the hotel, had practically taken it over. "I thought I knew you, but you're not Peggy

Oh! What a DIFFERENCE

By Ernest Paynter

Ardent, you're Elizabeth Calloway herself. Last night when I looked at the rushes of you leaving the stockade and creeping down to the spring, I—well, I was in that stockade myself for a few minutes. What's got into you?"

"Don't you see, Eddie," she murmured happily, "when we're here in

these mountains, so far away from Hollywood, we are almost part of that pioneer colony. We're working among the very same hills, gazing down on the same river; even our stockade is on the exact location of the original. Why, I bring in that bucket of water from the identical spring where Elizabeth got it; instead of a lot of studio sets, we're working in sets that have been there forever."

"I'm almost sorry we're through, for, whatever it is, you've certainly had the rest of the company on tip-toes. Coming to the rushes tonight?"

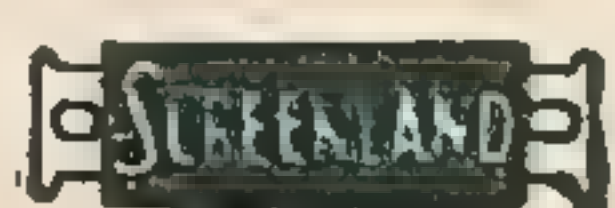
"I suppose so, but I want to turn in early; tomorrow morning I'm going to ride up to that log-drive that got jammed yesterday. They're going to try dynamite if everything else fails."

"Right-O. Wish I could go along but I'll be busy with the cutter getting ready for the pre-view tomorrow night. Sure glad we brought an entire outfit (Cont. on page 76)



SHE'S the danciest girl in Hollywood and her latest picture is "*Spring Fever*"—JOAN CRAWFORD of course.

Photograph by Russell Ball





The Most Beautiful Still of the Month

NORMA SHEARER *and* GEORGE K. ARTHUR
in
"The Student Prince"

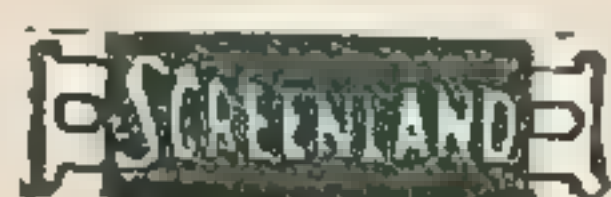
"While the ploughman, near at hand,
Whistles o'er the furrow'd land,
And the milkmaid singeth blithe,
And the mower whets his scythe,
And every shepherd tells his tale
Under the hawthorn in the dale.

JOHN MILTON



LOUISE FAZENDA, our leading comedienne,
is to be all blacked up in "*Ham and Eggs*".

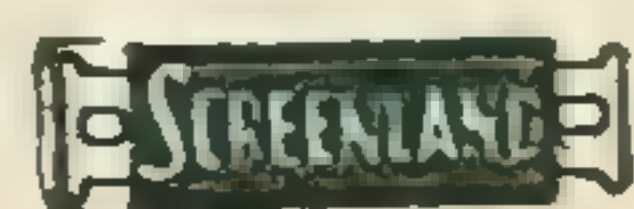
Photograph by Preston Duncan





MARJORIE BEEBE crashed into pictures in the twinkling of an eye.

Photograph by Autrey





☞ Eyes that are sparkling lamps of comedy.



☞ The audience couldn't see how the rabbit got into the hat because they were all busy looking at Marjorie.

☞ Marjorie Beebe was a vaudeville magician's assistant until she found she had a trick or two of her own.



By Erle Hampton

MARJORIE BEEBE has a bull pup that she calls "Meno Sabe", which, derived from the Tia Juana Anglo-Saxon "Me No Savvy", means "It's all Greek to me".

Besides proving that Marjorie has a delightful sense of humor, "Meno Sabe" symbolizes her short but eventful career as a screen comedienne which should, according to early performances, lead her to the much talked of firmament wherein motion picture stars are said to twinkle and vie with the luster of accumulated gold. For Marjorie is not yet quite sure what it is all about.

If you haven't met Margie, you must come over to the William Fox lot sometime. It will probably be her mail address for some time to come, since Winfield R. Sheehan has just cinched the continued appearance of this wholesome, drolly humorous personality in Fox pictures by (Cont. on page 100)

☞ In "Ankles Preferred" Margie made her bit stand out like a high hat on a pullet.

FREE---Edna Marion's

The generous little cutie of the Christie Comedies will send her radio to the one who submits the best answers to her questions.

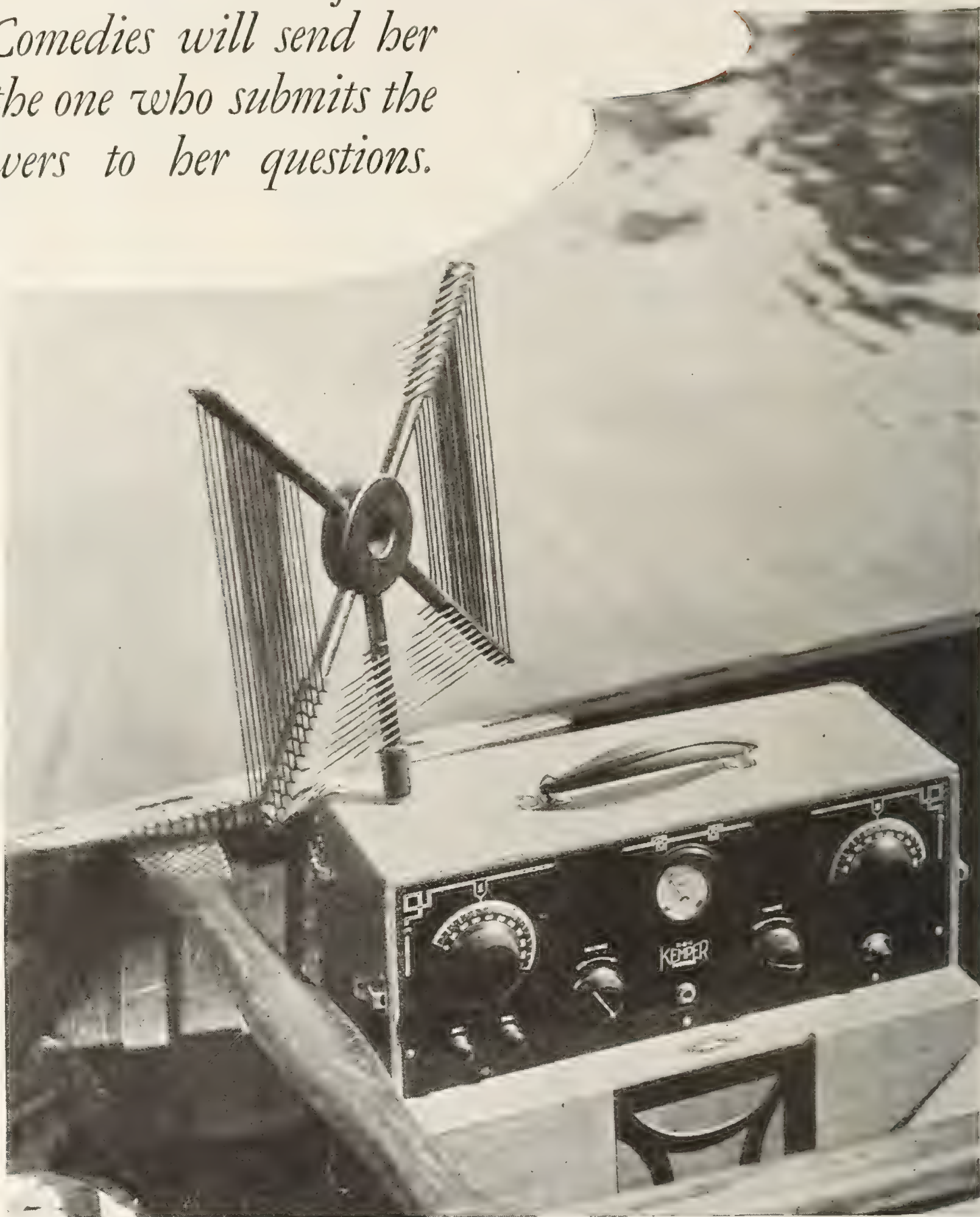
EVEN in Hollywood, a city of over-night wealth and sudden fame, there is one girl who can well pinch herself to make sure she is not dreaming,—nor dead. That girl is Edna Marion. Though she is neither in the fortunate position of having become wealthy over night nor suddenly famous, yet she has ascended in her Number 3 B's to a height above the mob of the struggling and the unsuccessful, and there is no telling how high she will go. A Wampas Baby Star in 1926, featured in Christie Comedies in 1927, working hard, hoping, and alive! Let us tell you about it.

Three specialists looked at her a little over two years ago in New York City, shook their heads over her seventy pounds, and said she might live two weeks. She had gone to High School in New York and had even played hookey once or twice to work as an extra on Long Island, but all this had to stop when she became so ill. The doctors couldn't say just what the nature of her ailment was, but they agreed upon the hopelessness of her case. Edna was the most hopeless of all with this depressing manifesto from the medical men.

Picking out California as a more comfortable place to die than New York, Edna found that something in the climate or the surroundings made her feel better, and in two months she weighed ninety pounds. Edna here makes it emphatic that she does not recommend California to everybody on the strength of her own miraculous case. In a short time she felt so well that she wanted to go to

work, movies being the first choice. For about a year she played in Stern Brothers Comedies, and then she was signed by Al Christie. Did you see "Dodging Trouble", or "Cash and Carry" or "Giddy Gobblers"? In those Christie Comedies the blonde eye-full playing opposite Neal Burns was Edna Marion, a ninety-eight pound young starlet in the ascendancy, a young lady for whom Mr. Al Christie predicts a great future, and a healthy young actress who counts the calories at luncheon to keep those ninety-eight pounds below the hundred mark!

And generous too. Her radio set is a beauty and she graciously gives it as a contest prize.



RADIO SET

*Here are the questions—
Send in your answers.
Open to any Screenland
reader.*



Edna Marion and her
"uke" tune in on
station KFI and
broadcast their blues
upon the water.

Description of Prize

THIS Kemper Radio is a practical self contained so-called portable set. Complete with loud speaker built in and the directional loop takes the place of antennae and ground. For the benefit of the radio enthusiasts a description of the hook-up follows.

This is a standard five-tube set, two tubes radio frequency, one detector, two audio frequency tubes, four tubes are U. V. 199, and the fifth is a power tube. All work on three volts on the A—and 110 on the B.

It will operate anywhere and at any time and is a beautiful clear tone practical radio receiver.

Entirely self contained in a handsome leatheroid case that will add grace to any drawing room—operating with-

out aerial or ground—weight forty pounds complete—may be carried from room to room or closed and put in a closet out of the way—then too, it may be taken with you in your car. Such unique features put this set in a class by itself as the ideal radio instrument that meets every demand of the modern home.

Send your answers to—

EDNA MARION
SCREENLAND Contest Dept.
49 West 45th Street
New York City

Contest closes Sept. 15th, 1927.

1—What kind of comedy do you like best? Why?

2—What kind of people do you like to see in a comedy? Why?

THERE are many different kinds of humor. But there is a streak of comedy which runs through the makeup of every human being which makes broad comedy situations universally appealing. The Christie Comedies are not without subtle points but it is the particular aim of the producers to amuse everyone and at the same time show on the screen girls of beauty and comedians of talent.

ROB WAGNER

Writes about
the



¶ Carl Laemmle Jr. adding lustre to a famous name.

¶ From all the studios of Europe the artists come to Hollywood and Lubitsch's Sunday evening gatherings.

¶ Maria Corda a recent invader.



¶ Bessie Love dances the Hula which is all the foreign stuff she knows.

FOREIGN LÉGION of Hollywood

IN A far corner of the Lubitsch gardens, with the moonlight sifting through the lace-like foliage of a giant pepper tree and tracing strange arabesques upon the velvet grass of our feet, we sat—my favorite wife and I—and silently drank in the beauty of the scene. A heavy scent of jasmine and oleander filled the soft night air, while from the distance came the laughter of happy guests as they splashed in the cypress-sheltered swimming pool or danced to muted music upon the waxed and shining surface of the tennis court. From still further off, within the brightly lighted salon of the great colonial house, we could hear foreign-accented voices joyously singing their assurance that "Fifty Million Frenchmen can't be Wrong." Close by,

beneath the Chinese lanterns

that gave a carnival to the exotic

scene, the stars of heaven looked down in pale envy upon the higher stars of Movieland as they strolled about or sat in little groups upon the gaily cushioned lawn.

(Continued on page 88)



«Lya de Putti, of the wonderful eyes, is already "das kind" of the German navy.



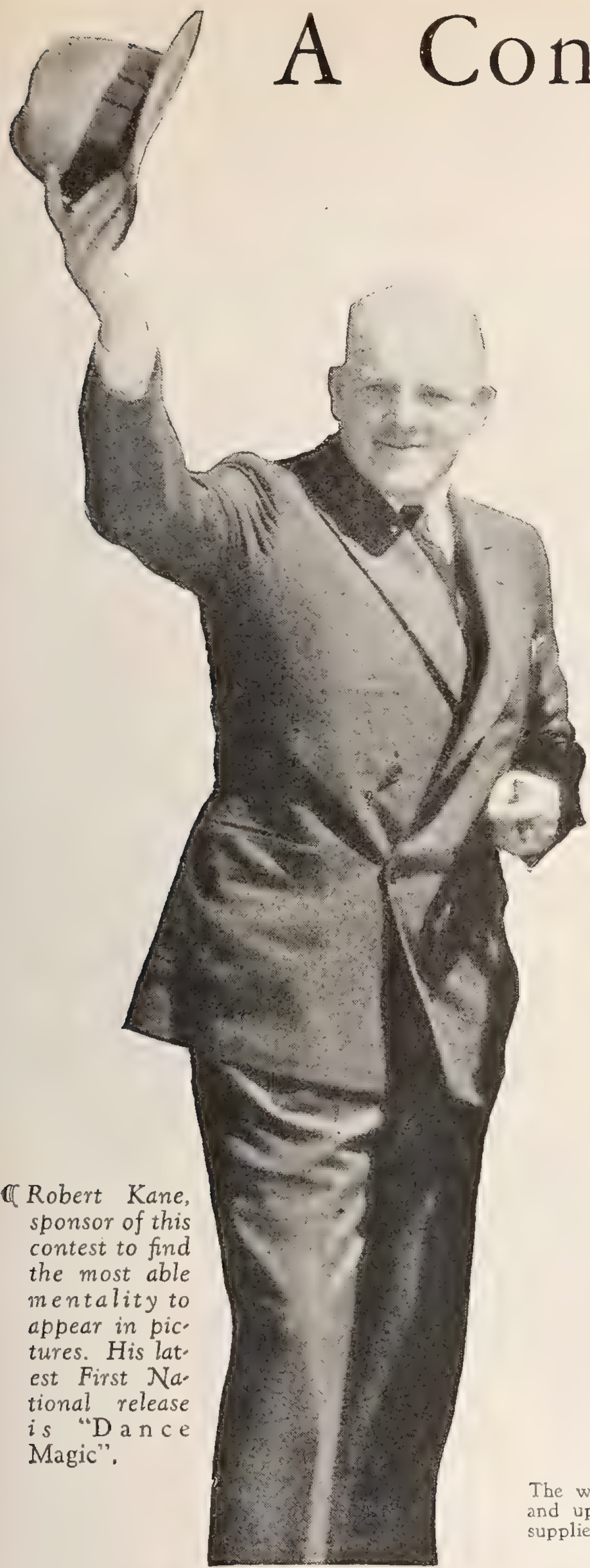
«Greta Garbo—Nordic, cyclonic and in "Love" with John Gilbert". (That's the name of the picture.)



«A party at Ernst Lubitsch's garden with Agnes Ayres, Carmel Myers and Mrs. Lubitsch entertaining the officers of a visiting German warship.



Painted by
HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY
MARY ASTOR and
CHARLES FARRELL
in the
ROUGH RIDERS



Robert Kane, sponsor of this contest to find the most able mentality to appear in pictures. His latest First National release is "Dance Magic".

A Contest of Wits for a MOVIE PART or \$500.00 if you prefer CASH

HERE ARE THE SIX QUESTIONS

which you must answer. Your answers will prove your mental calibre and the person turning in the best set of answers will be selected as the winner.

1. If a girl goes to a party with a young man and meets another more appealing to her should she stick to the first or should she try to attract the second?
2. Which owes the greater duty—a parent to a child or a child to a parent?
3. What would you do if you knew you had only ten minutes to live?
4. If you helped a needy friend and a stranger who required assistance which act would be the more generous?
5. Can we learn more from foreign photoplays than foreigners can learn from ours? State your reasons.
6. Should photoplays be built around stars or around a story with a proper cast?

Address—

The Halperin-Kane Mentality Contest
c/o SCREENLAND Magazine
49 W. 45th Street, New York City
This contest will close September 15th, 1927

The winner may choose \$500 in cash, or if ambitious for a screen career, railroad fare will be forwarded and upon his arrival in New York the winner will be given a screen test. Proper maintenance will be supplied and railroad fare home should the test be unsuccessful.

The miltgrossian letter which won the Johnny Hines's Saxophone was written by
MR. HENRY G. OEHLEY
462 Lindwood Street
Brooklyn, N. Y.

The sax was offered for the funniest letter. Johnny Hines is forever promoting laughter and we hope Mr. Oehley's neighbors will enjoy the joke.

THE WINNING LETTER

Jonna Hines, Esk:—
Dear Jonna:

Its on de kelender, de date.

Avver since I sin you for feefty cents Stapping Alonk, I vas himprassed witt your sax appill. Jonna, you play de pot from a Wolff in chip clodink to parfraction. A secont-hantt Romon Novare you shutt bicomme, noo.

I gass my vife don't like you, Jonna, she says you are worsatecl. I tolt her: "Iss dees nice from a frant? Jonna has mebba his faults, bot he couldn't be worse".

I cluz de latter antt de moult witt vun gasture witt rispact antt prez from your hability, antt jodgement, mebba.

Your frant,

Hymie.

Ps:—I em sorry to hear you are seek. My vife tals me you got poizonality. If dees is de trutt, Jonna, batter see it a duckter, biforre hit bicommes comics.

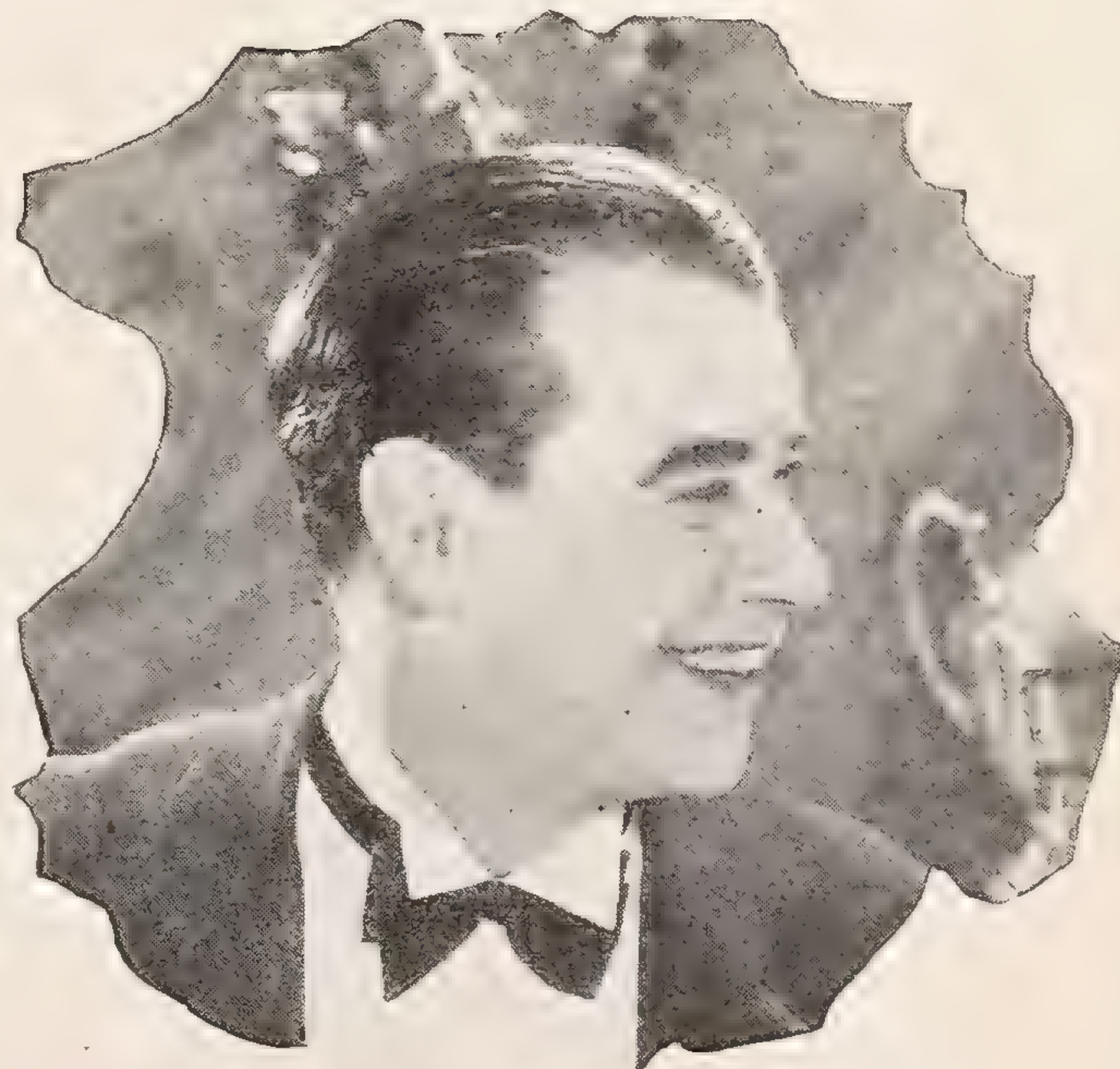
Hymie again.

More Ps:—Cutt you geeve Sadie a pott from yurr noo bote sin? She has sea legs (vun uv dem, ennyhoe, is cork) ant a doughry uv \$5000 bocks.

Me Yet.

Ps again:—Jonna, cef you dunt geeve me de sexafun, you hev mebba a vistle or a juz harp you dun't vant, noo?

Gass who.



Where They Learn to Keep

¶ *This remarkable story of a dreamer in Hollywood gives the true daily life experiences of an ambitious young man seeking fame and fortune in pictures.*



HIS mother must have loved his curly head. She must have loved his soft brown eyes. And doubtless, though they opened first in Hollywood, many miles away from Washington, before she knew his baby curls were silky black, she had him pictured in that great White House. Before she saw how dreamy soft and brown his eyes had come—sure she was that some day he'd be president.

But when the baby days were gone, day after day he watched the filming of Sennett beauty comedies across the street from where he lived. Day after day he never missed a chance to see the funny "coppers" do their hop and run, and just a block above his street his mother knew there lived a little girl with two long braids who seemed to fascinate the boy. His mother knew he watched her come and go and even smiled when he informed her how he liked that little girl whose name was Bebe Daniels and who worked for many days on mighty sets.

Still she figured he'd be president some day, and never once suspected that his dreams were only right in Holly-

¶ *Henry B. Walthall is an artist of great reputation and his talent is backed by a heart, generous even to a despondent boy.*

wood. He'd lived here all his life—he knew the game. He'd seen the heartaches and the pains, the useless, awful struggles of so many folks. Reality was surely his regarding Hollywood.

And yet—oh yet, behold him here in all his faith! Behold him here in spite of each rough rock along his road—in spite of everything or anything, behold him here, a weaver of strange designs, a singer of songs, a builder of hope—the Hollywood Dreamer.

—o—
It was eight A. M. on Argyle Street in front of a cottage where tiny roses had started to bloom. Of course, it was eight A. M. on Hollywood Boulevard but there it couldn't possibly be as bright and clear as it was by that cottage door. The Hollywood Dreamer was saying good-bye so excitedly to her!

"It's a bit, you know, it's a bit!" he said, "And you never can tell exactly where it will get me. I've been waiting for months for a chance like this! Gosh, but I'll do my stuff, and show them I know it right. And

a "STIFF UPPER LIP"

By Dorothy Nelson



remember, I'll be here at eight to give you hot news of the newly discovered John Barrymore."

She smiled as he left, and she knew he was "Made." His eyes were so brown and his heart was so true!

From Hollywood Boulevard it takes about half an hour to reach Universal City. To get inside the studio gates is nothing short of marvelous, but once inside, to have a rendez-vous with dreams and hope is only misty castles in the air.

He reached "The Long Chance" set. Jack Conway, the director, already had started his day's work by moving a chair and changing the place of a table on the set. The clock had turned its hands to nine when Henry Walthall hurried up before the arcs.

"G'morning, Henry"—this from Conway.

"Hi, Jack"—and then—"Hi, Bud," to him whose job was to bring on this day's work.

It was eight o'clock at night. He walked down Arglye Street again, but, oh the pain of taking every step. Before the cottage where the tiny roses bloomed he paused the slightest pause, and then went up the walk.

"Don't you care—just tell me all about it," were her words.

He was supposed to do the scene with Walthall," he said. "Honest, there wasn't the least thing difficult about

Raymond Novarro was only an extra too, but he revealed the nature then that is still the reason for his greatness.

the acting part for me except that you know I can't play pool the way an expert can. Everything was fine. We went through rehearsal great, but just as we started to shoot the scene a bunch of policemen visiting here from Detroit

were ushered on to the set. There were over a hundred or so, and of course I got a little nervous not knowing pool so well, so when I shot at the ball it missed by a couple of feet. And so, after telling me everything that English can tell, Conway said I was through, and to go."

He stopped. It almost looked as if the dreamy eyes were hard. The pain and ache of Hollywood was there without his even knowing quite how much the hurt had been.

"On, don't you care," she comforted. "Tell me, what did Henry Walthall say to you?"

His eyes brightened the way she knew they would.

"Walthall put his hand up on my shoulder just like this; and then, in the deepest voice, he said—'Though our pool was called bad, they couldn't find fault with our trouping, could they, my boy?'"

So after all it wasn't as bad as he thought it had been. And did she remember that slight, dark friend of his who played and sang so well? That quiet friend he spoke of as Novarro? Well, they had met that afternoon and Ramon gave him good advice to visit Colonel Ford regarding work in Rex Ingram's great production of "The Four Horsemen." Ramon was set, and certainly he, too, should find a niche in anything so big.

"Good-night," he smiled, "You help a fellow out a lot."

"Good-night," she answered back, "You really think I do?"

Now



Joseph P. Kennedy. His life reads like a multiplication table and now at thirty-seven—a millionaire with his own self-made millions he gives some beginner a chance.

AT Broadway's broiling point stands a tall office building. High up on its sixteenth floor sits the man who wants you for the movies.

He rises and looks out of his windows. On the side he senses the roar and the conflict of Broadway. On the other, he glimpses the spires of Saint Patrick's Cathedral on Fifth Avenue. On the left the clamor and turmoil of great industries; on the right peace and loveliness and grace. And this is indicative of the life of Joseph P. Kennedy.

By Rosa Reilly

This is a story of the man who entered the moving picture business in an entirely novel fashion. When he had made up his mind that the film industry was a good thing, when he had decided that he would become a picture producer, he didn't answer advertisements, or hunt up a friend in the trade, or try to buy his way into the ground floor. When he had made up his mind he wanted to become a film magnate, he entered from the TOP. He bought a moving picture company—lock, stock and barrel.

A
an
enter

"G'mornin'
fate was han

"I
word
"I
bega

Tillie, The TOILER

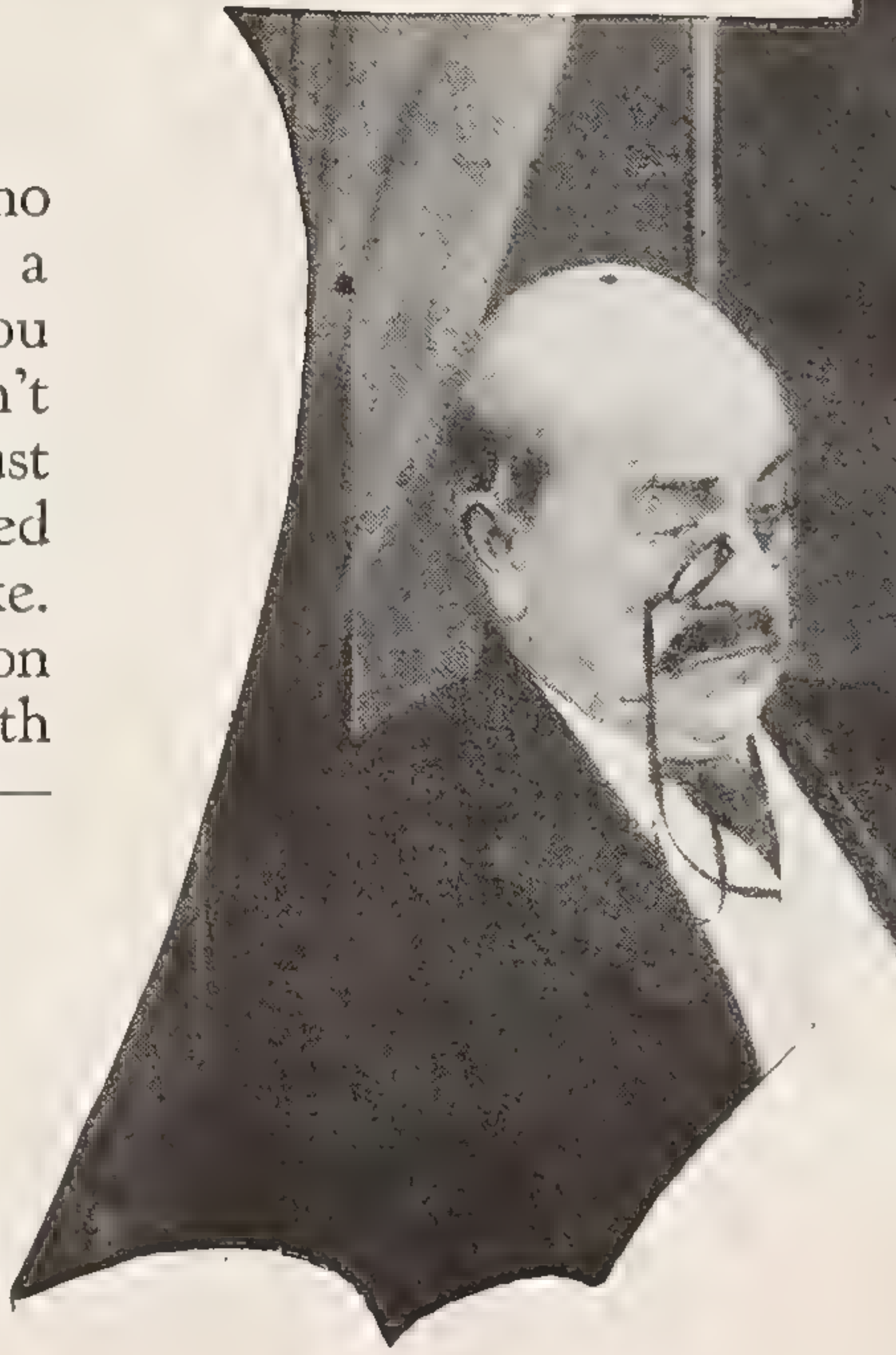
¶ And Oh. How She Works.



pretty girls. Instead, she'd get herself up in awful costumes, so that you couldn't tell whether she was really funny or just funny-looking. It's much easier to be a clown in pigtailed and big shoes than it is when you're all dressed up. As Tillie, Marion looks pretty and acts funny; so now I know she's a real comedienne. She's an ingratiating beauty all tricked up in the latest Broadway mode. "Tillie the Toiler" is out for gold; she even has a heart of it. The millionaire of her dreams requests her hand in marriage, and she—but wait till you see. All I'll tell you is that Matt Moore is in the cast, and he *doesn't* play the millionaire—that's all.



¶ She's a stenographer, but she doesn't take dictation from anybody. (Marion Davies and Matt Moore)



¶ Just let anybody get fresh with her and she'll teach them she's a perfect lady. (Marion Davies and George Fawcett)

HEAVEN helps the poor working girl—who helps herself. If you, too, are just a little girl trying to get along, and you aren't getting along fast enough, don't miss "Tillie the Toiler". Tillie will tell you just how to work—also whom. Tillie might be called a bread-winner, but her bread turns out to be cake. She's a stenographer, but she doesn't take dictation from anybody. Just let any guy get fresh with her, and she'll teach him she's a perfect lady—with both fists. George K. Arthur gets fresh, as usual; and he has to walk home from his own roadster ride. "Tillie the Toiler" is a wonderful, uplifting sermon to all working girls—on how to get away with it.

Marion Davies plays the comic-strip heroine with considerable verve and esprit, which means she is simply swell. It's her best part; the sort of thing she should always do. Somehow Miss Davies seemed to have an aversion to playing

Old SAN FRANCISCO

EXTRA, extra! All about San Francisco's big earthquake — pardon us — fire. Find out how it all really happened. Get the inside dope, never before revealed!

As a special favor I'll let you in on the information. If it hadn't been for Warner Oland, that fire might not have happened. You see, Warner took a fancy to Dolores Costello; but Dolores didn't fancy him, and so she was chased from pillar to post on the Barbary Coast, and finally run to ground in Chinatown. Just as Mr. Oland caught up with her, crash—boom—zam—zowie! FIRE——FIRE!!!

"Old San Francisco" is in seven reels or so; but it's the best serial I ever saw just the same. I had to pinch myself to make sure I wasn't back in the old nickleodeon in Fort Wayne, Indiana, palpitating with Pearl White while that self-same villain, Warner Oland, pursued her until—"Continued Next Week". It's Dolores Costello this time. She plays a daughter of the old Spanish dons—the San Francisco branch—with haciendas and traditions and everything. She is lovely, but mournful, and so would you be if you

had your home going to rack and ruin about you. Those rascally politicians, Messrs. Oland and Randolph, do some deep plotting to wrest the old rancho away from Dolores' dad, Josef Swickard—and I want to say right here that Mr. Swickard is my idea of the kind of film father to have. That white hair of his, that aristocratic air—who wouldn't be proud to call him pop? But in spite of him things go from bad to worse at the ranch; until first thing you know, Dolores is up for auction in a Chinese den. And then—you may well cover your eyes. But you'd better uncover 'em again pretty darn quick or you may miss something. Goodness is going to triumph over evil, and you want to be in on it, don't you? Get all your serial thrills at one sitting. Why wait from week to week?

"Old San Francisco" offers some good trouping. Miss Costello looks like the most gorgeous Gibson Girl that Charles D. ever drew. And there is also the lovely little Anna May Wong, whose Oriental charm alone is well worth this trip to old Chinatown.

⌚ Yes, Olive plays another one of those model young girls.

The SECRET STUDIO



⌚ The lucky girl finds Clifford Holland waiting for her to stop posing for the wicked artist. (Clifford Holland, Olive Borden, Ben Bard)

⌚ An Open Secret

THE SECRET STUDIO" is old stuff in new clothes—and such clothes! But clothes aren't everything—ah no. Clothes, for instance, aren't anything to Olive Borden. Well, maybe if some of the rest of us girls looked like Olive, we wouldn't spend so much time on our shopping, either. Nobody knows whether Miss Borden can act or not, and who cares? She is an opulent eyeful, and Art has to take a back seat. Some day some high-minded director may cast Olive as an Eskimo's sweetie and then she will rise to great heights. Until then, everybody's happy to see her clad in a wisp of gauze and a wistful

smile, posing for that bad artist in his secret studio in the big city. Yes, Miss Borden plays another one of those model young girls. But when she discovers that the artist is as bad as she's painted, she drops everything and runs home. Just in the nick of time, too. The lucky girl finds Clifford Holland still standing around waiting for her to stop posing. All he has to do in "The Secret Studio" is to stand around and wait. And he looks very, very disapproving while he's waiting. But a disapproving look from the handsome Mr. Holland is worth far, far more than a wide smile from many other leading men.

Alias THE DEACON

☞ *A Full House.*



☞ "The Deacon" (Jean Hersholt) is a poker wizard who redeems himself by aiding two deserving young friends.

YOU know these lovable old men of the movies who putter around and stick their fingers in everybody's pie—mixing in people's business and trying to fix things for the hero and heroine? Generally they fix things, all right. Here, at last, after many false alarms, is a lovable old man who mixes around and really does some good. He putters and gets results. There's some excuse for Jean Hersholt's Mr. Fix-it in "Alias the Deacon". He makes up for all the moony old men we've had to suffer through. The Deacon is a genuinely lovable character who is sharp at cards but soft at heart. Edward Sloman's direction helps to put over this home-spun hokum, while June Marlowe, Ralph Graves, Myrtle Stedman, Tom Kennedy and Ned Sparks all do their share.

I've always admired and respected Jean Hersholt—he's

such a splendid actor. But now I can cry over him. Now I

feel we are friends. He's the Dave Warfield of the films in mingling laughs and tears. I suppose such a versatile actor must be permitted to keep his hand in by playing grotesque bums every so often. But Mr. Hersholt surely should specialize in kindly, shrewd whimsical meddlers. He does them so delightfully. "The Deacon" is a poker wizard who redeems himself by aiding two deserving young folks. He appears in their lives, takes up a collection, distributes it, and then makes for the open road again, leaving pleasant memories behind him. He's an old dear, that's what he is, Deacon or no Deacon. He holds a good hand, but let's give him another.

☞ Good, gruesome entertainment out of the Tod Browning Chamber of Horrors.

The UNKNOWN

UNSTRAP those arms, Lon Chaney. Do you think you can fool us? No, Mr. Chaney. Your fans have grown so accustomed to your tricks that no matter what disguise you assume, some smart little boy or girl is sure to spot you. When in doubt, it's Lon Chaney, you know.

Have a good time at "The Unknown"—if only to keep Mr. Chaney company. He plays Alonzo the Armless, who can do more with his feet than a centipede. For love of a beautiful circus girl—Joan Crawford—Alonzo makes the supreme sacrifice. It's good, gruesome entertainment out of the Tod Browning chamber of horrors. It's exceed-

ingly well done, and if you enjoy getting all unnerved and shaky, it's a treat for you. What nightmares you will have! Then again, maybe you won't because Joan Crawford brings beauty into the sordid surroundings. Joan shows flashes of real ability, as well as displaying even more loveliness than usual. She's an alluring figure, and when I say figure, that's what I mean. Norman Kerry's rippling muscles also play an important part. Norman's and Joan's recent roles have been all to the epidermis. Aren't the producers ever going to give their faces a chance?

☞ If you like racing pictures then this is your meat.

The SUNSET DERBY

THERE'S a limit to everything; and "The Sunset Derby" is the limit as far as I'm concerned. Now I love dogs, cats, and horses. I carry around bones for dogs, catnip for cats, and sugar for ponies. I am always doing good to dumb beasts. But I can't, I just can't like any more pictures about the Horse that Makes Good. Somebody must like racing pictures.

Maybe you do. If so, then this is just your horse-meat.

Sure, there's a race—several. Buster Collier is the jockey, and Mary Astor is the fair daughter of the owner of Queen, the famous mare, who just must win the Derby prize or Mary and Buster and Dad don't eat. Leave it to Queen. She'll win. She always does. She's the big sugar mama of the movies.

The Winner of HAROLD LLOYD'S



Q "Mac" — Honorable Mention. Owned by L. W. McWane, Fredericksburg, Virginia.

IN THE June issue of SCREENLAND Harold Lloyd offered a part in the movies to a dog, and in response to his call many a small pup had to look pleasant to have its picture taken.

Many photographs came in of every variety of canine and among them was little "Tipper" owned by Charles Heck which was the dog selected.

Mr. Lloyd is coming East to finish the comedy he is working on and expects to take some scenes at Coney Island and others with the picturesque background of New York's lower East Side.

Harold Lloyd never discloses what the name of his picture will be until it is entirely finished and so the present comedy is un-titled.

The picture which Harold Lloyd has in mind and for which he selected "Tipper" will be made following the release of his present comedy.

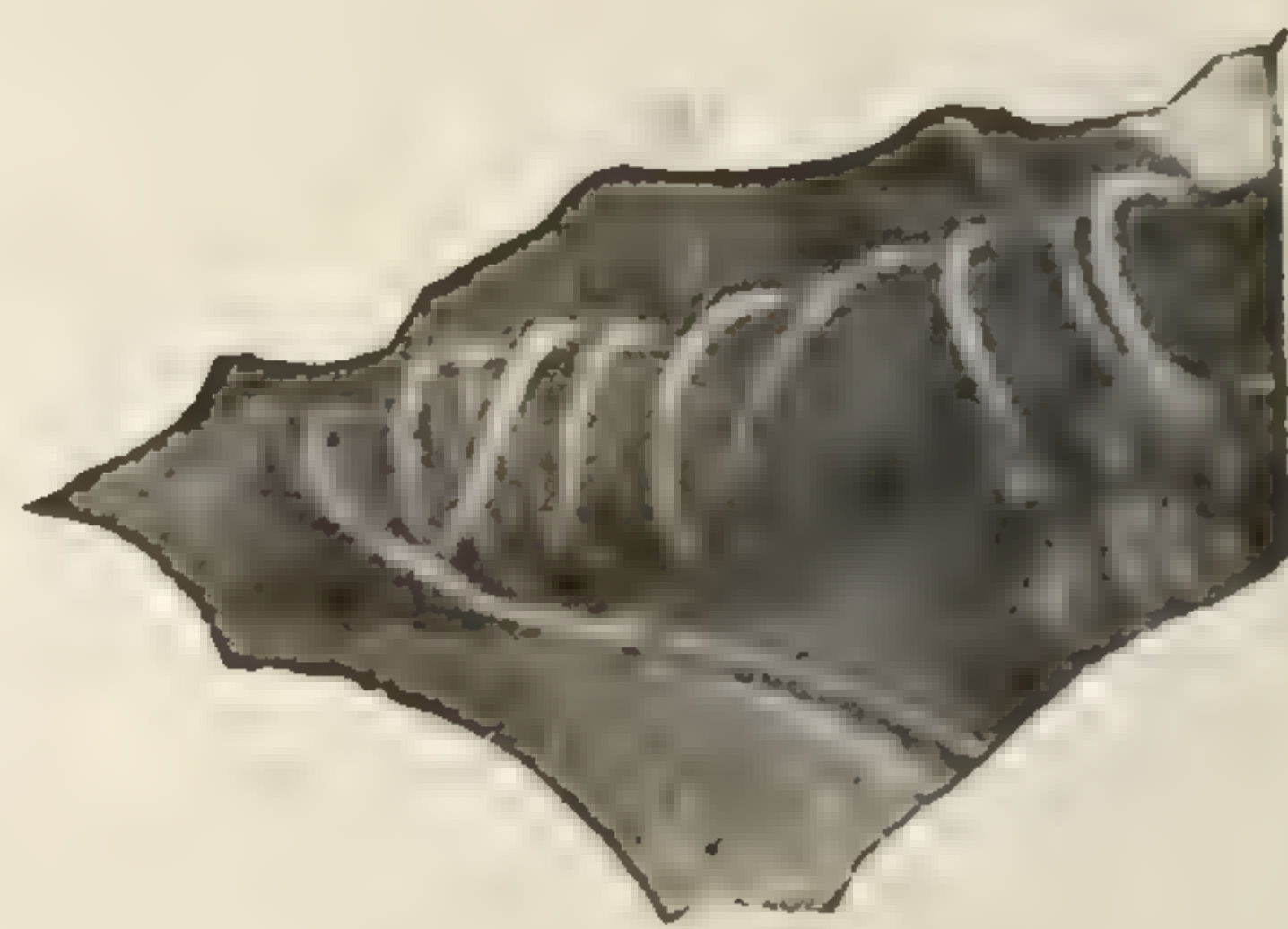
Little "Tipper" with his bright, alert eyes may look out at the world from thousands of screens and who knows but what he may become famous as a comedian in his own right.

Harold Lloyd wishes to thank the many contestants who submitted photographs to help him in his search for a dog and also for the many kind expressions of admiration and friendship which were sent along with the photographs.

Q There were so many cute dogs that besides the winner six dogs have been selected for Honorable Mention.



Q "Tipper" First Prize \$300 has been sent to Charles Heck, 9839 Vanderpool Avenue, Chicago, Ill., for three weeks salary in advance as offered.



Q Honorable Mention to John Gehrmann Jr., 3351 N. Marshfield Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.

In the large kennels which Harold Lloyd maintains at Westwood, California, there are many blooded Great Danes and noble St. Bernards and Harold Lloyd was particularly interested in the photographs of large dogs which he received in this contest. For the purposes of the comedy however, Harold Lloyd feels that the pert and waggish little "Tipper" will be preferable. Since he is himself a devoted admirer of the big fellows he hopes that the owners of the big dogs will agree with him.

DOG CONTEST



“Harold Lloyd is a great dog lover but he remembers “Safety First”.



“Bill” owned by Donley D. Chard, Pomeroy, Washington. Honorable Mention.



“Rex”. Honorable Mention. Owned by William Tanninen, 3455 No. 74 Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.

“Tricks”. Owned by Mrs. George Clineman, 5960 McCook Avenue, Chicago, Illinois. Honorable Mention.



Honorable Mention to Miss Dorothy Hylan, 824 Crandall Avenue, Youngstown, Ohio.

“Harold Lloyd is at work on the doggonest funniest comedy you’ve seen since Hector was a pup.

New Screenplays

Reviewed by
Rosa Reilly



☞ If you want to see some slick negligees this is your chance. Leatrice Joy in "Vanity".

over-acting and over-posturing you ever saw in your life. It would have been a swell picture if everybody's hand had been tied—but evidently nobody thought of this relief measure. I'm going to send the director a ball of twine for his next effort.

However, if you want to see some of the slickest business negligees, as Lula Belle would call them, go watch Leatrice Joy deck herself out in her robes de chambre. Um—UMM!

THE WRONG MR. WRIGHT

Here's a little problem in screen arithmetic for you. Put down the title—"The Wrong Mr Wright". Add Jean Hersholt in the title role. That's two and carry ten thousand. What's the ten thousand for? Why, Jean is the son of a teddy bear manufacturer, and the detective thinks he stole ten thousand dollars.

Any man whose father is a teddy bear king might be accused of anything, but that has nothing to do with the problem.

Next add Dorothy Devore.

Make it a good figure, for that's what she has. You'll have to add at least 212

VANITY

THIS weather is no time for anybody to get hot under the collar but that's just where I registered 200 degrees fahrenheit when I watched the fight between the brutal skipper of a tramp steamer and the bestial negro cook, all over Leatrice Joy.

But I always thought Leatrice was a nice girl, so I can't understand what business she had down on board a tramp steamer with a very lusty looking Captain—the night before she was to wed Charley Ray. Naughty, naughty! But to get back to the fight. This is nobody's whipped cream encounter dressed up for movie eyes. It carries a power of menace, passion and bestiality, whooped up to a murderous crescendo. If you want to gaze at naked passion, you'll never get a better chance than when you watch this negro cook with his battered face, long knife in dirty teeth, creep, creep, creep, nearer and nearer until—

But — somebody slipped up fearfully in the direction. Of all the

☞ In "Vanity" Leatrice Joy starts plenty of trouble.



☞ "The Wrong Mr. Wright" is a merry-go-round of comedy with Jean Hersholt handing out the laughs.

for Walter Heirs.

That's pounds avoirdupois. Comes from plenty of food and a lotta laughter. Subtract one for that bit of philosophy.

The problem gets a little complicated here. Enid Bennett has to subtract a confession from Jean Hersholt. At so much per diem she is hired to make Jean admit that he subtracted the ten thousand in a manner that no mathematician would think of subtracting. Now at so much per diem how many

diems would a girl like Enid have to vamp a man like Jean Hersholt to subtract the aforesaid subtraction confession from him?

I'll have to help you out there. Since Jean Hersholt is always Mr. X the unknown quantity, he does a little rapid calculating himself and vamps Enid Bennett.

Multiply that by two for comedy complication. It's five reels so multiply it by five again.

No, there are no answers in the back of the book, but I'll tell you what the total is and see if you are right on "The Wrong Mr. Wright".

It all adds up to a merry-go-round of comedy. Class is dismissed. You just have time to make the matinee.

THE CLOSED GATE

If you want a new kind of entertainment for some guests the afternoon "The Closed Gate" opens in your town, organize a Tear Party. Just give each guest an extra handkerchief, get them to the theatre, and after that your cares as hostess will cease. "The Closed Gate" is a sure fire tear duct opener, the sort of picture that gets you all choked up and lets you weep wholeheartedly and unabashed. Your Tear Party can't help being a success.

You will get all wrapped up in the boy and his mother.

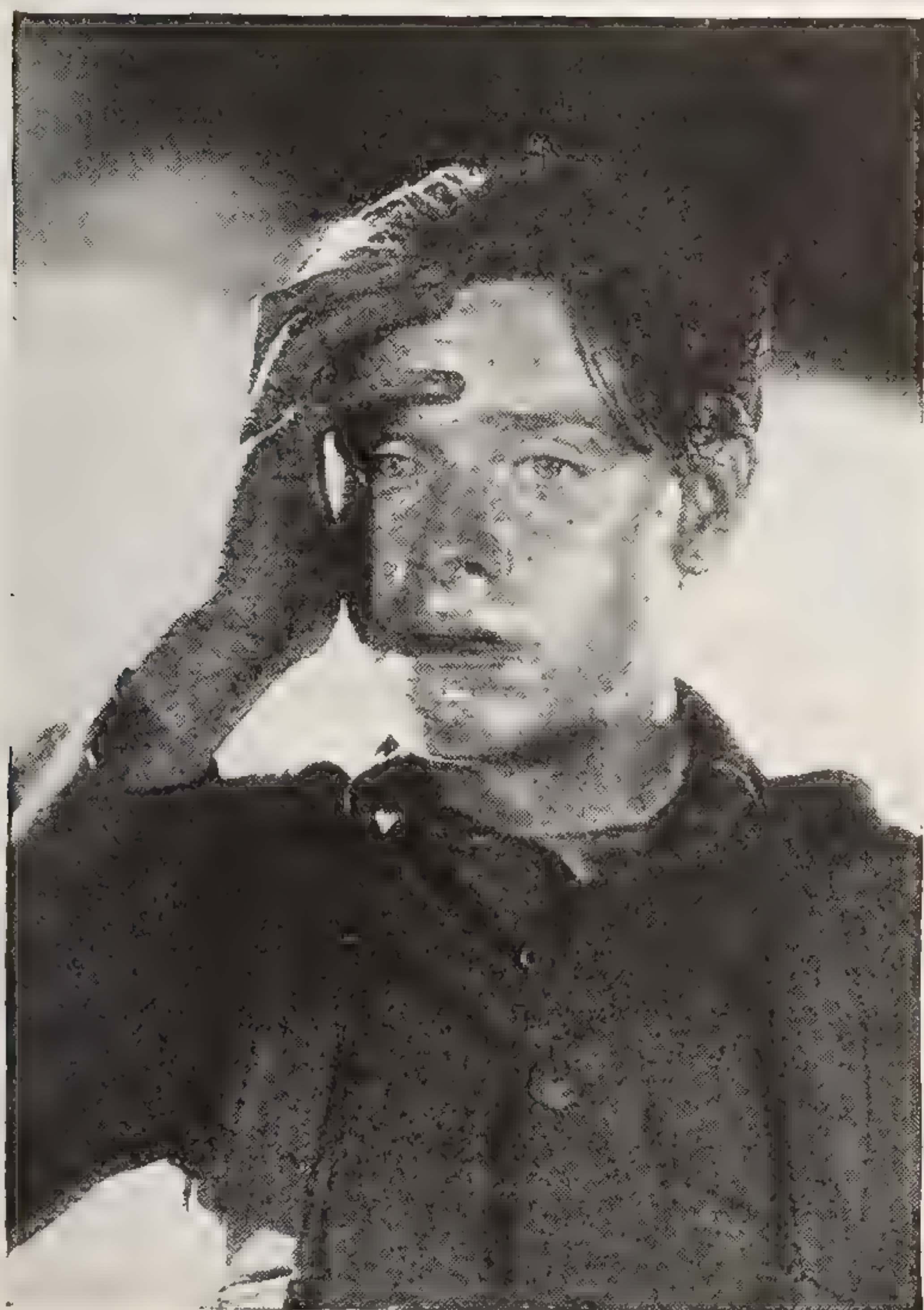
The boy is Johnny



☞ Aileen Dee, Earle Foxe and Margaret Livingston in "Slaves of Beauty".



☞ This kind of a picture makes you wish for a broncho instead of a brougham. Fred Thomson and William Courtright.



☞ The boy in "The Closed Gate" is Johnny Harron and he has something of that indescribable pathos his brother Bobby so richly possessed.

Harron and he has something of that indescribable quality his brother Bobby so richly possessed—that pathetic, wistful longing for the beauty and love that always seemed just out of his grasp. Bobby, gone but unforgotten, used to remind me of flowers that were sunshine-started and never quite bloomed, and candles that could not seem to give out all their light. Gosh! I'm gulping now

Anyhow, that's what "The Closed Gate" does to you. The mother whose death bed is a wheel chair; the father you'd like to shoot; the boy driven from home, and throwing himself into the war to die and forget. Then shell shock and loss of memory. He can forget. But he cannot die. The nurse—Jane Novak. The pitiful little romance that finally—

What? Still crying? Everybody else is, too, so it's all right

"SILVER COMES THROUGH"

Whenever I see Fred Thomson and his horse, Silver, I wonder the automobile business doesn't take a skid. This kind of propaganda makes you feel like owning a broncho instead of a 1927 brougham. Yes sir, Silver on the silver screen makes you wish for one of those balloon tired

saddles and the open spaces where Fred Thomson is Fred Thomson.

Silver comes through in this picture, as the title indicates, and what he comes through is plenty. The last dramatic barrier he has to take is a race, with the possession of ranch, money and honor depending on him. It wouldn't be fair to tell you what happens. But I can say this: a race is oats to Silver, and how he knows his cereals!

There's a scene between Fred Thomson and a mountain lion.

But "scene" is too polite a term. Fred Thomson has to fight this one bare handed. Not meaning to be sacrilegious, but Fred was never cut out to be a Daniel in the lion's den. They just love to eat this lad.

They ought to write a song about Fred and his horse and call it "Silver Treads Among the Gold." He can have my money at the box-office any time, even though I usually see him in a projection room.



“Horse Shoes” is clever, risqué and has Monte Banks and Jean Arthur in the cast.

Moran and a lot of characteristics peculiarly her own. And I make so bold as to state that I believe this young woman—Sue Carol by name—is destined to become a great star—if she keeps her feet on the ground.

Olive Tell plays the lead in this new film with the most hackneyed of themes. It's one of these opuses about the wife who tires of her comfortable and untidy husband and steps out with a clothes-horse, one-third man, one-third woman, and one-third insect. This

role is inimitably played by Earle Fox. Olive Tell is one of the most distinguished women on the screen. She has real magnetism—and that saves the picture, which she carries along to a real climax. It takes her daughter, Sue Carol, so to speak, to make an honest woman out of the mother.

It's an engaging little production, this film. Nothing grand or deep or passionate. Just delicious amusement, gracefully executed with Herbert Holmes and Margaret Livingstone contributing some first class work.

SLAVES OF BEAUTY

Now I'm no Oracle of Delphi. Nor do I pretend to forecast the future. Nevertheless when I saw "Slaves of Beauty" I couldn't help doing a little predicting. There is a girl in this picture who has the dash of Clara Bow, the slumbrous quality of Dolores Costello, the innate finess of Lois



Two romances enrolled in this film. Robards who loves Miss Faire and Rin who falls for Nanette. Rin-Tin-Tin and Virginia Browne Faire.

TRACKED BY THE POLICE

Hurry up with the breakfast dishes and dust around the living room—and make it snappy. A holiday is declared for the day. Rin-Tin-Tin, Nanette, my old favorite, Tom Santschi, my new favorite, Jason Robards and Virginia Browne Faire are all in town.

Now don't kid me—because I'm daft on Rin. Why shouldn't I be. He's the only male in existence that hasn't destroyed some woman's illusion. As Ursula Trent says in W. L. George's book—it is worse to lose your ideal of a man than it is to lose the man himself. And all jests to the one side, that's why Rin has a lot of friends among the females—and not only the canine femininity, either.

This is one of the best of Rin's pictures. He and his master, Jason Robards, are working on an irrigation dam. Robards is in charge of the construction work and it's up to Rin to keep his eyes open for any bad actors that might be around.

There are two romances enrolling in the film—Robards who loves Miss Faire, and Rin who falls for Nanette. And Rin does his stuff so well you might think it was his first courtship.

If you like a good dog picture, don't miss this. For Rin has many a human actor left at the post.

HORSE SHOES

Do you like to read those incomparable little stories of de Maupassant's—clever, short, and not bad—but just a little along the risqué line? What happens? A-ha! See the picture! Monte Banks at his funniest.



ALICE WHITE is the latest flapper type,
1928 model, next in "*American Beauty*".

Photograph by Russell Ball





FAY WEBB is as mysterious as a yegg, and though her daddy is Chief of Police she is breaking into the M. G. M. Studio.

Photograph by Ruth Harriet Louise



GOOD Luck! GERTRUDE OLMSTED
looking at you over her left shoulder.
Her next is "*Buttons*".

Photograph by Russell Ball



CLARA BOW who represents to most of us
what we mean by "IT" or Sexcess in Art.

Photograph by Eugene Robert Richee



The STAGE COACH

Conducted by Morrie Ryskind



Photograph by Florence Van Damm

☞ Genevieve Tobin and Holbrook Blinn in a clever and sophisticated comedy called "The Play's The Thing". The excellent acting adds greatly to the pleasure of the evening.



Photograph
by Wide
World Studio

☞ Helba Huara is one of the reasons why "A Night in Spain" is still going strong.



☞ Jane Cowl and Phillip Merivale in "The Road To Rome", one of the best plays of the season.

Photograph by
White Studio

"Peggy-Ann"

THIS last month was a dull theatre month—at least, in the sense that few new things opened on Broadway. So, thought we, why not go and see some of those good shows that you missed?

Well, that sounded like a good idea, no matter where it came from, and if there's anything we are receptive to, it's a good idea.

Whereupon, we decided that we ought to go and see "Peggy-Ann". True, we had looked in on the second act some time ago, but that was merely a dancing act. Surely, we thought, all the wit and humor and irony and brilliance that Allison Smith and Frank Sullivan and Alexander Woollcott discovered in the performance must be in the first act.

So, accompanied by Groucho Marx, we went. Harpo came along at the last minute and had to pay for his seat, inasmuch as he was not sitting with a critic. Still, the notices the show got made Harpo feel that his \$4.40 would be well spent.

Well, boys and girls, *de gustibus non disputandum est*. Which is Latin (we do like to show off occasionally) for what's your meat is my poison. We sat through a first act that brought nary a snicker from us. But, we thought, maybe we are just one of those disappointed authors who can't give credit to anybody else. Maybe it is a good show. We looked at Groucho. He looked a trifle pale. At intermission we went out into the lobby.

"Is this the show they raved about?" asked Groucho.

"It is," we replied.

"What have I ever done to you," he asked, as a tear stole down either cheek, "that you should do this to me?"

A tear stole down our either cheeks. "Nothing," we confessed.

At this moment Harpo, the silent, noted for never saying a word, burst upon the scene. He was foaming at the mouth and had the look of a desperate man. He had a knife in either hand, and a revolver in the other.

As he saw us, he hurled both knives, and killed six innocent (Cont. on page 102)

COMING FILMS

Paramount Studios

Esther Ralston in "The Glory Girl"
 Adolphe Menjou in "A Gentleman of Paris"
 Douglas MacLean in "Soft Cushions"
 Fred Thompson in "Jesse James"
 *Wallace Beery and Raymond Hatton in
 "Fireman Save My Child"
 *Clive Brook, Evelyn Brent in "Underworld"

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios

*Norma Shearer, Lawrence Gray in "After
 Midnight"
 Tim McCoy in "Foreign Devils"
 Marion Davies in "Quality Street"
 *William Haines in "Spring Fever"
 Ramon Novarro, Marceline Day in "Romance"
 Greta Garbo in "The Divine Woman"

First National Studios

Charlie Murray, George Sydney, Sam Hardy
 in "The Life of Riley"
 Dorothy Mackaill, Jack Mulhall in "The Crystal
 Cup"
 Harry Langdon in "Patches"
 Ken Maynard in "Red Raiders"
 *Johnny Hines in "White Pants Willie"
 *Dick Barthelmess in "The Patent Leather Kid"

Universal Studios

*Raymond Keane, Barbara Kent in "The Lone
 Eagle"
 Malcolm McGregor, Lya de Putti in "Buck
 Private"
 All Star Cast in "We Americans"
 Jobyna Ralston, Charles Ray in "Betty's A
 Lady"

*Pre-Showing on following pages.

F. B. O. Studios

*Lois Wilson, George K. Arthur in "The Gingham
 Girl"
 Tom Tyler in "Tom's Gang"
 Ralph Ince in "South Sea Love"
 Natalie Kingston, Bob Steele in "Mojave Kid"

Warner Brothers Studios

Irene Rich in "The Outpost"
 Al Jolson in "The Jazz Singer"
 May McAvoy in "Slightly Used"
 Monte Blue in "Across the Atlantic"

Fox Studios

Charles Farrell, Greta Nissen in "Prince Fazil"
 Nick Stuart, Sally Phipps in "Gentlemen Prefer
 Scotch"
 Janet Gaynor in "Two Girls Wanted"



¶ Two Souls Tied
 Round a Single
 Cookie.

¶ Having read a book "How to
 Succeed", Johnny bids good-bye
 to Mary and heads for the Big
 Town. (Lois Wilson and George
 K. Arthur)

¶ Mary asks Bartlett to
 give John advice
 about New York—
 he does and how!
 (Jerry Miley, Hazel
 Keener, Lois Wilson,
 George K. Arthur)



¶ Mary fears her
 cookie business
 is all dough.

Directed by David Kirkland

MARY THOMPSON	Lois Wilson
JOHN COUSINS	George K. Arthur
LETTY O'DAY	Hazel Keener
HARRISON BARTLETT	Jerry Miley



Pre-
 Showing
 of

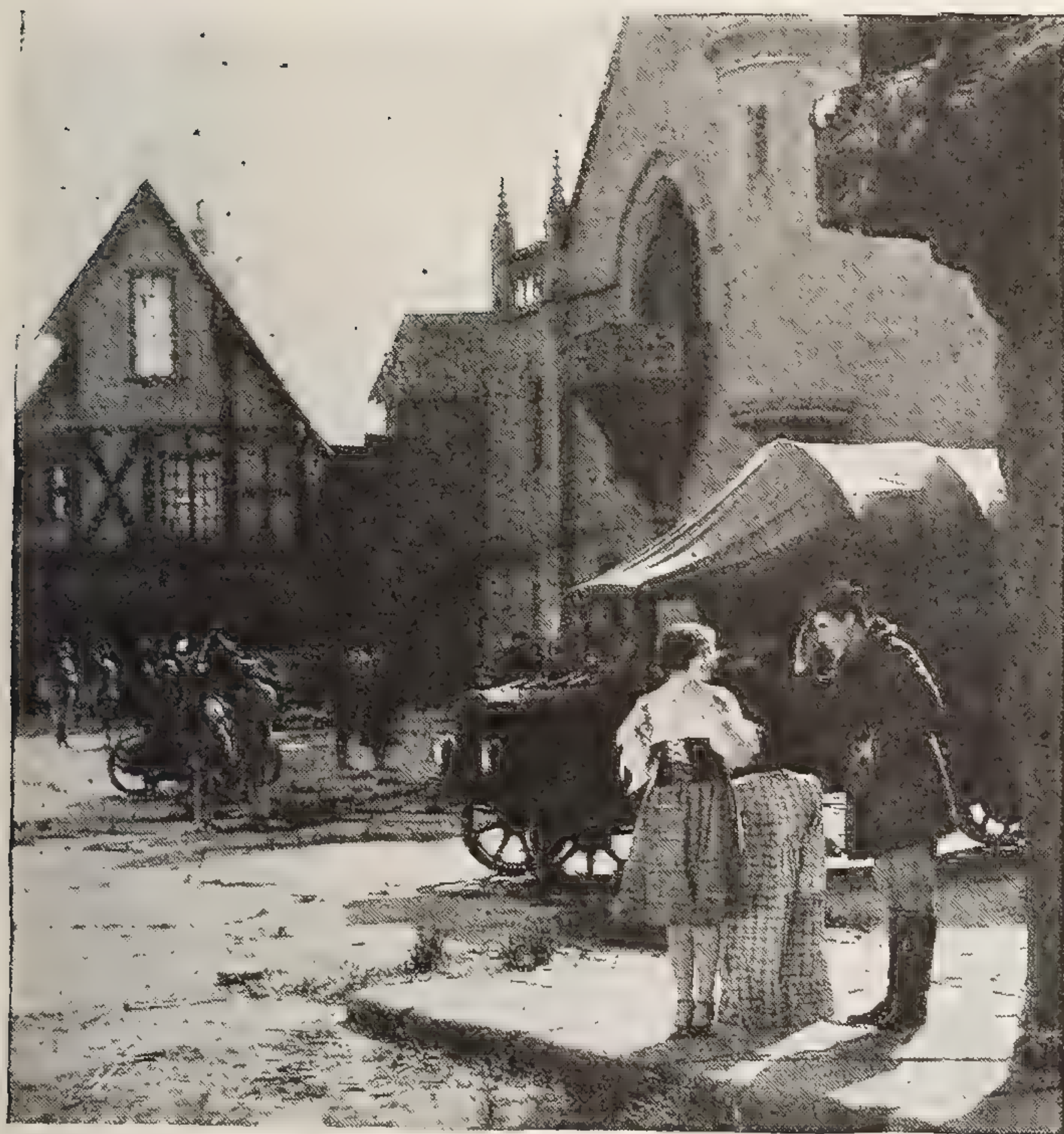
The Gingham Girl



*☪ The Whir of Wings Keeps Pace with
the Beat of a Woman's Heart.*



☪ This is just another
flight to the boys.
(Barbara Kent, Ray-
mond Keane and the
boys)



☪ Billy, a hero in his
own imagination,
meets Mimi who
makes his heroism
real. (Barbara Kent
and Raymond Keane)



☪ Love is so fragile
a thing that to keep
it one must give it
freedom.

Directed by Emory Johnson

LIEUT. WM. HOLMES . . . Raymond Keane
MIMI Barbara Kent
CAPT. RICHARDSON . . . Nigel Barry
SVEN Jack Pennick

Pre-Showing of



The Lone Eagle



Q The Drums of the Underworld Beat for Hatred, Lust and Bloodshed but Love Slips in Anyway.



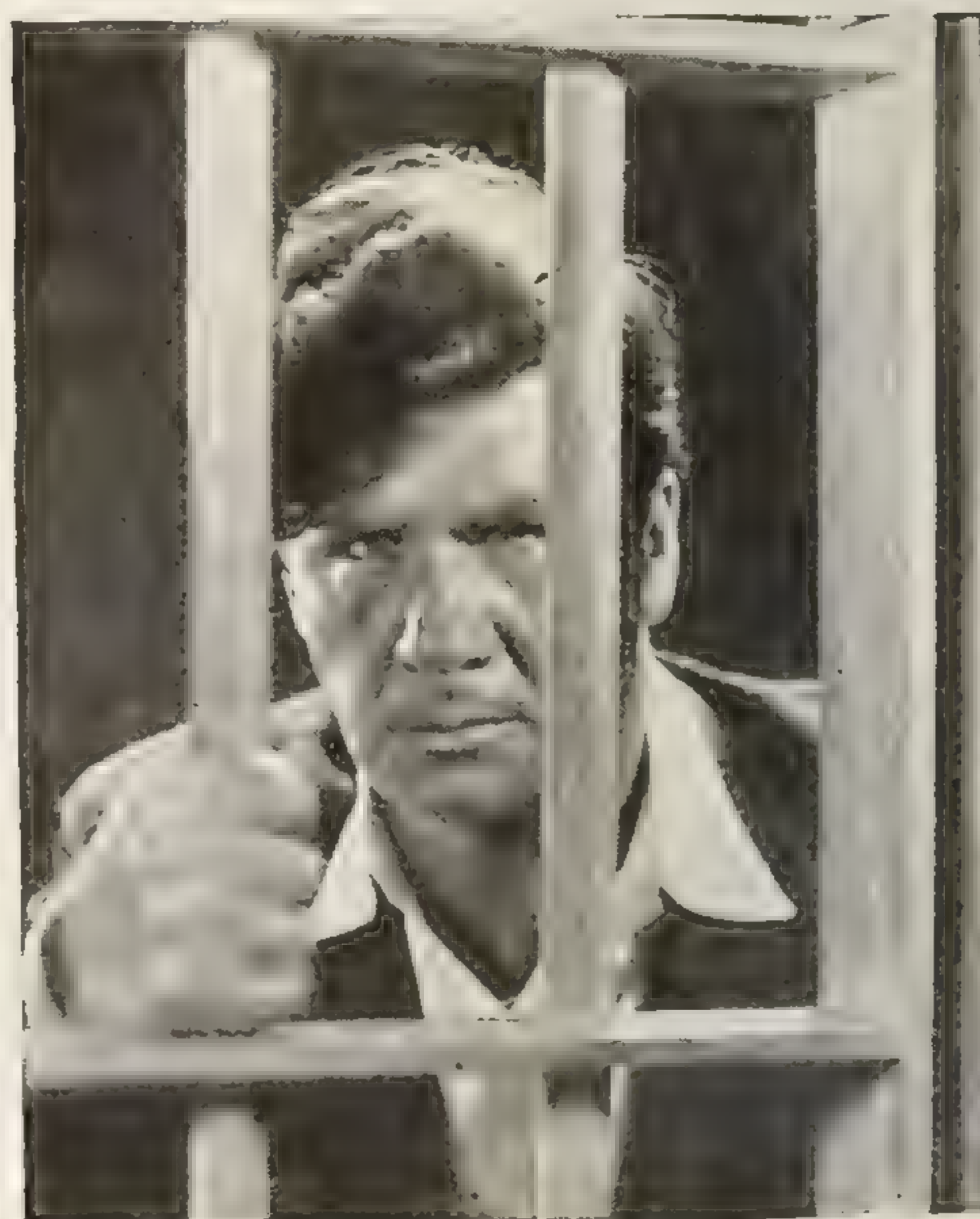
Q Feathers' fine nature is as yet unawakened to the horror of her surroundings. (Evelyn Brent)



Q "Feathers"—the belle of the Underworld and a string of admirers. (Clive Brook, Larry Semon, George Bancroft and Evelyn Brent)

Directed by
Joseph Von Sternberg

WEASEL . . . Clive Brook
FEATHERS . . Evelyn Brent
BULL . . . George Bancroft
SLIPPY . . . Larry Semon



Q The powerful gang leader chained at last. (George Bancroft)



Q To rescue "The Bull", Feathers and "The Weasel" take a desperate chance. (Evelyn Brent and Clive Brook)



Q "The Bull" realizes that "The Weasel" will be a great asset to his gang. (Clive Brook and George Bancroft)



Pre-Showing of

Underworld





☞ Success having gone to his head, Jerry is about to propose to Allie when she tells him her father has had a financial crash. (William Haines and Joan Crawford)



☞ Pasteboard monarch of all he surveys. (William Haines)



☞ Jerry never misses a chance to flirt with a pretty girl. (William Haines, Betty Sandford)

Directed by Edward Sedgwick

JACK KELLY	William Haines
BOSS WATERS	George Fawcett
ALLIE MONTE	Joan Crawford
TEWKSBURY	George K. Arthur

Pre-Showing of *Spring Fever*





*Q Virtue Runs off the
Track a Bit But
Reward Runs After It.*

Q Hardworking little Mary
finds her sister's easy ac-
quisition of \$1000 food for
thought. (Norma Shearer
and Gwen Lee)

Directed by
Monta Bell

MARY
Norma Shearer
JOE MILLER
Lawrence Gray
MAZIE . Gwen Lee



Q After months of
saving Mary and
Joe compare bank
notes. (Norma
Shearer and Law-
rence Gray)

Pre-Showing of

After Midnight



Willie thinks that if he only had a pair of white pants Helen would not consider him just part of the scenery. (Johnny Hines and Leila Hyams)

Wherein Success Hangs Upon a Pair of White Pants.



Willie's (Johnny Hines) chance to step out comes at last.



Directed by
Charles Hines
WILLIE BASCOM
Johnny Hines
HELEN CHARTERS
Leila Hyams
PHILIP CHARTERS
Henry Barrows
JUDY . Ruth Dwyer

Mistaken for a polo player, Willie has to make good. Does he? He does and everything. (Johnny Hines and Leila Hyams)



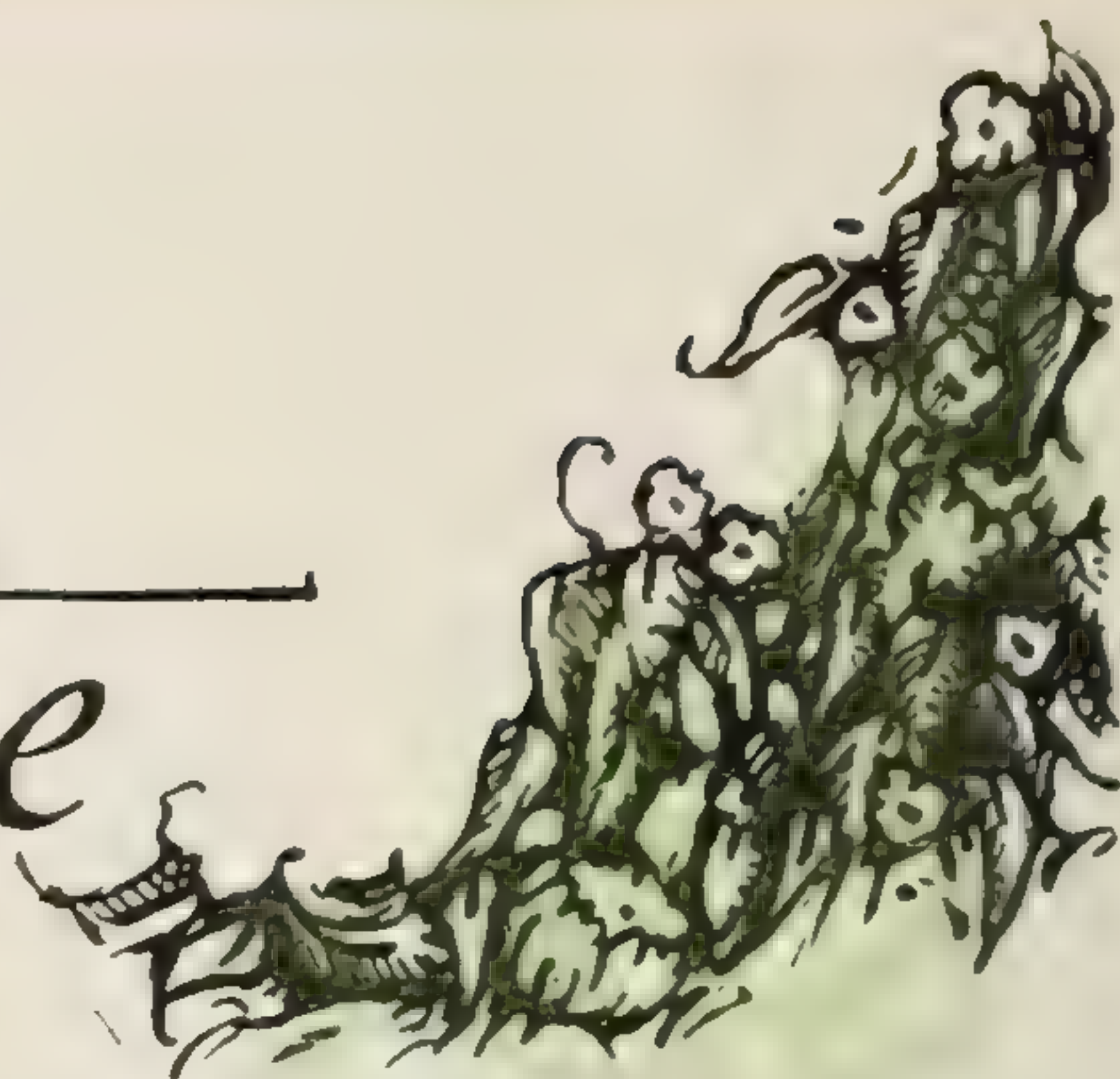
Pre-
Showing of

White Pants Willie



ALL DRESSED UP -

Laura La Plante



As the early days of fall dress the trees in brilliance and the movie stars in beige, Laura, the Lovely One, selects a crepe de chine.

A simple sport outfit made of pencil blue crepe de chine trimmed with metal braid in many colors. The dress, which is in two pieces, has a skirt made with side plaits between rows of wide braid and an overblouse with round collar trimmed with braid.



L AURA LA PLANTE is the best argument the screen champions have put out yet on the moot question. — Does Hollywood set the fashions for New York or does Fifth Avenue dictate when flounces shall rule or dresses be replete with plaited skirts?

Perhaps Laura La Plante wears them in a way that makes lines of beauty, for Laura is no slouching flapper. Her poised little body and proudly carried blonde head give an "air" to mousseline,



Photographs by Freubel.

Laura La Plante wears a pretty negligee made of pale blue georgette crepe and real lace.

crepe or chiffon. And another reason for that happy "See-my-new-frock" expression of Laura's is that she is off on a belated honeymoon and Mrs. William Seiter must carry on the very swagger rep of little dimpled Laura.

And so to the couturiers and their creations. While this is the day of the sport clothes of charming simplicity and of lovely dance dresses the screen



“Laura feels that the dress, the white fox and the dimples would all be wasted without the finger waved bob.



stars delight in negligees of simple lines and rich lacy textures. The very latest on Hollywood boulevard is the more general use of taffeta, stiff satin, moire and milliners velvet, the appearance of flare and the departure of the drooping effect.

“A beautiful afternoon gown made of printed chiffon in shaded rose. Her broad brimmed hat is an imported hemp straw.



“This smart summer suit consists of an Eton jacket with a scalloped edge and a plaited skirt, also scalloped on the bottom. The jacket is worn over a blouse made of white crepe with tiny fluted ruffles and pin tucks.

One may hardly be blamed for the casualness of the glimpses one gives to the famous screen smiles when the new frocks appear. The season shows a return to the fuller and the softer rippling effects. This fulness is the vogue for the latest models. At the sides, overlapping plaits give the free movement of grace but retain the straight silhouette. Plaits are everywhere and more varied than at the beginning of summer when the nestlings were watching the strollers. They are now being eyed by the old birds, and I don't mean robins.

¶ The Whispers of the Stars Blow Many a Little Ship to Harbor.

By
Martin
Martin

"THIS girl is a genius, she has everything that makes for success on the screen, I am proud to have known her."

As the dry, unassuming voice of Joseph M. Schenck uttered these words, Rosetta Duncan, the irrepressible Topsy, stood before an envious multitude, separated only by the footlights of Hollywood's most gorgeous—but one—motion picture palace.

It was the first night of her first picture, "Topsy And Eva". Rosetta and her beautiful



Chatter from HOLLYWOOD

sister, Vivian, stood side by side on the stage.

To be acclaimed a genius by the man who has succeeded in pouring most of the milky way of stars into one bucket, is a serious matter.

We all applauded. Rosetta giggled her famous giggle.

"Say," she asked pertly, "Where's Norma?"

Mr. Schenck looked uneasy. "In Paris."

"Great!" Scuttling across the stage, Rosetta threw her arms around the astonished producer's neck and kissed him with a resounding smack.

It was the biggest laugh of the evening.

The entire introduction of the cast following the picture was full of clowning. When Rosetta and Vivian made their appearance,

ushers brought up a ten-foot high tribute from the florist, in

¶ Atlas Barthelmess holding his whole world.

¶ Douglas Fairbanks in "The Gaucho" which means "cow-boy" in the Argentine. Not to be confused with drug store type and we don't mean maybe.

the shape of a horse-shoe. It was wrapped in crackly green tissue and bore a large placard: "To Rosetta and Vivian, from Dolores and Jaime Del Rio, Claire and

Bert Lytell, Mary and Edwin Carewe."

With delighted shrieks the Duncans ripped off the tissue . . . a roar from the audience . . . it was a vegetable horse-shoe, a row of carrots, a row of spinach, a row of onions, a row of beets.

Before the laugh died the Duncans grabbed off a handful of carrots and stood calmly eating them.

It was the most spontaneous part of the entertainment. The picture itself was short of clever gags and there was a good deal of criticism of the makeup of Rosetta Duncan—black-face on the screen is seldom satisfactory. Nearly everybody in the audience agreed that the picture was constructed too much like a stage play, and gave the Duncans



no real chance to get across their personality in the different medium.

I hear that Mr. Schenck made Rosetta Duncan a handsome offer to do more comedies, but that she refused unless her sister, Vivian, also was signed.

Vivian, by the way, photographs beautifully. Many people thought that Schenck gave too little credit to her in his curtain speech.

—o—

Speaking of blackface, Warner Brothers is experimenting with it extensively. Louise Fazenda is doing a black-face picture and Al Jolson is to retain his famous makeup in some of the scenes of "The Jazz Singer."

I saw a screen test of Jolson at a party the Warner Brothers gave him following his performance at a downtown theater.

In this test the singing comedian was not in black face. A scene was introduced "cold" to an audience who received it with little enthusiasm. Such tests, however, are not fair to the player, especially when he is new to the screen.

Jolson returns to Hollywood as soon as he finishes the San Francisco run of his play to take a belated flyer at the films.

As he himself remarked he won't lose anything even if he is rotten, for "the money is in the bank".

—o—

After seeing the ten college boys that First National has brought to Hollywood to test them out as screen material, I can't help from wondering whether the company could not have examined one-fourth as many extras and found four times as many good prospects.

The handpicked selection of the enrollment of most of the best known colleges in the country arrived in Hollywood this week to attempt to scale the heights of screen fame.

Whatever their luck in the scaling, they will live here at the expense of First National and receive a salary for the summer in addition. If any prove satisfactory they will be offered contracts.

I cast my vote for some of the ten who were chosen when their screen tests were shown here during the First National Convention.

I saw the ten at a studio luncheon on the day of their arrival and two of them



Ⓒ Their first fan magazine picture:— From left to right, top to bottom. John Morris, Purdue; D. C. Cassidy, Georgia Tech; John Stambaugh, Chicago; Leland Wilcox, Michigan; Edward Karges, Northwestern; Warner Smoot, Northwestern; Richard Clendenin, California; John Westwood, Princeton; Thomas Denton, Michigan; and Stuart C. Knox, Yale. From nine colleges they have been chosen to work in First National Pictures.



Ⓒ Lars Hanson in "The Wind". Lillian Gish's leading man is a Norse of another color.



Ⓒ Buster Collier, Constance Talmadge, Buster Keaton and Natalie Talmadge Keaton have a leaning toward comedy.

looked like possibilities; John Westwood, of Princeton, who won first place in the voting contest, and Thomas Denton of Michigan.

Denton is almost a dead ringer for Lincoln Steadman and was selected for his comedy possibilities. Undoubtedly he has them. Moreover he has more natural poise than any of the other applicants.

The newcomers had my sympathy at the luncheon which must have been something of an ordeal. All the writers sat at small tables while the ten, with a few studio executives, sat at a long table, where they might be inspected.

They got their first taste of film work the same afternoon with Richard Barthelmess in "The Drop Kick".

I heard a still cameraman say: "Oh, they'll be all right when they get a civilized haircut and different clothes."

If I remember correctly, he wore checked knickers.

—o—

Today I was talking with Marion Aye, one



Ⓒ Natli Barr—First National's find.

of the Wampas baby star graduates, who has just returned from the Atlantic City trip made by a special car of film stars, as part of a Hollywood pageant.

Despite the financial failure of the trip, Marion tells me that the stars had a good time. Ben Turpin and Jack Hoxie, who was accompanied by his horse, were the most popular members of the group with the people along the way, she said.

This probably was due to the willingness of the two to entertain a little.

Turpin had a speech which, while it probably grew a little monotonous to his companions, always drew a big laugh. At each stop Ben would appear on the platform and address the crowd: "I came into this town cock-eyed and I'm going to leave it cock-eyed . . . in fact I'm cock-eyed now."

Marie Prevost and Marguerite De La Motte were also among the better known players on the trip. Marie went on to New York to see the shows.

—o—

Hollywood is naturally agog over the approaching marriage of Vilma Banky and Rod La Rocque.

It is due to happen now in two days. As most of the details will be broadcast far and wide through other sources I have sought to find a few facts from a little different angle.

There is, for instance, the wedding cake. The biggest to date in Los Angeles, it will be. Four feet in diameter and three and a half feet high.

Rod and Vilma are following out all the old superstitions about marriage. The cake will contain a ring and a thimble. Rod will lift his bride over the threshold when they return to his house and Vilma will throw her wedding bouquet.

There is a great scurry on at the shop of the designer of the gowns of the brides-maids. Working at top speed, the staff there will not complete the gowns until tomorrow night, only eighteen hours from the time of the wedding.

Rod's bachelor dinner took place last night at his home. Those present were Cecil B. De Mille, best man;



“Quality Street” is where Irish fancy crosses personality avenue.



Leila Hyams will be in “The Bush Leaguer” with Monte Blue.

Samuel Goldwyn, Donald Crisp, Ronald Colman, Harold Lloyd, Jack Holt, Victor Varconi and George Fitzmaurice.

—o—

June has broken the ice and screen lovers are more confidential.

Adolphe Menjou and Kathryn Carver, who long have denied their engagement, announced it to me this month, together with some of their plans.

They will be married next May and both will continue their screen work in Hollywood until Menjou's contract with Paramount expires. As this will not be until two and a half years, it is a little early to give out the information, I suppose, but Adolphe told me he plans to go abroad then and make pictures.

He has just built a new home in the hills. As Adolphe aptly describes it, “It is not a motion picture set, it's a home.”

There is a lot of common sense in this apparently worldly man. He says he is satisfied with his contract, is saving his money and is not worried about the bugaboo



Molly O'Day, Sally O'Neil and Isabella O'Neil—three movie daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Noonan. What's in a name?

of salary cuts because he believes that as long as he can keep up his box-office value he will be worth big money to the producers.

"The only thing to do in this business," he told me, "is to save while you're on top, because your popularity must be comparatively short."

—O—

Lloyd Hamilton, long known as "Ham" in the comedies, was married this month in Santa Anna to Irene Dalton, a Hollywood film actress.

—O—

It seems that this has been a month of engagement rumors. Probably the most reliable one concerns Helene Costello and Douglas Fairbanks Jr.

Leaving here for New York, Helene is said to have worn Doug Jr.'s ring, and he is said to have confessed to friends that the marriage wears.

When approached directly, Doug Jr. said he couldn't deny it and referred everybody to Helene. As she is at the moment 3000 miles away we are still guessing.

—O—

There is also the fact that Leatrice Joy and F. Richard Jones are seen much together at Hollywood affairs. Jones now is directing Douglas Fairbanks, but until recently was a comedy supervisor at the Hal Roach Studio. He was with Sennett for many years.



Ⓒ Sixteen jounces, one pound" — Kathryn McGuire and her iron horse. "reductio ad absurdam."



Ⓒ Irene Rich and the camel that helped her make "The Outpost". His name is "Lucky Strike".

romance between the prim Lillian Gish and George Jean Nathan. We were thrown into a furor only yesterday by the report that they were to be married within a few weeks.

As it happens, Nathan is in Santa Monica, where Miss Gish has a home, and they have been seeing each other. But, if we can believe them, these phenomena are only due to coincidence and sweet friendship.

—O—

I meant to say, when discussing Douglas Fairbanks Jr., that he didn't deserve the disappointment of having the leading role opposite Corinne Griffith taken away from him.

"The Garden of Eden" would have been a big opportunity for him, had not one of those production storms suddenly arisen with the result that when the

clouds had dispersed director Hobart Henley had departed together with most of the cast, including Doug. Jr.

Lewis Milestone, who has just finished making a very funny comedy, "Two Arabian Nights", will take up the megaphone after the story has been operated on, I am told.

Oh yes, Leatrice says no, no, no.

But then everybody has heard that a woman can say no to one person and yes to another.

—O—

I wonder, along with the rest of Hollywood and a good many people outside of it, whether there really is any

They SAY

Q George Bancroft
and Chester
Conklin.

"Music that gentler
on the spirit lies.
Than tired eyelids
upon tired eyes."



By Marion of Hollywood



Q Mary Brian in
"Shanghai
Bound".

WON'T someone please tell me what there is about a wedding that thrills and thrills me so? Do all we fair sex quite agree and think a wedding's great? The other day a big he-man out here announced disgustedly to me that every woman anywhere on earth would walk a *hundred* miles to find a wedding day. Of course she would, and bless her for her romance-loving soul! And while the blessings are in order, let's bless Rod and Vilma for a wedding absolutely and entirely complete. A church, a matron of honor, bridesmaids, ushers, best man and all. It's the day before the fatal time while I'm writing this, and tonight I met Rod in his yellow Rolls.



Q Buddy Rogers is the new leading man
for Mary Pickford in "My Best Girl"
from a Kathleen Norris story.

Honest, he looks exactly the same as ever—the same broad smile, the same hello as many times before. I'll bet there's almost as much excitement in his home as there is at the beautiful bride's, because sister Monique is being gowned like a queen for the role of a bridesmaid. A wedding is great, and I can't get away from the fact that I like 'em almost as well as the day when young Junior is christened!

* * *

Note to Bob Fraser—In case you are still pondering deeply and trying to

come down the Boulevard and tell me if my ears were hearing true and what I'd say to you out there in this regard. So Doug agreed, and came, and told me lots of words, but still I know no more than when I put the question to him bold as bold could be: "Are you and Helene Costello engaged and when are you to be married?" spryly up speaks me. "Why, ask Helene," says Doug, knowing full well that little Helene was safely on the train, bound New York City way. "What does your mother think about it all?" I boldly

figure out who it was waved to you from a beautiful shiny flivver that day as you sat on the porch of the Masquer's Club—'twas me. I know you didn't know who it happened to be, but it was like you to wave just the same without having to know. You for me—me for you, and I'm happy to call you my friend, Bob.

* * *

Doug Jr. hadn't come a-visiting me for quite some time, when all of a sudden somebody told it around that he and Helene Costello were fixing it up to become engaged. Good gracious, that was beyond my belief, and to the phone I hied myself and begged friend Doug to jump into his car,

Ⓒ Rod La Rocque, Vilma Banky and the wedding bells. Rod is showing Vilma the house that goes with the ring.

Ⓒ Warner Baxter in "Drums of the Desert" and he objects to "hoss operas"!



Ⓒ A Gathering of the Great:—Louis Wolheim, Dr. Karl Vollmoller, author of "The Miracle", Mary, Emil Jannings, Doug and Director Milestone.



☞ Ruth Roland and Ben Bard arriving at a first night of "Topsy and Eva" at Sid Grauman's Egyptian Theatre and glad of it.



☞ Rose Host — she stowed away in a ship at a New York dock to get to Hollywood.

slate and letting lessons go until another time. How nice a thought, this, letting lessons go. If that's the way young Gary was, I do salaam to him and wish him lots more wishes than I otherwise have done! Lessons — brrrrr; Injuns—whoopee, great!

* * *

At last I've found that Rin-Tin-Tin is just like other bouncing dogs in spite of all his famous name! They took him out to film some scenes in a little California town called Lancaster, about eighty

miles from Hollywood. The cam-

eras were set, the action all rehearsed, when like a shot our juvenile was gone. Across the field he went, faster than ever he ran in any scene to save a helpless maiden in distress. For three long hours he was gone, and though it isn't

nice to tell on Rin, I'm tickled to death that the frightened little cotton-tail escaped Rin's anxious grasp. One thing, though—I'd surely sing with glee if Rin some day could catch the man who on our way from Lancaster ran over a bit of a pup and didn't even stop to see how much of harm he'd done. I'd have Rin pounce upon his back the way he does to heartless villains in his films, and then next time perhaps that man would understand about a dog.

ask again. "Oh, Mother thinks Helene is great," beams Doug, "she thinks Helene is great." This tells me nothing more than I had known before! Pull your chairs up close and—shshhhh—never breathe a word of this! They may be engaged but I'd not think of betting a solitary thing that they'll be getting married very soon. And I've not much faith in things that take a long, long time to consummate.

* * *

All the way from Sunnyside, Montana, teacher's been visiting Gary Cooper on the Lasky Ranch set this week. Yes, Mrs. Johnston's here, and telling things on handsome cowboy Gary when he learned his ABC's from her. A smart young shaver youthful Gary was, but always drawing wild west Injuns on his

☞ Douglas McLean exhibiting to the frau his boat "Faith" with the twin motors "Hope and Charity".





Junior Coghlan in one of the beautiful scenes from "Colleen".

Now He's in a Position to Help You

(Continued from page 39)

that out on him at the tender age of twelve months, he would have grasped the money instant, and before his second birthday, he would have returned it to her with one hundred percent interest. For from the day he was born, Joseph P. Kennedy, Irishman and Catholic, had an uncanny flair for finance. He seemed always to realize that before power can be achieved, money must first be accumulated.

Let's take a look at Joseph P. Kennedy to-day—the net results of thirty-eight years of progressive living. He is just leaving his office and stepping into his beautiful foreign car. What strikes you immediately is his distinction. Many men are handsome in a hardy, animal way. But this man is different. He is tall, slim, blonde. His carriage is that of an athlete. His eyes are those of an humanitarian. But these points are not the characteristics that draw you. What stands out all over him is magnetism. He has a smile that would make a pawnbroker turn philanthropist.

To-day Joseph P. Kennedy is many times a millionaire. And he began life just like you and I did—with nothing. But his riches are not his greatest accomplishment. For at the age of thirty-eight he is the father of seven lusty children and he has a wife whose youth and beauty are a challenge to every woman. (Yes, it's the same wife he started out with.)

In addition to all this, and besides being President and Owner of Film Booking Offices Pictures Corporation, Mr. Kennedy is recognized internationally as a financial genius—with extraordinary powers of organization and conservation. Whenever a national calamity happens—wars and floods and epidemics—you will find Joseph P. Kennedy behind the scenes, holding the nation's wrist in his fingers, revitalizing its diminishing pulse by counsel and admonition as to the best way of making one dollar

do the work of five.

Perhaps when you go to your father and say: "Dad! I want to go to New York. I want to try my luck in the picture business," he will look at you aghast. Because wrong as it is, many fathers and mothers feel that film actors and screen executives are not the sort of people with whom they wish their children to be associated. For that reason, as well as many others, I want to introduce Joseph P. Kennedy to you so that you and your family may realize that the film business today can point with justifiable pride to innumerable men and women, whose moral fibre, intelligence, talent and humanity are inferior to none in the world. Study this man's life carefully and then you will understand—as every one in the trade does—that Joseph P. Kennedy is one of the worthiest and most representative of men—in this or any other profession.

Born in East Boston, Massachusetts, on September 6th, 1888, the son of P. J. Kennedy, former State Senator, little Joe spent his early days on the water as his home was along the shipping docks. As the boy grew older he attended the Boston Latin School. And after hours he helped his father in his office. All this time Joe had made up his mind to go to Harvard to specialize in finance. But this wasn't easy of accomplishment as there were others in the family who needed consideration. And four years at Harvard require a deal of money. But Joe knew what he wanted far ahead. When the time came for him to enter university—1908—he had the money ready—money he had earned and saved after school hours and during the summer vacations.

Joe Kennedy passed through these four years at Harvard as he did everything else—brilliantly. And he left behind him at that University the reputation of being a financial wizard. After his graduation with

honors in 1912 he entered the employ of the State of Massachusetts, afterwards becoming a bank examiner. Only two years later he was elected President of the Columbia Trust Company of Boston, thereby winning the distinction of being the youngest bank president in the United States. This same year he married—and a brilliant marriage it was, too—Rose Fitzgerald, daughter of John F. Fitzgerald, former Mayor of Boston. But unlike most brilliant marriages, there was room at this beautiful ceremony for love as well.

And now, how shall I tell you about Rose Fitzgerald? We all realize what a difference it makes in a man's career—the woman he marries. I can best describe her by telling you the following: Once I lived in Ireland. On the sea. As I looked out from my little house I could see the forts of Camden and Carlisle, not far from the cove where Sir Francis Drake hid from the Spanish Armada. All day long fishermen would stand on the tiny beach at the foot of my house and cast for salmon. And in the evening, I would hear the lap, lap, lap of many oars in the waves. The young men and women from Queenstown would be coming out for a row on the water. The sun would still be in the sky for night never seems to come to summer Ireland. Outside of my little drawing room window, the white hawthorne stood—uneasily in its virginal beauty. A skylark would take one last flight high up into the air, singing a song of exquisite beauty before the evening star would come to dim the loveliness of his music. Far away the chimes on St. Coleman's Cathedral would ring out a verse—some ancient Gregorian chant. And from the sea would float in the old, old songs of the lovers: "Masushla", "I Passed by Your Window", "My Snowy-Breasted Pearl". And then "the day would faint into the evening's arms . . . and die as mildly as the aged sleep."

That is the background, the essence, the bone and sinew of Rose Fitzgerald—the lyric woman who offsets the clamor and conflict of Joseph P. Kennedy's business world with her peace and loveliness and grace.

When the war broke out, Charles M. Schwab was looking around for somebody to handle the finances of the Bethlehem Shipbuilding Corporation, at Fore River, Quincy, Massachusetts. Joseph P. Kennedy was selected and was made assistant general manager and put in charge of fifty-five thousand men.

Just then the devastating, world-wide influenza epidemic broke out. And the Fore River workmen were not exempt. Hundreds fell ill in a single day. And among the sick and the dying, Joseph P. Kennedy went, turning army barracks into hospitals; providing doctors, nurses, medicines, books and magazines—all the necessities and many of the comforts of life. Nor did he discriminate between his own workmen and any other unfortunates who happened to fall under the scourge. Everybody in Quincy who was unable to look after himself was cared for by Joseph P. Kennedy, and scores of lives were saved.

A few years later this extraordinary Joseph P. Kennedy with his financial genius and his conservative banking background personally entered the moving picture business. This was astounding!

"Why?"

Because it was. Many bankers are glad to lend their hundreds of thousands at a nice fat rate of interest and let somebody else take the risk of losing it making pictures. But not one other banker, to my

(Continued on page 102)

Oh! What a Difference

(Continued from page 24)

to develop the picture as we make it. Well, here we are; see you at dinner," as he assisted her to dismount.

The following morning Peggy, for what would probably be the last time, rode alone along the rutted, muddy road; unless something wrong should appear at tonight's preview, to which the whole countryside had been invited, no further retakes would be necessary and the company would be leaving immediately. Spring vibrated through

the air; trees were budding, green grass had begun to show on the hillsides, overhead a robin chirped and flitted about gaily. The river, swollen by the melted snows and the rains, had, within a week, become almost a torrent. Peggy, halting, gazed down at the crew of lumberjacks busily engaged in breaking the huge jam which had been forming for the past two days.

A crowd of bushy-headed, huge-chested, nimble-legged men, swarmed over the swaying pile. Balancing and aiding themselves with peavies, they leaped from log to log, swaying precariously as the timber lurched under the impact. Occasionally, amid shouts of derisive laughter, one of the red-shirted men went overboard and was snatched back to safety by his more agile comrades. Peggy clapped her hands in delight as two men, simultaneously leaping to a freely-floating log, began to birl it with their long-spiked boots. Faster and faster the log whirled, the men turning and twisting, each endeavoring to throw the other into the icy water. Before either could accomplish his purpose a warning shout came from the boss of the drive:

"Look out boys, there she goes!"

The key-piece had been located and dislodged, with a grinding roar the jam broke and timbers began to turn end over end, leaping into the air as the workers, darting from log to log, scurried shoreward. Barely a hundred feet the mass moved when another jam began to form; the lumber-jacks, peavies in hand, raced back to the fray; furiously they tugged, wrenched and swore, the mass remained immovable.

Peggy regretfully urged her horse forward, it might be hours before this second impasse was conquered.

Turning into a wooded sideroad, she allowed her mount a free rein, he could go in but one direction, straight ahead. The rugged scenery, the beauty of the freshly-washed hills tugged at her heart; the only negative note in the whole effect was the homes of the people and the women in them. Almost invariably the same: A rough log or hand-hewn board hut with a garden-patch close by; in front, lounging on a stump or leaning listlessly on the tumble-down stake-and-rider fence a man,



Director David Kirkland and Mrs. Kirkland in the study porch of their lovely Hollywood home.

surrounded by an incredible number of dogs. In the rear, sometimes hoeing in the garden, sometimes stooped over a wash-boiler, a furtive-eyed, faded woman in cheap calico, and tugged at by an appalling number of partly-naked, tow-headed children. The years of marriage were plainly indicated by the stepladder-like brood.

"They certainly believe in letting the women do the work here," muttered Peggy angrily. "Lord! There's not a man in the world I'd—good morning, Josh," recognizing a tall, lanky, drooping-mustached man who had worked on the location as an extra.

"Mornin', Miss Peggy. Right smart day," he added, fondling the ears of a huge hound which had leaped against him playfully.

"Very nice indeed," replied Peggy. "How is your wife this morning?" as she noticed a tired-looking woman seize a hoe from the side of the house and, followed by half a dozen youngsters, start for the garden.

"Well," he meditated carefully, filling his mouth with a stupendous handful of tobacco, "I reckon Sarah's right peart; she ain't complainin'—leastwise no more'n gen'ly. Seems like women ain't what they used to be. Now my maw, she'd hoe or plow a five-acre corn patch 'fore——"

"Are you coming to the show tonight?" broke in Peggy angrily.

"Lowed to; me'n the oldest boy can likely make it to come."

"Your wife, too?"

"I reckon not; don't just see how Sarah could make out to get there. They's such a passel o' work, an' time she gits through her hoein' an' cookin' supper an' feedin' the hoss an' puttin' the younguns to——"

"What are you going to do today?" snarled Peggy, maddened at the casual way in which these men treated their women—mere beasts of burden.

"Hadn't just got around to figgerin' out what I would do today; I kinda had a misery in my back an' been restin' up since I got through workin' on that picture. I might go fer a piece in the woods an' see 'f I can't get a few squirrels; I hearn as

how the fish done started to bite some, and I might——"

"If you don't bring your wife to that show tonight, I'll see that you don't get in," declared Peggy. "It's a shame the way you use her."

"Why, Miss Peggy, she wouldn't care none to go to one o' them shows."

Have you asked her?"

"Ask her!" His tone showed fatherless amazement. "Hell, no, ma'am! I don't never ask her no place; why, we been married goin' on twenty years," as if that

clinched the argument.

"Just remember what I said; if your wife isn't with you tonight, you don't get in. Let that oldest boy look out for the other children tonight."

"But Miss——"

"Bring her or no show for you," as, chuckling silently at the man's muttered disgust, she started back down the road.

As Peggy rode past the jam she observed a man carrying a box marked "dynamite" out to the center of the huge pile; evidently the jam was about to be broken but, filled with malignant thoughts toward mankind in general, she passed waiting to see the result of the explosion.

A few hundred yards below, and around a turn, the road sloped down until it ran almost level with the river. Even now the rising waters were lapping at the edge of this road, occasionally breaking through to the center, forcing Peggy to hold her mount close to the hillside. Abruptly from just above sounded a deep rumble as a mass of water-soaked rocks and dirt began to slide toward her. The horse, filled with spring vigor and alert for just such opportunity, throwing his head forward, snatched the reins from the girl's hands and bolted down the road. For a minute he held to the center, then with a snort leaped into the current simultaneously with a terrific explosion from up the river.

Peggy held her seat for a few seconds but, as the horse began to struggle furiously threatening momentarily to overturn, she hurled herself clear and struck out for the shore. Suddenly she became conscious of a numbing pain in her right arm and remembered the sharp wrench when the horse had jerked free.

"Steady, old top, steady; you can make it with one arm," she muttered, noticing that, in ever-increasing numbers, the freed logs were shooting past. One, headed directly for her, she dodged by an abrupt and painful change of course; another, by diving. But it was merely a matter of time—suddenly the logs ceased shooting past. Glancing up stream, she saw that another jam had formed, but instinct told her that



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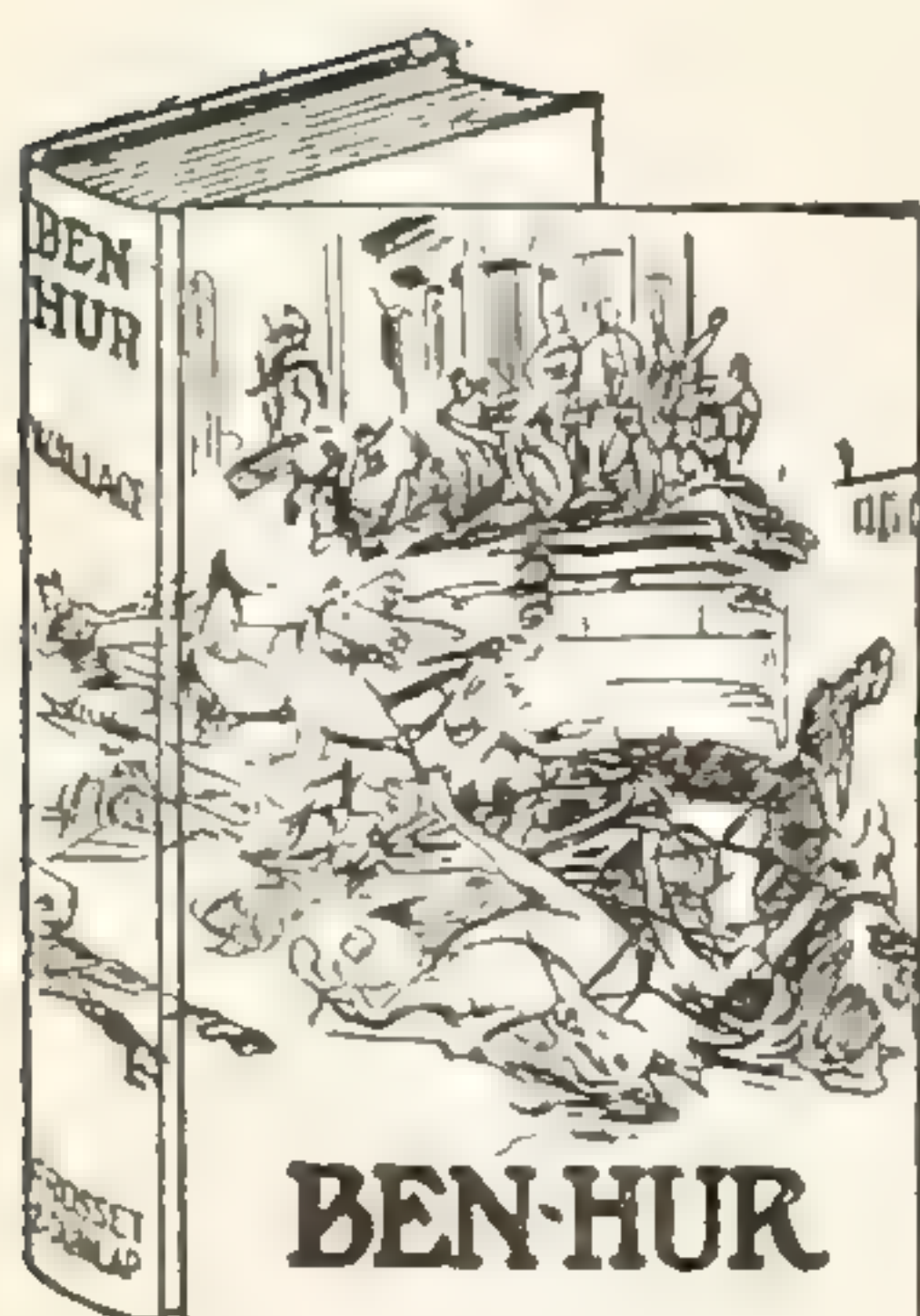


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those red-shirted men would have it broken before it had time to solidify. Keeping cool, she struggled valiantly but a gripping cramp in her left leg slowed progress—with a gasp she went under; rising to the surface, she flailed the water with ever-weakening arms, again she went under—again rose and struggled—became conscious of a deep peace, a desire for rest—she suddenly felt herself being snatched into a small skiff which shot back toward the shore, reaching safety just as a grinding, tumbling, snarling mass of logs swept down stream.

In a daze she accepted her rescuer's arm and stumbled up the trail until they came to a rock where Peggy swayed an instant before collapsing. When she regained consciousness, a few minutes later, she was lying on a huge, home-manufactured bed, through chinks in the side of the mud-plastered log cabin she could see the play of sunlight. With a smile at her weakness, Peggy sat up, observing, for the first time, her rescuer who was fanning her with a huge turkey wing.

"Lord A'mighty!" gasped the mountain woman, "It's a woman! I shorely thought you was a man with them knee pants an' coat an' hat. I reckon you're a picture woman," she added suspiciously.

"Did you pull me out?" asked Peggy eagerly, appraising the other.

The mountain woman was clad in a cheap calico dress, even more faded and torn than was customary in that region. Her black hair was piled in a huge unkempt topknot, her one time delicate features were worn and lined, hands rough and chapped, feet encased in unshapely men's shoes. As to her figure, even the expert Peggy could form no appraisal, so shapeless was the worn but clean dress. With surprise, the rapidly-recovering victim of the mishap noticed that about her neckband the woman wore a tiny piece of pale blue ribbon; her only ornament except for a brassy ring.

"You a picture actor?" again asked the rescuer.

"Why yes, I'm with the company down the river."

"Sakes alive! I thought so. Don't you want to take your clothes off to dry?"

"I believe not, thank you, I'm used to getting wet," smiled Peggy sitting on the edge of the corn husk mattress.

"I want to thank you for pulling me out," continued Peggy, "you certainly know how to handle a boat."

"Lord, child, that ain't nothin'! When a body's pulled their man's trout-line every mornin' for nigh ten year, they oughter learn how to handle a skiff," she declared bitterly. "My lands, what purty hands you got—face too," she added hesitatingly. "You live in Hollywood?"

"Most of the time."

"Is it as wicked as folks say it is?"

"What folks?" bridled Peggy, instantly on the offensive.

"Why, we had a travelin' preacher come around about a year gone an' he said Old Satan had done moved to Hollywood."

"Had he ever been there?"

"Lord no, child! Takes a powerful heap o' money to get out there, but he'd read in the papers about it. Powerful preacher, Brother Insley was; he said ev'body in New York an' Hollywood believed their gran'paps was monkeys, an' he said it wa'ant so, leastwise his'n. Land sakes 'f he ever saw you! He said no one but bad

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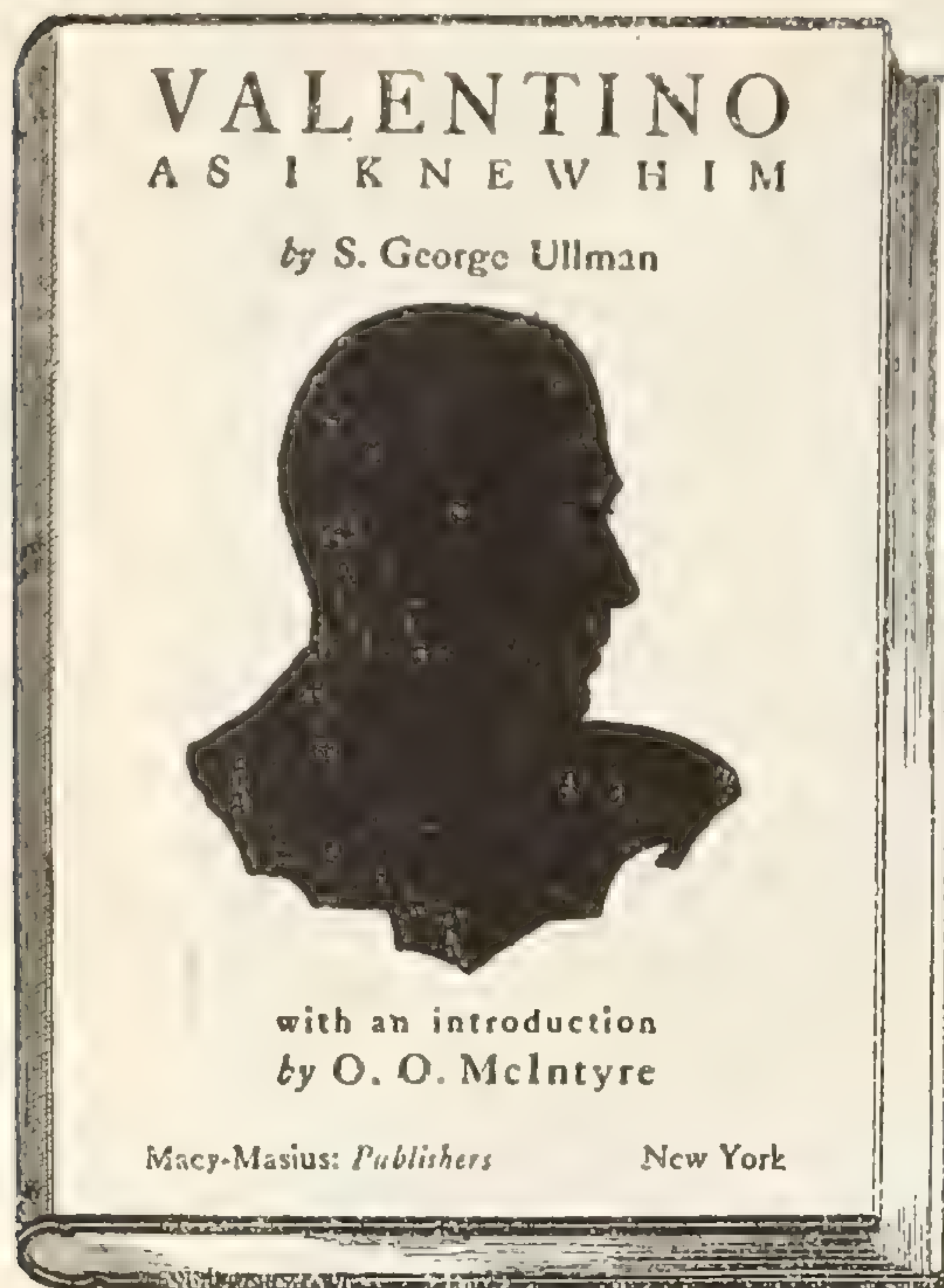
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women an' picter women cut their hair off short an' painted their faces."

"Have you ever seen a moving-picture?" asked the grateful but irate Peggy.

"Honey, I'm twenty-five years old an' I been married nigh ten of 'em, an' mostly I ain't never seen nothin' but hills an' hollers. The settlement's ten mile from here an' I don't get there hardly none at all cep'n once'n a while with my husband on court-days. I had a hankerin' to see one o' them pictures but I reckon it costs too much an'd take a lot o' time. An' the Lord only knows where I'll eat an' sleep after Monday, much lessen spend money on projeckin' around," she added dejectedly.

"Why, what's wrong?" queried Peggy, all sympathy.

"Abe Tattersall, he's my husband, says he's goin' to git a divorce from me Monday, an' the Lord only knows what'll become o' me."

"What's the reason?"

"He says I'm triffin' an' worldly-minded because I sent for a book an' a picture for the house. But I reckon he's just tired o' me, I can't work like I used to. Abe used to be mighty good to me, ev'y oncen a while he'd do some o' the hoein' an' plowin'."

"What book and what picture?" asked Peggy with visions of exotic books and lurid paintings.

"Lord, child! How'd I know which ones them Chicago people was goin' to send, I told 'em I wanted purty ones. I used the money I'd been savin' for three years, but the book an' picture ain't got here yet. Abe said he coulda used that money to buy another hound—he's got seven now."

"Have you any children?" asked Peggy, determined that never again should this woman who had saved her life want for money.

"Nary a one; they all died."

"Oh, I'm so sorry. But don't worry about the future; I'll see that you're taken care of."

"Took keer of! Honey, you don't know these hills; when a woman's man divorces her, she just ain't nobody no more. Won't nobody talk to her none, won't nobody take her in their house; she's worse'n a stray dog. They ain't—but there's Abe now," she declared peering excitedly down the path and jumping to her feet. "An' me with dinner not set out, an' he always wants it on time."

Then a sudden realization broke on Peggy; the woman loved her husband even yet, and, like the stray dog she had mentioned, fawned under his hand while she cringed.

"When did he decide to divorce you?" queried Peggy as she assisted in placing on the crude table the few cracked, mismatched dishes.

"'Bout two months gone; he worked down on the picture for a couple o' days an' then come home a rarin' an' snortin, he—dinner's just ready, Abe; time you wash up it'll be all set out. Miss—Miss—"

"Ardent—Peggy Ardent," supplied the star.

"The mountain woman's eyes grew wide with amazement as she introduced Peggy to her husband. As he strode through with a bare nod and began splattering in a tin pan in the back yard, the woman added frankly:

"That preacher said you was the worst woman in Hollywood; said you was just the same as a—a—," she paused uncertainly while Peggy nodded her head wearily.

"I know, I know, but even preachers aren't always right."

As the husband re-entered the room, Peggy gazed at him from under lowered lids. Suddenly she recalled; he was a man who, because he was a descendant of the original Tattersall, one of the pioneers, had been given a part in her picture. He had worked a few days and then, after a furious tirade against the movies, had walked sourly from the location. Peggy wondered now if it might not be possible that his sudden wrath against pictures had come from a comparison of his own wife with the movie girls.

"Good morning, Mr. Tattersall," smiled Peggy, extending her hand. "You see, I remember you—and your wife saved my life this morning."

"I hearn them loggers tellin' about it an' I reckon Liz'd done better 'f she hadn't drug you out," he growled. "If I'd knowed what I was doin' I'd never worked them two days I did. They said the picture was about my great-grandpap an' they wanted me because I looked like him. Just as soon as I seen they was goin' to have a lot o' indecent stuff I left."

"Why, there wasn't anything indecent that I saw," declared Peggy, determined to keep her temper.

Even to the prejudiced Peggy's eyes the man had a certain unpolished attractiveness; tall, lean and lithe, he reminded her of a picture of a panther about to spring. His black, unkempt hair bristled belligerently; his lips compressed and his grey eyes glittered malignantly as he glared at Peggy.

"Nothin' indecent, huh? I reckon huggin' an' kissin' an' such goin's-on ain't indecent; an' them clothes you got on—no one but a—"

"Just a minute, Mr. Tattersall," interrupted Peggy softly, "not only are you very much mistaken, but you are very rude, also very ignorant, apparently, of your own ancestors. I have been reading quite a lot about this country and its pioneers. Once when your great-grandfather was away hunting, his wife had a terrible dream about him. She got out of bed at midnight and, dressed only in petticoat and shoes, walked two miles through the snow to where he and a bear had had a fight. He had killed the bear with his knife, but in its last struggles the bear had got to him and hugged him, tearing him almost to pieces. His wife, your great-grandmother, used almost her entire clothing to bind up his wounds before she put him on her shoulders and brought him to the stockade. She arrived almost naked, no one thought any the less of her for that; it's the principal reason her name has been handed down as one of Kentucky's heroines."

"You leave their names outen it," snarled Tattersall. "She had to do that; they wasn't no other way."

"Exactly—and in the movies we wear what our business requires. Too bad you didn't inherit some of your great-grandfather's traits with his looks."

"'F you was my wife, I'd larrup you ontill you got in decent clothes," he growled, pushing back from the table and starting for the door. Half-way he swung around. "Liz!" he barked, "I'm goin' down to the settlement an' I don't know when I'll be back. 'F I ain't back here,

BIG MEN WHO KEEP "FIT"

MENTALLY ~ An Explanation of Success



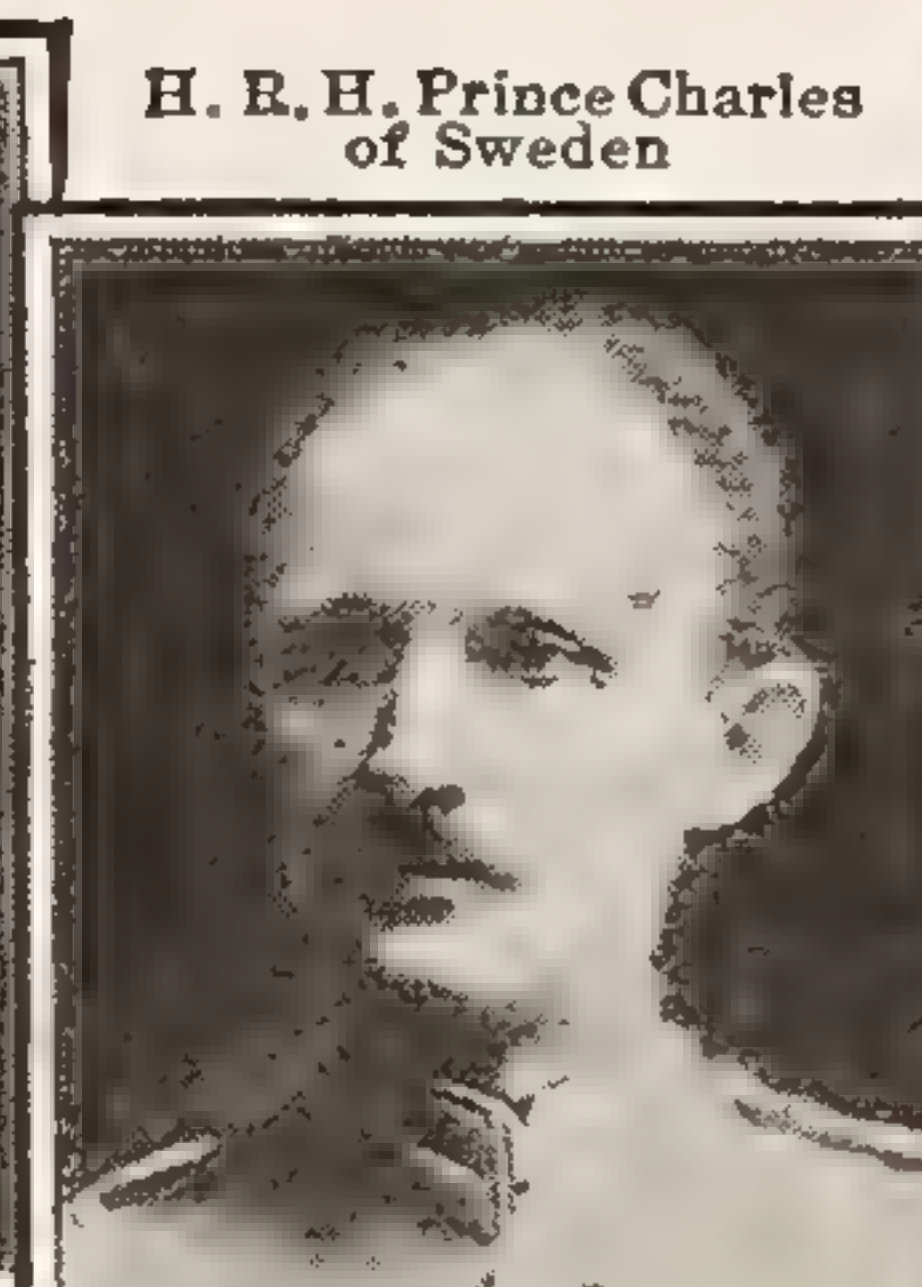
Judge Ben B. Lindsey,
Juvenile Court, Denver



Charles M. Schwab,
Financier



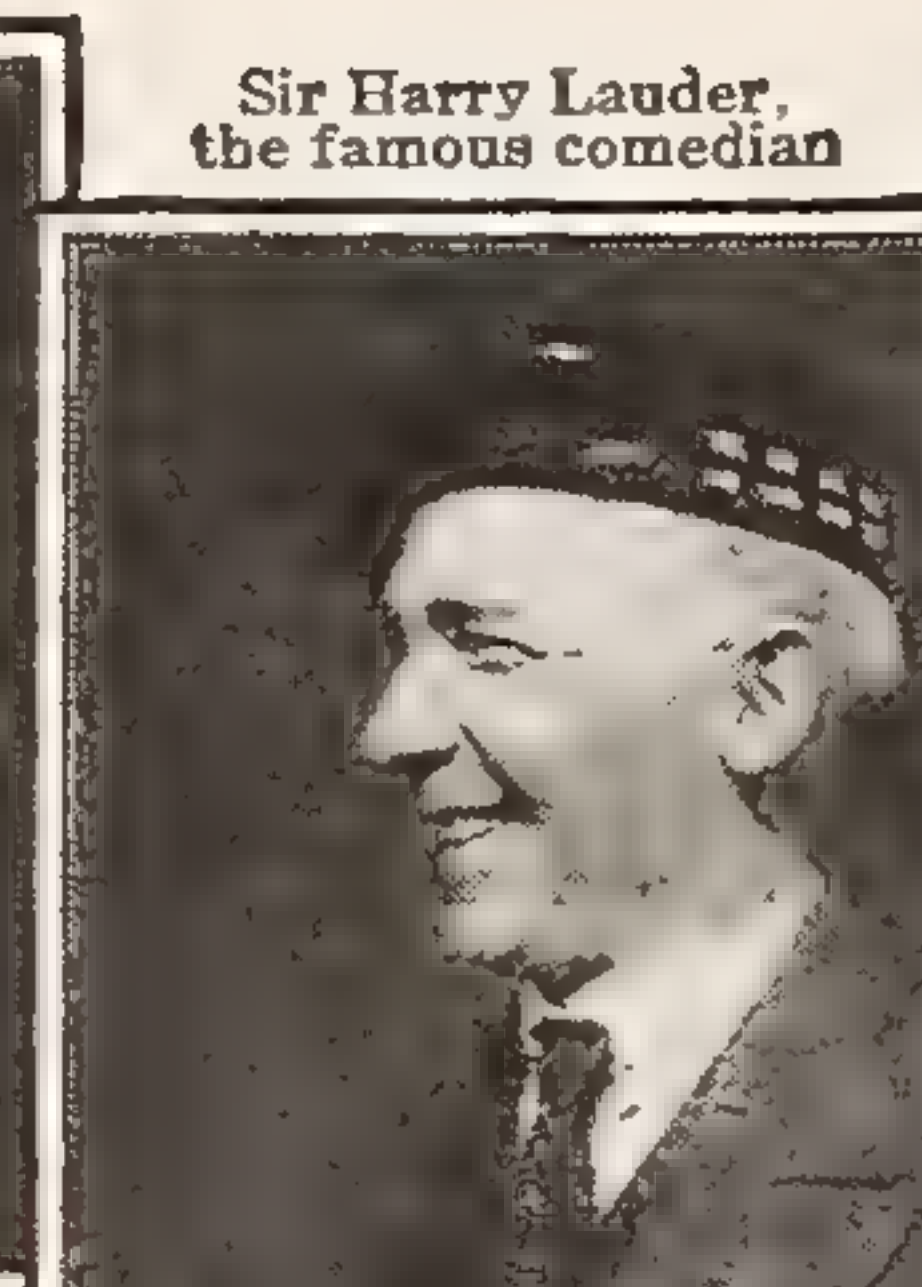
T. P. O'Connor,
"Father of the House
of Commons"



H. R. H. Prince Charles
of Sweden



Jerome K. Jerome,
author and dramatist



Sir Harry Lauder,
the famous comedian



Frank P. Walsh,
former chairman Na-
tional War Labor Board

HERE is an explanation of success, with some weight of scientific authority behind it, and yet practical enough to be useful to everybody. We all realize the importance of being physically fit. Few of us, however, understand that it is equally, if not more important to keep fit—*mentally*; to strengthen those particular mental faculties in us that may be weak or undeveloped, just as we build up *parts of the body* that do not function properly.

It may seem difficult to do this. In fact, it has been proved to be quite easy, by means of a system of scientific mind-training that has been used successfully by hundreds of thousands of people, in every walk of life. Among them are many of the most celebrated personages in the world. For lack of space, only a few of these notables are shown here. These men, and many others like them, not only advise that this method of keeping mentally fit be followed. They practise what they preach!

Big and Little Men

All of us are born with exceptional mental capabilities. The real difference between the great and the obscure, between the outstanding success and the self-condemned failure, is that one *develops and makes use of his mental faculties*; the other allows these faculties to remain unused and undeveloped.

The average man—the little man—probably does not use one one-hundredth of his mental powers. His very senses are dulled by lack of use. He does not see nor hear a fraction of what goes on around him. He doesn't know how to reason properly. His powers of attention are completely untrained, and his memory, therefore, is like a sieve. He is altogether lacking in any power of sustained concentration. When his mind is not a blank, it flits from one inchoate idea to another. Finally, he has no Will-Power, for seldom in his entire life has he *used* this God-given faculty. As a result he has become like putty in the hands of clear-thinking men who *do* know what they want.

Are such people fore-ordained to failure? Not if they have the intelligence to realize

By B. C. McCulloch

President, The Pelman Institute of America

their condition, and the "gumption"—there is no better word—to do something about it.

The Rise of a Great Idea

About twenty-five years ago, in England, a movement was set on foot to enable the average man *to put to use in his own life* some of the truths the science of psychology had discovered, especially with regard to the training of particular faculties.

The movement became known as Pelmanism, after the man who originated this simple and sane idea. It was not taken up by faddists, but (strangely enough to some people) chiefly by those who would seem to have needed it least—by men and women who were already highly successful.

Slowly Pelmanism spread—and then, with ever-increasing swiftness, to every corner of the civilized world. Today over 600,000 individuals, in every walk of life, from ruler to peon, have made use of this remarkable system of mind-training.

How to Exercise Mentally

Exactly what is Pelmanism? A great many people, knowing nothing of its scientific background, still think of it as something hard to understand, obscure and somehow "unnatural." The fact is (as explained) it is nothing but the principles of psychology, developed into an understandable system that can be used by anyone *to develop his own particular mental faculties*. This is done under the direction of a staff of expert and trained psychologists. Its purpose, in particular, is to strengthen those mental faculties which are undeveloped in you. It does this, mainly, by means of exercises.

The various muscles of your body develop only because you *use* them. The more you use them the *better* you can use them. Cease using them, and soon they become powerless. It is no different with your mental faculties.

By means of simple and fascinating exercises, done intelligently and in moderation,

under the guidance of expert instructors, you find your senses sharpened, you find it possible to observe more, to remember more easily, to attend more keenly, to concentrate more deeply, to reason more logically, to imagine more vividly and, above all, to strengthen your will-power! You live a fuller and happier life in every way.

Finding Yourself

There is no space here to tell of the unnumbered cases of people, *who had given themselves up as confirmed failures*, and then found that all that was the matter was some undeveloped, untrained, unused mental faculty—that was easily and quickly strengthened by a few simple, natural, easy mental exercises! It is interesting to note that those who are helped in this way usually describe the change, enthusiastically, as "at last finding themselves."

If you are interested in knowing more about this remarkable system of keeping "mentally fit"; if you feel, like the notable men pictured here, that you are using but a fraction of your mental capacity—you are invited to send for a brochure which describes Pelmanism more in detail. It gives many striking examples of what Pelmanism has done for people.

This brochure is called, "Scientific Mind Training." If you wish to have a copy, send the coupon below, or write a letter. Your request will involve you in no obligation.

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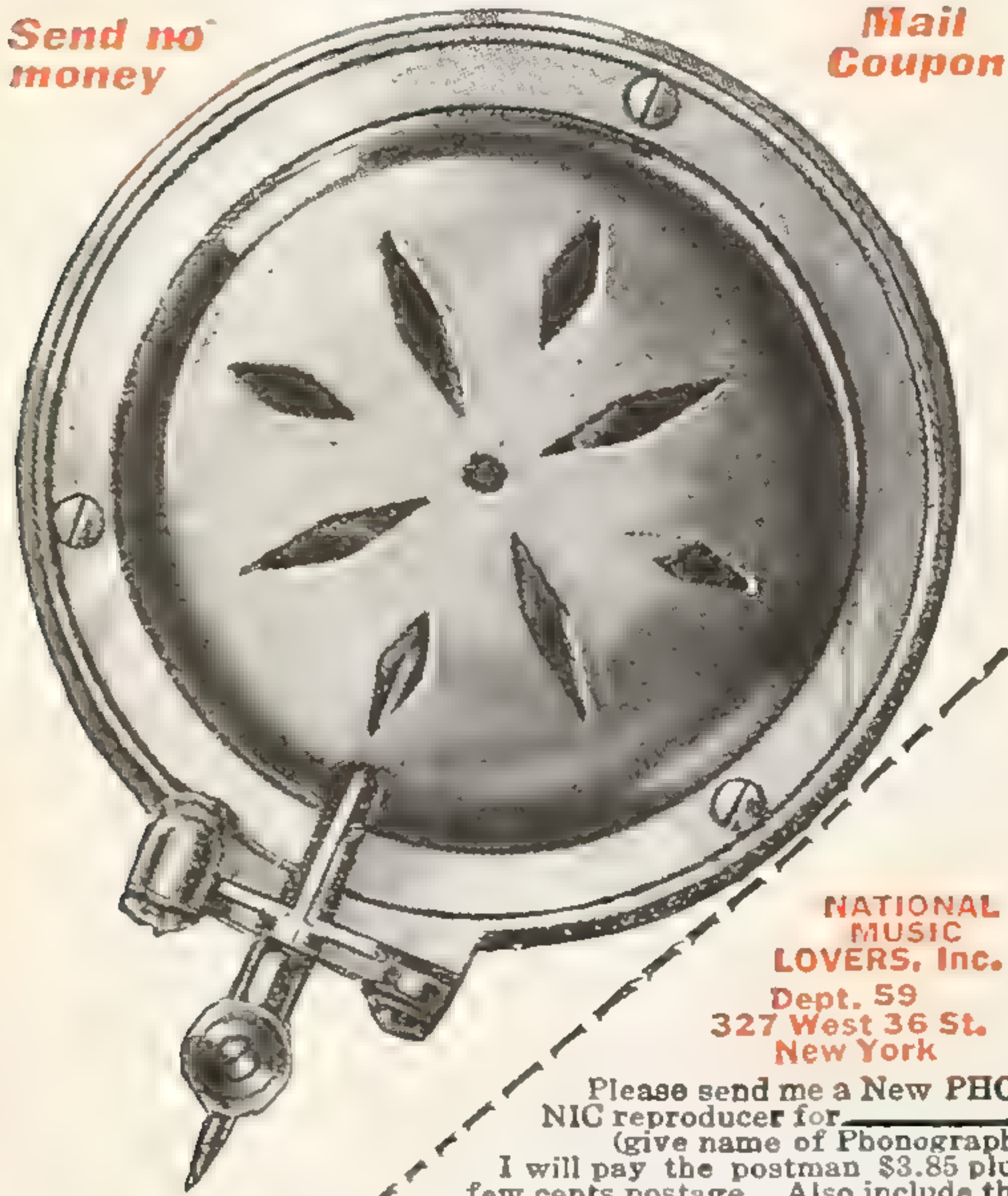
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you be at the court-house Monday mornin' an' we'll get them papers fixed up. You hear me?" and she nodded her head numbly.

Mrs. Tattersall slumped into a bark-bottom chair, with head buried in her hands she swayed back and forth, moaning like an animal in pain; an occasional tear trickled between her rough fingers.

"Look here," begged Peggy, "Isn't there something I can do for what you did for me today?"

"They can't nobody do nothin'," wailed the mountain woman. "I thought maybe Abe was just tryin' to worry me, but he shorely means it. Oh Lordy, he's p me!"

"You're not helping things any that way," declared Peggy decisively. "Have you done anything at all to keep your husband?"

"I work like a dog all day an' I get down on my knees an' pray everynight."

"Huh! That's not praying—that's begging."

"It's the only way I know how to pray," she whimpered.

"Used to be the only way I knew, but an old negro taught me how to pray properly. About two weeks before Christmas he began to pray each night: 'Oh Lord, send a turkey for this nigger', but up to Christmas Eve it hadn't come, so he changed the prayer around just a little. He said: 'Oh Lord, send this nigger for a turkey'. He had a twenty-five pound turkey on his table for Christmas dinner. That's the way you've got to pray; do a little something yourself."

"I'll do anything to get Abe back."

"Atta boy! If you do what I tell you to do you'll have him back. Now come along with me just as you are."

"Where to?"

"Town."

"Lord, I couldn't! Abe'll be there."

"That's my ace in the hole. Do what I tell you if you want that Christmas turkey. Get a wiggle on."

The woman hurried into the one side room, returning a few minutes later in a faded black dress and muchly-beflowered, cheap hat. Barefooted, in one hand she carried her practically new shoes in which were jammed a pair of black cotton stockings.

"Geel!" muttered Peggy. "If that's the best she can do maybe I've taken on too much of a job." Aloud she said, "All right, Mrs. Tattersall, put on your shoes and stockings and we'll light out; it's two o'clock now and it will take us three hours to walk to town. Hurry up."

"I'm ready," announced the other.

"How about your shoes?"

"I'll put 'em on when we get nigh to town."

"Why?"

"I can't afford any more so I got to save these."

"Put them on," ordered Peggy. "I'll give you a pair of mine at the hotel."

Shortly after five o'clock the two women entered the hotel. Since the picture company had made it their headquarters the lobby had become infested with an unusually large number of hangers-on. These chuckled and nudged each other as Peggy and her companion forced their way through the crowd. As they reached the hallway, Northland the director, with his head cameraman, emerged from their joint room.

"Lo, Peggy!" called Northland. "Good Lord! What's happened to you?" as he noted her bedraggled appearance.

"Nothing much; had a long walk and got wet. Say, Eddie, send the hair-dresser and the head wardrobe woman to my room."

"Right-O. You certainly need 'em.

Who's your friend?"

"Never mind; she is my friend—that's enough. Hurry those two women up."

"All right. Want to go horseback riding about six o'clock? Preview's not until eight-thirty."

"Nope—other fish to fry. Won't even see you at dinner, but I'll be at the preview with bells on."

Peggy's suite consisted of two rooms; one for a general lounging and reception room; the other for her bed-room, dressing-room and the storage of part of her extensive wardrobe. In one corner of this latter room had been installed, at the picture company's expense, a huge bath-tub with instantaneous hot water attachments. Through the outer room the two women hastened, the hill woman's eyes opening wide with amazement as she noted the mass of feminine trappings and toilet articles.

"My Lord!" she whispered in an ecstasy of delight. "It's just like a five-an'-ten-cent store I seen in Winchester ten years ago."

"Very much," agreed Peggy. "All right, —undress and get in the bath-tub; that's the first step of your prayer for turkey."

"I don't gen'ly take a wash all over till late Sat'dy night."

"Never mind that; get behind there and undress; throw those clothes you have on out here; I'll have some others ready for you when you get through bathing. Hurry, I've fixed the hot water for you," as she shoved the mountain woman behind the curtains. "We haven't any too much time as—all right, Nanette and Estelle," as the hair-dresser and wardrobe woman entered the outer room. "Sit down, I'll be with you in a minute." Peggy was opening trunks, slamming bureau drawers, digging into her closet. Presently the bed was a mass of multi-colored feminine garments, some of them overflowing to chairs and floor.

"Ain't you no soap?" called a voice plaintively from the tub.

"Certainly, there are three kinds in the holders, use any of them."

"Can't see none."

"Maybe—why, here it is," as she peered between the curtains.

"Goodness me! Is that soap! It smells awful purty. Must be brought-on; I always make my own, use bacon-rinds, ashes an' lye an' then put some tan-bark in to make it strong. Mighty nigh takes the hide offen a body when you first start washin' all over in the spring time."

"I should think it would," chuckled Peggy from the closet. "Here are some underclothes and stockings for you. Hurry now, I want Nanette and Estelle to size you up before I dress you."

When, a few minutes later, the mountain woman, clad in pink silken undergarments, emerged from the inner room ten years had rolled magically from her shoulders. The three movie women were deep in consultation. They used terms of whose very existence the mountain woman had never dreamed of. But even Madame Estelle shook her head almost in despair as she gazed estimatingly at her prospective victim.

"Mon Dieu!" she gasped. "And it is that I must make into a salon queen!"

Nanette, the hair-dresser, after a careful appraisal, announced firmly: "The wind-blown bob," and firmly grasping shears and comb she started for the mountain girl who, half-dazed by the softness and sheen of the undergarments, had seated herself nervously on the edge of a chair.

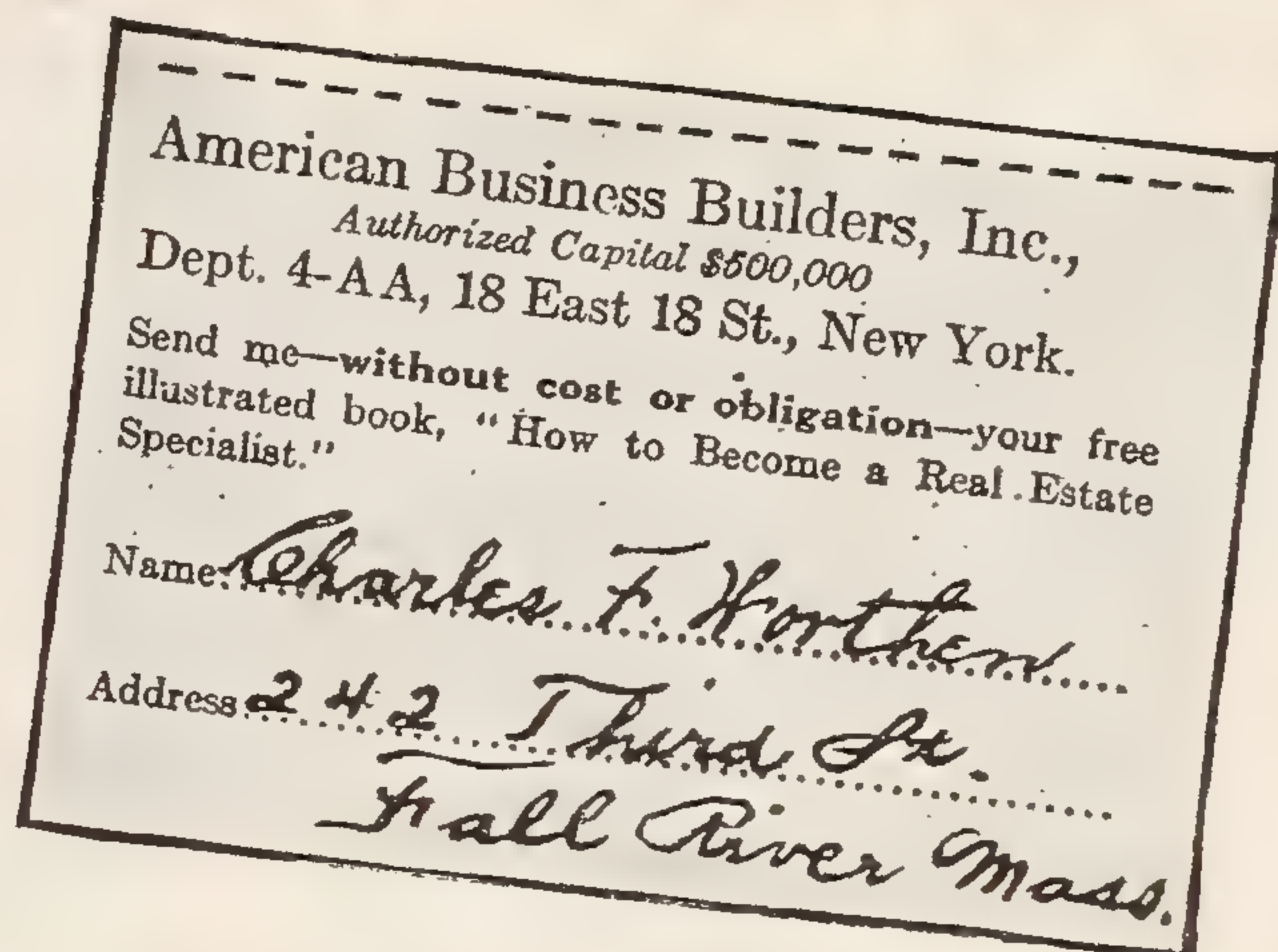
"You mean you're goin' to chop the hair offen my head?" she asked feebly.

"Nothing else but," grinned Peggy.

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1 Actual photograph of Miss Martin's hair after finger waving with Slip-On Wavers at the photographer's studio. Observe the large, loose waves, the smooth, close line of the coiffure. These are the identifying marks of the perfectly executed finger wave—fashion's most sought-for effect.



2 Actual photograph of Miss Martin's hair after marcel waving with Slip-On wavers at the photographer's studio. Notice the perfectly formed *marcel*, with the deep undulations and smooth, uniform contours that mark the work of the most skilled *professional* waver.

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You have never seen anything like it. You have never known an invention so amazingly ingenious—so unbelievably successful. From now on your hair can have *always*—week in and week out—the loveliest wave imaginable, without the aid of a professional waver—without the bother of waving appointments—without the appalling expense of professional care.

You do it yourself! At home. In just the few minutes it takes you to dress. And the result is beyond your highest dreams. Your hair, no matter how difficult you have always found it to wave, to keep in wave, has the loveliest, deep, perfectly formed wave imaginable—*marcel* or *finger wave*—whichever you prefer. The new Slip-On Wavers give either.

Anyone Can Now Have the Famous New Finger Wave—Or a Perfect Marcel, If Preferred

Which will you choose? The lovely marcel, with its sweeping curves, its deep, undulating line that frames any face so softly and so becomingly? Or the sensational new finger wave, New York's most popular style, the large, smooth, flat wave that gives your head such a beautiful shape, that gives the hair the appearance of sophisticated, smart grooming that marks the up-to-the-minute woman?

You can have either. And with the same simple, marvelously simple device—the new Slip-On Wavers. Can you imagine such good fortune? Can you believe that no matter where you may be, no matter how far from a beauty shop, you yourself can produce a marcel or finger wave that the most skilled professional would be proud to own?

You've Never Seen Such Simplicity—Such Perfect Results

Don't attempt to judge the Slip-On Wavers by anything else you have ever known. Don't imagine for a minute that because your hair has been difficult or impossible to wave that the Slip-On Wavers are not meant for you. You are the very one to whom they will be the most astounding revelation. You are the very one who will discover new and undreamed-of beauties in your difficult locks.

It's the very simplicity of the Slip-On Wavers that makes their amazingly beautiful results so surprising. It doesn't take a lot of work on your part. It doesn't take a lot of time. You do it without the help of anyone—in just a few moments—not more than five minutes at most—and you appear as soon as your dampened locks are dry with a wave that is *perfect*!

On In a Jiffy—Waves While You Dress

There's nothing at all to it. You simply tie the bands on your head, slip the wavers in place, slide one forward, the next one back, catching each one in place at the end, and give your slightly dampened hair time to dry. Then you slip the Slip-On Wavers off—and behold! The loveliest wave you have ever seen. Softly undulating in smooth, sweeping waves about your face, every wave perfectly formed, deeply accented, exquisitely lovely. You can't imagine such unflinching perfection! You can't believe that the most inexperienced person can produce a wave of absolutely professional beauty.

All Your Waving Expense Ended
Every woman complains bitterly of the ap-

palling expense of keeping her hair beautifully groomed. Every woman will tell you that her waving expense is greater today than it has ever been. You know yourself that unless you are constantly paying out money to hairdressers, unless you give your hair the most constant attention, your friends all accuse you of "letting yourself go," of not caring for your appearance.

Could anything be more unfair? No woman wants to look ill-groomed. Yet few women can afford to be paying out money every few days for professional waves. Most women compromise somewhere. Many have rebelled against the ruinous hot iron—many have resorted to other waving methods—equally disastrous. Hosts and hosts of women and girls have attempted to keep their own hair in wave, at an appalling expenditure of time and effort, and with results that everyone will admit are far short of satisfying.

No More Ruinous or Make-Shift Waving Methods

Now all this dissatisfaction is ended. Now the day of the hair-ruining, pocketbook ruining waving methods is gone—the day of make-shift waving methods is over. From now on your hair will look lovelier *than it has ever looked*—and with less attention than it has ever received!

Every day will see you with a perfect wave—and no one will dream that you do it yourself—at home—just whenever you wish, just whenever your hair needs it. Think what a load it will be off your mind to know that you can have the loveliest, most becoming wave you have ever known *all the time*.

Last-Minute Invitations Find You With A Perfect Wave

How many times you have been dismayed on receiving a last minute invitation to a dance or a party, because of your straggling locks. How many times you have stayed home simply because your hair wasn't presentable, or have gone to a party feeling miserably uncomfortable because you weren't looking your best.

Now no invitation can dismay you—no occasion find you unprepared. What if you have been riding hatless in the wind all afternoon



3 Actual photograph of Miss Allyn Martin's hair before waving with Slip-On Wavers at the photographer's studio. Note how straight her hair naturally is.



4 Slip-On Wavers in place on Miss Martin's hair. This actual photograph, taken in the photographer's studio, shows how the Slip-On Wavers are placed to give the newest and most popular wave among fashionable women—the famous *finger wave*.



5 Slip-On Wavers in place on Miss Martin's hair. This photograph, taken at the photographer's studio, shows how the wavers are arranged to give a *marcel*. With a slightly different arrangement, the wavers produce a perfect *finger wave*.

Gives Amazingly Wave in Thirty Minutes

and your locks have lost all wave. What if you have been working in a hot kitchen and the curl has all disappeared from your hair. In no longer time than it takes you to bathe and slip into fresh clothes your hair will be waved again, and you will be ready to join the crowd—looking your very loveliest. Can you imagine such utter convenience as the Slip-On Wavers offer—such security as their use affords!

No Woman Need Ever Again Have Straggling Locks

Perhaps you are one of countless women who have given up waving altogether, because of appalling cost in time and money. Perhaps you have thought that your hair was too stubborn ever to take a wave. You have new joy in store for you. From now on you, too, can have the flattering beauty of softly waved locks framing your face and the new loveliness which only becomingly waved hair can give.

No matter how busy you are—no matter how little time you have to give to your hair—a perfect marcel or finger wave can be yours. It's only a matter of minutes to adjust the Slip-on Wavers. It doesn't require the slightest experience, the slightest skill. *They are unfailing.*

Their very ease of adjustment, their amazing simplicity alone make them the one perfect means to new hair loveliness.

Give Your Hair A Chance To Regain Its Lost Beauty

If your hair is burnt and uneven from ruinous hot irons, if it is dry and harsh and dead from other ruinous waving methods, here is a chance to restore its lost beauty. Just a few weeks' freedom from disastrous waving methods and you will begin to see the marvelous change the Slip-On Wavers make. All the life and beauty will begin to come back—and the soft, silky luster will reappear. Your hair will become once more the beautiful, thick, lustrous crown of glory that it was before you tortured it with hair-ruining waving methods.

Notice to Readers—A Chicago representative of this magazine and many others witnessed a demonstration of Slip-On Wavers and vouch for the successful results in beautiful waves obtainable with them.

Trains the Hair Perfectly After A Permanent

If you have had a permanent, you will want to start in immediately using the Slip-On Wavers. In no time at all you can train your permanently-waved hair into the loveliest wave imaginable, getting the full benefit of the permanent wave, without any kinkiness of unkempt look which spoils the untrained permanent.

Try the Slip-On Wavers — At Our Risk — and Let Your Mirror Decide

If there is the slightest doubt in your mind of the results—if it seems impossible to you that *any* waving method could give such perfect, unfailing lovely results—try the wavers at our risk. Slip them in place. Leave them on long enough for the wave to set. Then take them off—and look in your mirror. You will scarcely be able to believe that such an utterly, lovely, perfect, smooth, deep wave can be achieved so easily.

Look at the waves pictured here, in this advertisement. Notice how straight the hair was before the wavers were put in place. Then look at the results! And ask yourself if you could have a lovelier, more becoming wave, a more truly *professional* coiffure than the Slip-On Wavers give!

And remember, you can get results just as good—or better. Don't wait another day to enjoy the convenience, the economy, the wonderful beauty which the Slip-On Wavers offer. Sit right down now and fill out the coupon which will bring you this wonderful new freedom from hair problems, this amazingly successful new way of having *always* the loveliest wave you have ever known!

Your Money Back If They Aren't Even More Wonderful Than You Dreamed

So sure are we of your absolute satisfaction with Slip-On Wavers, that we make this unconditional offer: If you are not completely, unmistakably satisfied with the results; if your

marcel or "finger" wave isn't even lovelier, smoother, more lasting than you had dreamed possible, simply send the wavers back to us and we will return your money without argument.

Our Great Introductory Offer

That you may be one of the first to enjoy the benefits of these remarkable wavers we are offering them to you at a special low introductory price of \$2.97 plus a few cents' postage—a price that barely covers the cost of making, packing and advertising. Take advantage of this great offer immediately. Don't wait another day to enjoy the wonderful benefits of these sensational wavers.

Send No Money — Just Mail the Coupon

Even at this special price, you need not risk a penny. Just sign and mail the coupon. When the postman delivers your wavers in a few days, you simply give him \$2.97 (plus a few cents' postage). If you don't find results far beyond your expectations, if you don't have a lovelier wave than you have ever known, all you need do is return the wavers to us. We will refund your money promptly and cheerfully. Be one of the first to take advantage of this special introductory offer. Fill in and mail the coupon today!

ROSEMARY HOUSE

Illinois at LaSalle Street, Chicago, Ill.

— — — — — COUPON — — — — —

Rosemary House,
Illinois at LaSalle St., Dept. 6,
Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen:

Please send me as quickly as possible your Slip-On Wavers. I agree to deposit \$2.97 (plus postage) with the postman when he makes delivery. If the wavers do not give me a wave with which I am delighted I will return them within five days and you are to refund the purchase price without argument or delay.

Name

Address

City..... State.....

NOTE: If you expect to be out when the postman comes, enclose \$3.10 with your order and the Slip-On Wavers will be sent postpaid.

"A NEW SKIN IN 3 DAYS"



READ THIS FREE OFFER!

Worry no more over your "terrible" skin and complexion! Forget your failures with lotions, clays, creams, powders, massage, steaming pots and "coverings." Throw away your rubber masks, plasters, and beauty makeshifts. Because—here's where you get a new, true skin! Your blackheads, pimples, large pores, freckles, tan, sallow complexion, surface wrinkles, blemishes, and signs of approaching age, go, definitely—"because they're OFF!"

Most astonishing discovery in the history of beauty culture. All explained in an amazing free book called "Beautiful New Skin in 3 Days." Learn how to do what eminent doctors have charged enormous prices for. Make your own skin and complexion the envy of all who behold it. Send your name and address only—no money!

MAKE YOUR FACE YOUR FORTUNE!

Hundreds of men and women are now doing it themselves—in the quiet of their own homes—without the knowledge of their most intimate friends. They come out with a new, soft, velvety, clear, spotless, youth-like skin on face, neck, arms, hands or any part of the body where a new skin is desired. The method is absolutely harmless and easy. It's astonishing—almost beyond belief. Send now—the book is absolutely free to readers of this paper. Address, Marvo, Book Dept., 63-J, No. 1700 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

BUNIONS GONE IN 15 DAYS

CAN you believe your eyes? Note this actual photograph. The same demonstration on your feet; free if it fails. Pedodyne the marvelous new solvent conquers bunions—the pain stops almost instantly—Actual reduction of the enlarged growth starts so quickly your next pair of shoes can be a size smaller.

Trial FREE

Just send your name and address, and the full treatment guaranteed to bring complete results may be yours to try. Write today.

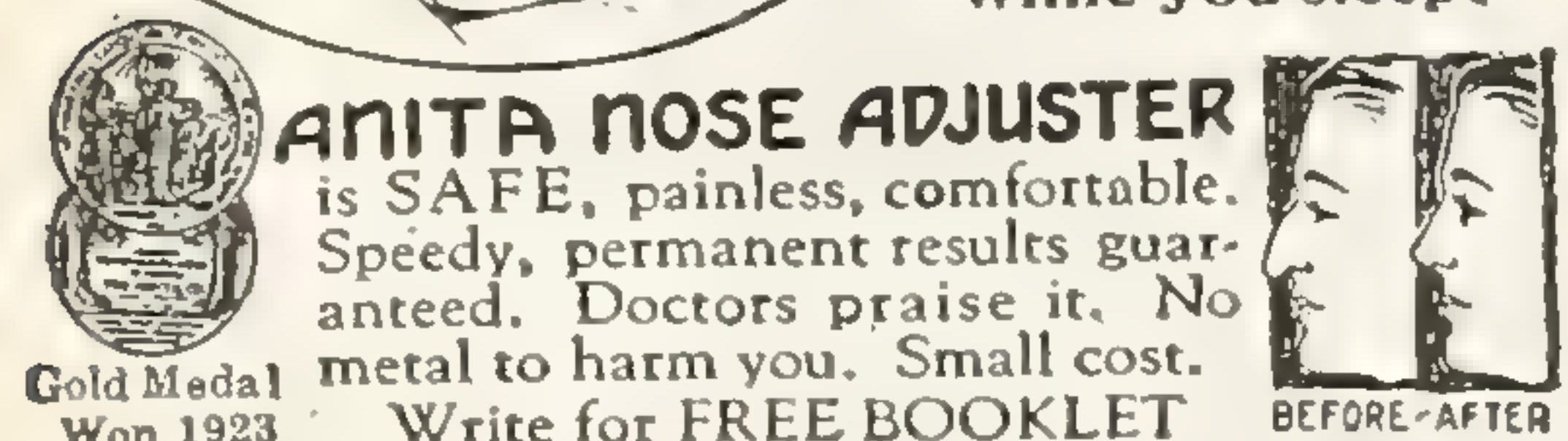
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Only \$2.49. Satisfaction Guaranteed or Money Refunded.
EAGLE NOVELTY CO., Dept. 53, PROVIDENCE, R. I.

Within half-an-hour the diabolic deed was finished, the once huge top-knot lay a shimmering mass in the sheet which had been placed about the girl; another hour and the marcel wave was finished. The victim ran a wondering hand over her head and gasped: "Let me have a peek in the lookin'-glass!"

"Not yet," declared Peggy firmly. "Wait until we give the word. All right, Estelle, do your stuff now."

Mesdames Nanette and Estelle had been brought at banker's salaries from their Parisian establishments to take charge of the hair and wardrobes of the more important of the International's stars. On one occasion Schultman, the production manager, after he had observed the result of their combined technique, had declared:

"Moses and the prophets! Give those two the skeleton of a crow and they'll bring you back a full-grown, strutting peacock."

It was almost eight o'clock before, clad in a bewildering changed-to-fit, array of Peggy's, the reconstructed girl was permitted to wonder as to the identity of the sparkling-eyed, clear-skinned, red-cheeked creature who gazed back at her so radiantly from the full-length mirror. Silver slippers and stockings, a rose silk, not-quite-knee-length dress, caused the three god-mothers to shriek joyously at the transformation.

"My Lord, is it me!" whispered the amazed girl. "Abe'll kill me, but it's wuth it," she declared defiantly. An instant later, gazing at the brevity of her skirt she announced: "She's too short, though, it's got to be let out some."

"Nonsense, child," declared Peggy, dancing attendance on her protegee. "I once heard Eddie Northland say that he had seen lots of skirts too long, but never in his life had he seen one too short." But the mountain girl was vainly endeavoring to pull the skirt over her knees that somehow had remained pretty.

"It's got to come down," declared the new beauty decisively, and on this point she proved adamant.

"Ain't I goin' to wear no hat?" queried the girl as she and Peggy started for the door.

"Yep, but not on your head; here, carry it in your hand to keep from feeling awkward. My dear, you're the most exquisite thing that this town ever saw," declared the star with all the pride of a creator in the created.

"Lord above, save me! Who's the new one?" The girls heard a subdued whisper from the crowd in the lobby followed by: "Well, I'm damned—it's Abe Tattersall's woman—wait till he sees her!"

As they stepped from the hotel door, Peggy saw the tall, lean Abe in the rear of the crowd. For an instant he stared unknowingly at his wife, abruptly his mouth flew open and his eyes opened wide with astonishment and anger. Suddenly he started through the mob, shoving right and left.

"Goddlemighty, let me git to her!" he yelled, but Peggy hurried her charge into the waiting flivver which shot down the street.

"I'm—shorely a goner now," wailed Peggy's companion.

"Bet you're not. Get 'em mad first and it's easy to get 'em interested afterwards. Stop at the picture-house, Joe," to the driver.

"Now drive out into the country a little way, Joe," she directed when instructions at the box office had been given. "Take it easy, lots of time."

"Ain't we goin' to see the picture?" asked her protegee.

"Not all of it, just the best part."

With Peggy carefully estimating the time, she and her companion returned to the theater shortly after nine o'clock.

"All right?" she asked the usher as he hastened to her side.

"Sure is, Miss Peggy; had a hard time doin' it, but I kept two empty seats right alongside Abe."

In the semi-darkness the two women took the pre-arranged empty seats by the side of Abe Tattersall, so deep in the drama being depicted on the screen that he was unaware of the identity of his neighbors.

Suddenly Abe Tattersall leaped to his feet with a wild yell: "Run, girl, run, the damn' Injuns is after you, run I——!" sinking back bewildered and abashed as his wife clutched him with a harshly-whispered: "Don't make a tarnal fool o' yourself, Abe!"

"Uh, it's you," he snarled, and only the 's-s-s-h' of the neighbors quieted his angry outburst. "I'll see you after while," he added menacingly as he again turned toward the screen.

Now the film-scene shifted to the interior of the stockade, where Abraham Tattersall, pastor and quondam doctor for the pioneers, were bending over a wounded girl. His wife stood at his elbow handing him the surgical instruments. A few minutes later the film showed this same Abraham Tattersall as, heart-broken and weary, he, with two children, followed the tiny procession which was escorting this dearly loved wife and new-born, but shortly-lived, baby to a crude churchyard.

From all parts of the house came audible sniffs, the masculine predominating, with low-spoken comments of "Pore things"—"My, they had it powerful hard in them days."

Peggy, watching closely, had seen Abe Tattersall's hand creep toward his wife's; abruptly, conscious of his action, he snatched it away. A minute later, his hand again sought his wife's, now it remained there. Before the scene was finished he had one arm about her waist, the other in front of



Q Dolores Del Rio and Ralph Forbes in a scene from "Trail of '98".

I Scoffed

at this new way to learn French

---until I found it was easy as A-B-C

I WAS never so nervous in all my life as I was the night when I took Jacques Lebault to my home to dinner.

Jacques Lebault was a French banker. He controlled a large part of my company's foreign business. The vice-president of my firm asked me if I would mind entertaining Lebault.

"I shall be delighted to entertain him," I replied. But no sooner were the words out of my mouth than I realized I was letting myself in for a difficult time. For Lebault knew only a smattering of English.

While escorting the Frenchman to my home, I discovered to my horror that he spoke even less English than I expected. My heart sank. How could we carry on a conversation? I knew only a little French that I had learned in high school.

I did my best to talk to Lebault. But every minute the conversation grew more strained—more halting. When I thought of my wife who was waiting at home to greet us, I grew panic-stricken. She had never spoken a word of French in her life! What would she do?

"Hello, Frank," was my wife's cheerful greeting.

I smiled nervously. My heart beat fast as I introduced Monsieur Lebault to her. The Frenchman bowed low and kissed my wife's hand in true European style.

"Ah, Madame," he said, "enchanté de faire votre connaissance!"

My Big Surprise

Imagine my astonishment! Imagine my amazement!

My wife answered Monsieur Lebault in French!

"Je suis très heureuse de vous voir," she said.

My eyes opened wide. My jaw dropped. I was so surprised that you could have knocked me down with a feather!

To my further amazement, my wife continued to talk French with Monsieur Lebault. All during dinner she chatted away—gaily—easily—as if French was her native language. The Frenchman was delighted.

As for me, I said nothing. I went through the dinner in a completely dazed state of mind. I could scarcely believe my ears. I thought I must be dreaming!

When Lebault departed he was all smiles. "Merci, Madame! Merci, Monsieur!" he cried, thanking my wife and myself for our hospitality. It was easy to see that, due to my wife's ability to speak French, he had thoroughly enjoyed himself.

The instant my wife and I were alone I started firing questions at her.

"Jane!" I exclaimed excitedly. "Where on earth did you learn to speak French? Why didn't you ever tell me you knew French?"

Jane laughed. "I kept it a secret because I wanted to surprise you," she replied.

And then she told me the whole story.

"Do you remember that advertisement I showed you a few months ago?" she asked—"that advertisement for a new kind of French course?" I paused in thought. Then I nodded.

"Why, yes, I believe I remember," I said. "Do you remember how you scoffed at it?—how you said it would be foolish to try to learn French without a teacher?" my wife continued.

Again I nodded. "Well, Frank," said my wife, "I hated to give up the idea of learning French. And it didn't cost anything to see what the course was like, so I decided to send for it.

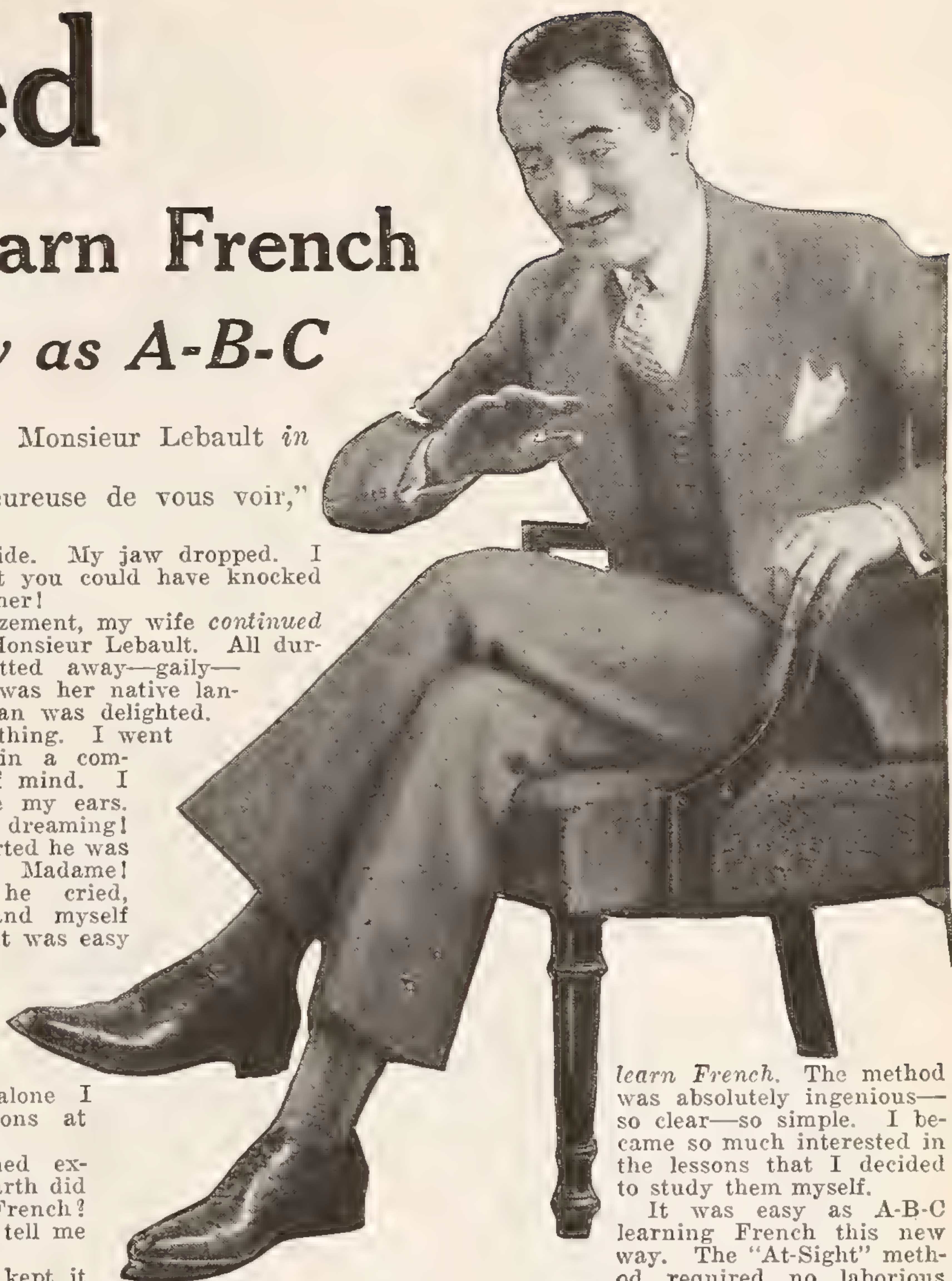
A New Way to Learn French

"Honestly, Frank, the course was wonderful—so simple—so easy! It's called the 'At-Sight' method. It is a method of learning French recently perfected by the Hugo Institute of Languages over in London.

"The authorities of the House of Hugo have condensed all their knowledge of language instruction—their years of experience in teaching French—the secrets of their wonderful method—into a course of lessons which any one can study at home!"

Then Jane showed me the French course. "You can see for yourself how easy it is," she said.

Jane was right. As I looked at the lessons, I realized that here was an entirely new way to



learn French. The method was absolutely ingenious—so clear—so simple. I became so much interested in the lessons that I decided to study them myself.

It was easy as A-B-C learning French this new way. The "At-Sight" method required no laborious exercises—no tiresome rules—no dull class-room drills. It was actually fun learning. I didn't study much—just a few minutes a day. And in a short time I was able to speak French—read French books and magazines—and understand French when it was spoken to me.

Try It 5 Days Free

This story is typical. You, too, can now learn French at home—quickly, easily, pleasantly—just as thousands of others are doing by the celebrated Hugo "At-Sight" Method. Twenty-four fascinating lessons, carefully planned. The most ingenious method of learning French ever discovered. Whole generations of language-teaching experience in all the leading European cities are behind this French course.

The wonderful thing about this simplified Hugo method is that it makes you your own teacher. At home—in minutes that might otherwise be wasted—you learn phrase by phrase, sentence by sentence, to speak the language correctly and well.

We shall be glad to send you the complete course FREE for 5 DAYS, so that you may see it and judge for yourself. Within the free examination period you have the privilege of returning the course without cost or obligation, or keeping it as your own and sending only \$2 as a first payment, and thereafter \$2 a month until the full price of \$12 has been paid.

You are the judge. Simply return the course within 5 days if you are not fascinated and delighted with it. If you act promptly a valuable French-English Dictionary, containing 45,000 words, will be included without additional cost.

We urge you to clip and mail this coupon today. Doubleday, Page & Co., Dept. F-809, Garden City, New York.



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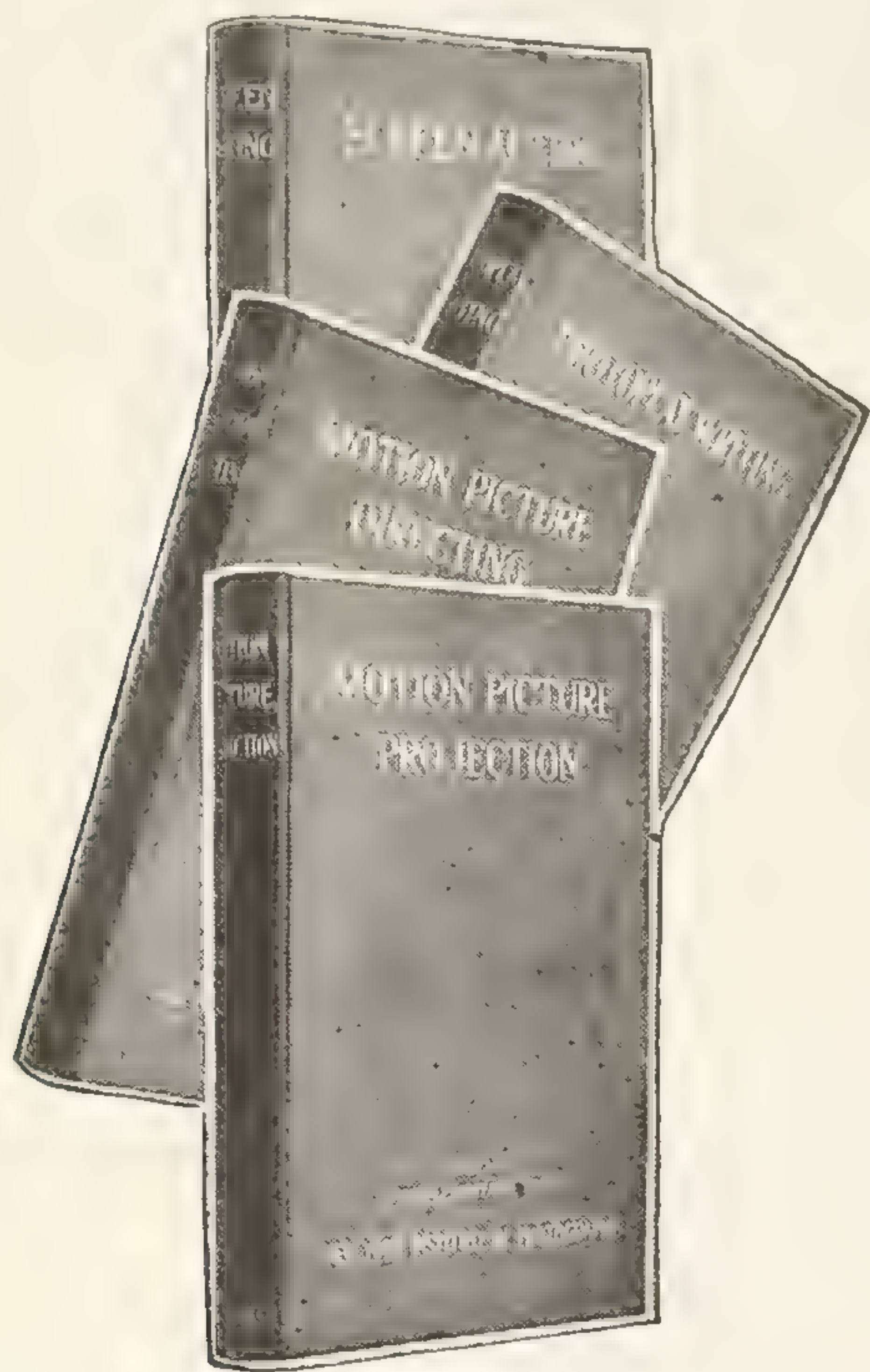
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IF you are interested in photoplay writing, screen acting, directing or production, the books listed below will be of great interest. Each book is handsomely bound in gold decorated cloth cover and will be delivered anywhere in the United States at prices mentioned; Canadian and foreign orders extra for shipment and duty.



SCREEN ACTING

(By Inez and Helen Klumph)

Tells what the opportunities are and the training required. This work was developed through the valuable assistance and advice of Lillian and Dorothy Gish, Colleen Moore, Mae Murray, William S. Hart, and other distinguished screen stars, directors and experts.

PRICE—\$3.00

MOTION PICTURE DIRECTING

(By Peter Milne)

Of special interest to those in or intending to enter this field. The author, a well-known critic, was a member of Scenario and Production Department of Famous Players-Lasky Corporation. This work contains data about William C. DeMille, Rex Ingram, Cecil B. DeMille, and other famous directors. . PRICE—\$3.00

MOTION PICTURE PROJECTION

(By T. O'Connor Sloane, Ph.D., LL.D.)

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PHOTOPLAY WRITING

(By William Lord Wright)

The author was formerly Editor for Pathe Exchange, and Universal. The book is a thorough and authoritative presentation of this lucrative field for writers. Every year new writers achieve fame and fortune. Complete information on how to write for Motion Pictures and how and where to submit your ideas.

PRICE—\$3.00

SCREENLAND (Book Dept.)

Desk 5

49 W. 45th St., New York, N. Y.

his eyes. Finally, as the lights flashed on, announcing the end of the picture, he removed the arm from about his wife and eyed her suspiciously.

"You'd better come on home now," he said, but Peggy noticed his voice had not the arrogant, confident ring of old.

"Oh, no. You're wife's going to stay with me until after her divorce. Then when we return to Hollywood she'll go out there with me." Peggy added wickedly, at the same time checking with a look the anticipated gasp from the mountain girl.

"Hollywood!" thundered the enraged Abe. "Hollywood! My wife a picture actress? Not by a damn sight."

"Why not Mr. Tattersall?" asked Peggy sweetly. "You have said yourself that your interest in her is at an end. She must look out for herself now—and what can a divorced woman do in these hills? Nothing. In Hollywood a whole new world opens out its arms to her. She is a picture type—good features—wide apart deep brown eyes—a face with character and beauty. Already my director has her in mind for our next story." At this point in the drama Peggy was forced to put a reassuring arm about the trembling girl whose gaze was riveted upon the face of her husband. The expressions that chased themselves over his rather handsome countenance were too many and too varied to catalogue. But a slow red was gradually mounting toward the roots of his hair and Peggy hastened on to get in all she had to say before the storm broke.

"You know," she said softly, "your wife saved my life. She got to me just in the nick of time, and it seems that I came into her life just at the right moment to save her happiness."

It was all Abe could stand.

"She comes home with me," he stormed. "Divorce! I ain't goin' to divorce her. Think I'm goin' to hev my wife a picture actress? No sir. What d'yuh think I'd do without a woman? I never aimed to divorce her anyway. Just teasin' her some. An' she ain't goin' back on the vows she made me nuther. No sir, home she comes," and he made a defiant if awkward gesture toward his wife.

Even Peggy could not have hoped for anything better than what happened next, for the mountain girl seeing her husband's big, somewhat dirty hand outstretched feared it would rumple her borrowed finery and drew away. She thought only of protecting her friend's dainty gown, but Abe read into the involuntary gesture another meaning—one unflattering to himself. His

eyes opened in absolute wonder, then narrowed with determination. "You don't want me to touch you huh? What's the matter with yuh?"

This was Peggy's cue again. "Well, Mrs. Tattersall's coming home with me to-night anyway," she said firmly. "What her future course will be she will have to decide herself. But I think she would like a little time to think things over and then decide. Am I right Mrs. Tattersall?" And somehow the mountain girl had the strength and wisdom to gulp "Yes, you be right Miss Ardent. I don't want to do nothin' in a hurry."

"So she's coming home with me," Peggy went on blithely. "And tomorrow if you want to see her you may call—sometime in the afternoon. But you must tidy up a bit. You mustn't shame your wife at the hotel by coming in the slovenly state you now are in. Must he Mrs. Tattersall?"

Again the mountain girl rallied. "No Abe," and her voice was a little firmer this time. "If you're allowin' to see me tomorrow you'll hev to fix up some." And then the two girls left a sadder but wiser Abe standing dejectedly on the sidewalk.

But later in Peggy's rooms the mountain girl burst into a storm of sobs. "I should hev took him when I had the chanct," she wailed, but Peggy who knew her arithmetic chuckled happily. "Don't you worry my dear. You will have him fast enough before tomorrow's sun sets, and in his Sunday suit."

Then she sat at her desk and wrote rapidly for a moment. Mrs. Tattersall's eyes opened wide with amazement when the bit of paper was thrust into her hands. "What's this?" she asked, but when she saw the sum made out to her on the check she was still more amazed, and tried to return it.

"Keep it, my dear," and Peggy's voice was so sincere and so humble that the mountain girl hesitated. "It's only a week's salary for me and you won't be able to keep the upper hand with Abe if you aren't independent. This will help you to be. Never tell him that you have it, but when the going gets a little rough, as it will again perhaps, just you remember that in the bank you have something to fall back on and talk up to him fearlessly. You are to keep all these clothes and when I get to Hollywood I'll have others made for you. This is what you must remember—keep Abe guessing—always."

And she did.

The Foreign Legion of Hollywood

(Continued from page 33)

"So this is Hollywood!" I said at last, with a trite effort of humor.

"It's Beverly Hills!" loyally replied my inspiration, "The most beautiful spot in the most beautiful town in the most beautiful state in a beautiful world!"

"Our papers call this particular spot the German Embassy of the Kingdom of Kinema," I added.

"German?" replied the observant one. "It's the Embassy of Cosmopolis. Listen to the Bable of tongues—English, French, German, Spanish, and that—I think that's Hungarian they're talking over there."

"Do you realize how really few Germans we meet at the Lubitsch parties?" she went on—"Wilma Banky, Charles Puffey, Lya de Putti, Victor Varconi, Maria Korda—Hungarians, all! Pola is Polish, Greta Garbo and Lars Hanson are Swedes, Paul Stein

and Capt. Conti are Austrians, while our handsome young friend, Ramon Novarro, talking so soulfully over there to Helen Lubitsch, is Mexican. Why, Jannings, Hans Krale and the Laemmle boys are about the only Germans here tonight—besides the sailor lads from the German warship. And by the way, let's go over and see how they are making out with their little movie heroines."

Yes, as the most famous German in Movieland, Lubitsch is expected to entertain all the notable travelers from the Fatherland, and his party this night was in honor of the officers and cadets—they correspond with our Annapolis boys—of a visiting German warship.

And what a glorious time these handsome well-mannered lads were having beneath the formal restrictions of their rigid naval

"Watch him make a fool of himself" — *I heard someone whisper*



—then I started to play!

IT WAS the first big party of the season and the fun was at its height. The room fairly rocked with laughter as Jim finished his side-splitting imitation of a ballet dancer.

Tom, who was giving the party, turned to me and said, "And now our young friend here will give us his well-known imitation of Paderewski!"

Instantly all attention centered upon me. Feigning reluctance, I made as if to beg off, but was forthwith dragged to the piano. Admonitions of "Come on, old timer, do your stuff!" — "Don't be bashful!" — came from all sides.

They expected me to do my usual clowning—but I had a surprise up my sleeve for them. Just as I was about to begin, I heard someone whisper, "Watch him make a fool of himself—why, he can't play a note!"

They thought I was going to give them my one-finger rendition of chop-sticks. But instead I swung into the opening bars of "The Road to Mandalay"—that rollicking soldier-song of Kipling's. You should have seen the look of amazement that spread over their faces. This was not the clowning they had expected! Then Tom began to sing. One by one they joined in, until soon they were all crowding around the piano, singing away at the top of their lungs.

Once started, there was no stopping them. Song after song was loudly called for and as loudly sung. Each time I wanted to stop playing they'd beg for "just one more." My little surprise was certainly going over big!

It was almost an hour before they let me get up from the piano. Then a deluge of questions: "How in the world did you ever do it?"—"Where did you study?"—"When did you learn to play?"—"Who was your teacher?"—"How long have you studied?"—"Let us in on the secret, will you?"

How I Learned to Play

"One at a time please," I begged, "I'll tell you all about it. To begin with, *I didn't have any teacher.*"

"What! Say, you don't expect us to believe that, do you?"

"Sure thing. But I don't blame you for not believing it. I wouldn't have myself. As you know, I've never been able to play a note. But I always liked music, and many a time when I was pepping up a party with my clowning I would have given anything in the world to be able to sit down at the piano and *really play.*"

"But it never occurred to me to take lessons. I thought I was too old, for one thing—and besides, I couldn't see my way clear towards paying an expensive teacher—to say nothing of the long hours I'd have to put in practicing."

"But one day I happened to notice an advertisement for the U. S. School of Music. This school offered to teach music by a new and wonderfully simplified method which didn't require a teacher, and which cost only a few cents a lesson."

"Well, boys, that certainly sounded good to me, so I lost no more time but filled out the coupon immediately and sent for the Free Demonstration Lesson. When it arrived I found that it seemed even easier than I had hoped."

"Right there I made up my mind to take the course. And believe me that was the luckiest decision of my life! Why, every lesson was almost as much fun as playing a game! Almost before I knew it I was playing simple tunes. And I studied just whenever I pleased, a few minutes a day in my spare time. Now I can play anything I like—ballads, classical numbers, jazz. Listen to this!"

With that I snapped right into a tantalizing jazz

number. No wonder they kept calling for more and more! All evening I was the center of a laughing, singing, hilarious group. And it's been that way at every party I've attended since.

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etiquette! Though they spoke no English whatsoever they would walk right up to the girls of their choice, bow stiffly from the hips, and then after circling them around the court until the music stopped they would bow stiffly again and in the most disconcerting way walk off leaving the poor things flat and fluttering.

"Too bad," said Ernst to a group of the girls gathered on the sidelines waiting to be bowed to by one of the uniformed gods, "—too bad they can't speak English."

"But they ought to know," replied Patsy Ruth Miller with a twinkle in her big black eyes, "that some things are the same in all languages."

"And we're all jealous of Claire Windsor," piped up little May McAvoy. "She seems to be the greatest favorite of us all."

"Ah, but she's blonde," smiled Ernst teasingly.

"So German gentlemen have the same preferences?" asked Carmel Myers. "Well, let's see if we can't charm them some other way." And bringing forth her ukelele she sang them something in their native tongue that caused the whole German navy to gather en masse around the young, joyous vamp.

Not to be outdone, Bessie Love then went out upon the broad expanse of the cleared tennis court and danced a hula as only this youngster can do it. But, alas, the result was not at all as we expected, for the navy boys gulped, and standing rooted to the spot blushing glanced at one another and then at their hosts.

"Why, bless me, they are shocked!" exploded Florence Vidor to the grinning Ernst.

"Maybe—yes," replied Lubitsch, "But they are on their way to Honolulu and that's where they'll learn their grass skirts. Then they'll wonder why they blushed at Bessie."

When at last the sailor boys returned to their ship, each trying to conceal the buttons he had lost to the souvenir-hungry girls, we joined the inevitable little group of stay-lates that always gather round the piano in the great salon. Ernst played, and when Ernst plays, he plays with all the healthy dynamics he puts into his work. And Ramon Novarro sang, and when Ramon sings—especially his Spanish songs—every feminine heart goes pitti-pat, nor do the rooster-minded males feel jealous, so electric is Ramon's boyish charm.

As I lolled back among the cushions in the far corner of the rich, red library wherein Lubitsch conceives his photoplays, and contemplated the framed caricatures the world's great artists had made of my famous host, I thought of the extraordinary changes that had come to him in his brief residence in his adopted land.

Leaving Germany as the greatest director on the continent, Lubitsch arrived in Hollywood five years ago knowing no one nor a word of English, but with his usual decisiveness this black-haired, vital man—who looks more like Napoleon than any Frenchman—set to work to acquire both. Insisting upon immediate and complete Americanization, he took out his first papers, rented a house, employed a staff of American servants—all but the cook!—and by deliberately avoiding too many German contacts both he and his beautiful young wife mastered English within three months.

That accomplished, he next bought a handsome house among the beautiful estates of Beverly Hills to which came not only his new-made American friends, but the hosts of foreigners who are constantly flocking into Movieland, until now the Lubitsch home with its great house, spacious gardens and large staff of servants has become the social center of the most cosmopolitan artist colony in America.

Sunday night is homelight at this rendezvous of the homeless foreigners—a night reserved for old-world friends, and among them there is sure to be a sprinkling of new arrivals who have not yet acquired a word of this new language. But if there is one American in the group, Lubitsch insists that everybody speak English. "For," he says, "it is better for them, and it wouldn't be kind to our American guests if we all spoke in foreign tongues."

"But, Ernst," asked Agnes Ayres with a twinkling smile, "why don't you ever invite these foreign noblemen who come to Hollywood in such droves?"

"Well," replied Lubitsch, with his quaint accent, "we don't take those fellows as seriously as you do here. In Europe nowadays, your barber is a baron, the floor-walker is a count, and every chorus girl has her prince. If they were artists we'd have them here. But if they were artists, they'd forget to be princes."

Thus it will be seen that Lubitsch is also an "ambassador without Portfolio."

"Pull"—Continued from page 23

Enrique de Cruzat Zanetti. Yet if it hadn't been for Mr. Zanetti, you wouldn't be seeing Tony on the screen today. It was like this. When Tony was a lad in Spain, he used to dream about coming to America. Just like Columbus. But Tony didn't have a ship. All he could do was to dream. And then one day a traveller came to Tony's little village. He was Enrique Zanetti a lawyer from New York. He took an interest in the bright, ambitious boy, and learning Tony's ardent desire to come to the new country, he offered to bring the young Spaniard back with him. Tony found himself riding the high seas on the way to the land of promise. Once here, he shifted for himself, eventually landing in the profession he preferred to all others—acting. Maybe you think Mr. Zanetti isn't proud of him! There is a sequel to this story, and it happened just a few months ago. Antonio Moreno, the screen star, accompanied by his wife, went to Madrid on their recent European jaunt. There they

encountered Tony's former patron, and their joy at the meeting was mutual. And Tony urged the man who had helped him to join the Moreno party on a visit to Tony's mother, Senora Ana Monteaguda, in "that little Spanish town". Probably there's nothing in Zanetti's well-filled, successful life that has repaid him as well as the help he gave Tony Moreno.

That's what I mean by Pull. Sometimes it's someone the general public never heard of who gives embryo genius its chance. There's the Hollywood boarding-house keeper with the big heart. Among her roomers was a little girl trying to get into pictures—just one of the thousands of little girls in Hollywood. Another paying guest happened to be an assistant director who worked in one of the big studios. All the little girl wanted in the world was to be able to get past the eagle-eyed gate-keeper at that studio, so she could get a place in line in front of the casting director's window. The landlady introduced the little

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Would like to hear from actors or actresses or Society folks who would like to own a diamond of this size.

You can buy this wonderful diamond a lot cheaper of me than you could a similar sized stone of any one else if there was another diamond of its size on the market. *Having no need for it I want to sell it quickly at a reasonable price for cash.*

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girl to the assistant director; the little girl was piloted through the gate. And the little girl got a job, and then a better job. Today she's a star. Through "Pull". What else can you call it? Her success is the biggest thing the boarding-house keeper ever did.

There's an employee of a picture company, working in the "branch office" in Chicago. He's puffing out his chest these days, as well he might. You wouldn't know his name if I told you. But take my word for it, he's a good picker. One night about two years ago he went to see a musical revue in the Windy City. There were two girls in a special number who sang and danced. Immediately he thought: "Great screen bets!" just like that. He didn't know the girls from Eve; never even heard of them before. But after the show he obeyed that impulse and sent a wire to his big boss in New York. The wire said something like this: "There are two beautiful girls in show here who would be sensations on the screen. Suggest you arrange to have tests made of them." The message was so enthusiastic and so urgently worded that the boss, although he was a little amused at such importunity on the part of an employee who was supposed to have nothing to do with the production end of the business, wired back: "All right. Give 'em a chance." Those girls were—still are, in fact—Dolores and Helene Costello. They didn't know it at the time, but it was Pull that put them over. A man who'd never seen them before went out of his way to boost them. The right kind of Pull!

If you're not big enough to help somebody, then you're too small to ask somebody to help you. The "big" people are never too big to ask help—and they're always ready to pass it on. The spirit that asks for help is the same spirit that is eager to give it. Doug Fairbanks, for instance, is never too rushed to stretch out a helping hand. He gave Wallace Beery the part of Richard the Lion-Hearted in "Robin Hood"—Wally's best part up to that time. Beery had never attempted any role like it before; but Doug said: "I'll help you put it over"—and he did. And then Wally turned around and almost stole the picture!

Douglas and Charlie Chaplin both extended friendly aid to Josef von Sternberg, that young stormy petrel of direction. The two famous stars took up the cause of von Sternberg's picture, "The Salvation Hunters", and used all their influence to put it over. If it didn't exactly get over, it wasn't the fault of the boosters. And their pull shoved Joe right into the limelight; and now he has a steady job with Paramount. He's written a story which Emil Jannings will act in soon.

It was Charlie who gave George K. Arthur his chance. The Chaplin "pull" made it possible for George to come to this country and aided him time and again before George crashed the studio gates. Arthur was well-known in England, where his characterization of "Kips", in a picturization of H. G. Wells' novel, was very popular. But England isn't America, as any school-child will tell you. And if it hadn't been for Charlie, we might have been deprived of Arthur's antics over here. On one of Chaplin's trips abroad, he met George Arthur and recognized the young man's ability. On the back of a card Chaplin wrote a hearty recommendation of the British actor. Armed with the card, and fifteen dollars, George came to America. Fifteen dollars is soon spent, but a boost from Charlie Chaplin lasts forever. Look at Georgie now!

Pull is the chance we give our friends to show their heart power. Ben Lyon is always taking a chance like that! He pulled Sam Hardy into "Seven Wives of Bluebeard" and other Lyons pictures. And now he's boosting Richard "Skeets" Gallagher. The amiable "Skeets" has already arrived as a musical comedy favorite, but if it hadn't been for Ben's pull, it might have taken him longer to put himself over in films. According to Ben the Booster, however, Skeets is all set to knock 'em cold in "For the Love of Mike".

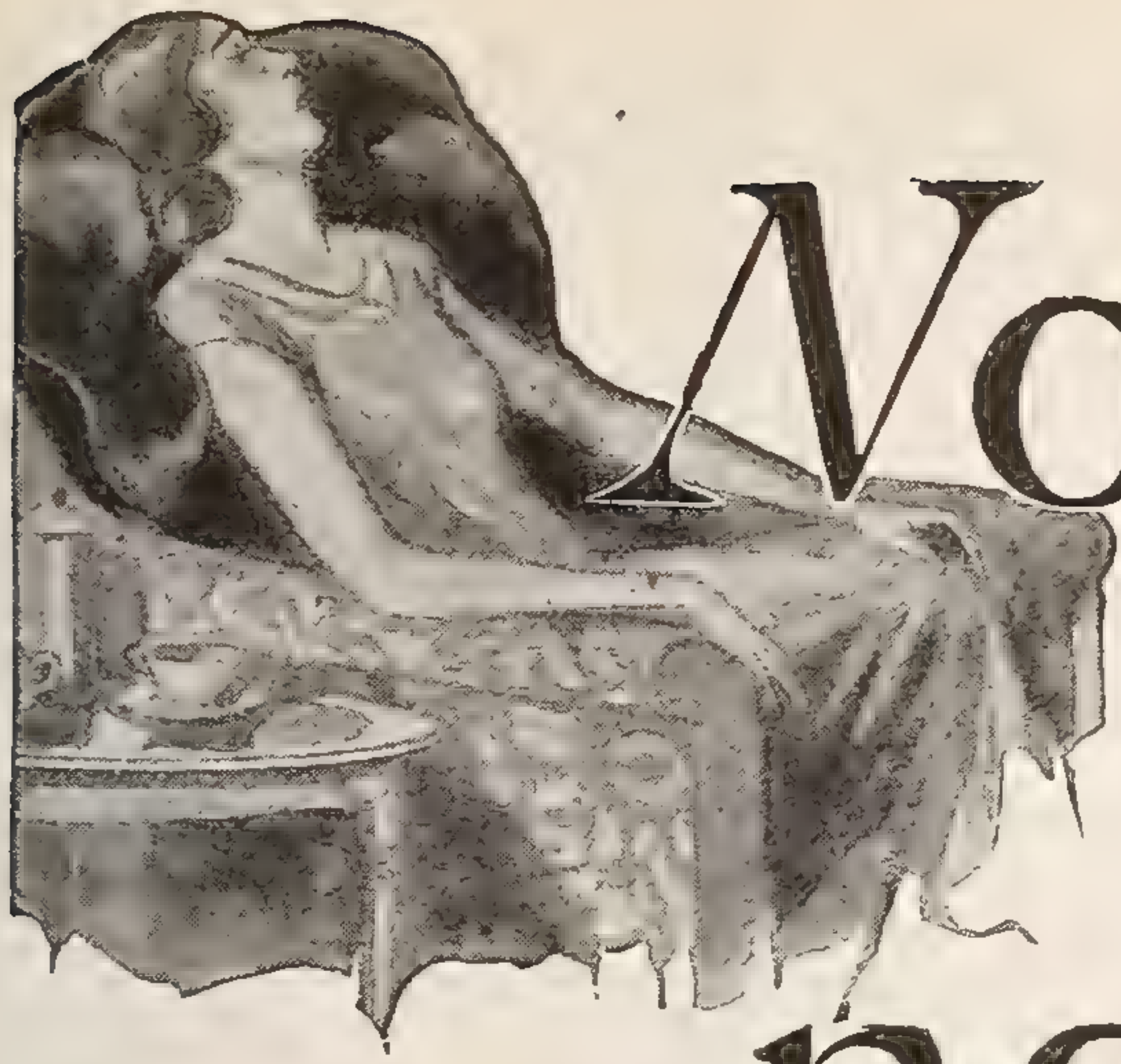
When Richard Dix gave Gunboat Smith a part in one of his pictures, he knew very well he was depriving himself of a darned good athletic trainer. Gunboat was Richard's physical culture expert, sparring partner, and pugilistic pal. But Gunboat was also a great screen bet—absolutely unique, in fact, as you know if you have seen him. Instead of hanging on to his trainer, Rich shoved Mr. Smith into a good part and a golden opportunity. Gunboat is now earning a princely salary in place of a trainer's "wages". And Gunboat is still making good as an actor. Richard had to get another trainer, but he's Gunboat's sincerest fan. There's Gregory La Cava, too. He directed a slapstick sequence in a Dix comedy, and it was so good that Richard insisted upon La Cava as his next director. You know what that team can do by this time.

Valentino practically pulled Richard Dix into pictures. While Richard was a stock company matinee idol, Rudy, then a rising star, saw him and urged him to try films. Richard took the tip; and Rudy was the proudest fellow you ever heard of later on when he could say to Dix: "What did I tell you?" Richard turned right around and encouraged George O'Brien when George—just an extra—wanted to give up and go back home. Richard would make him promise to stick it out a while longer. "You're sure to get the breaks sooner or later," he'd tell him. And did George do it? George did.

It was Matt Moore who helped Johnny Hines into pictures. Matt is always doing little things like that. The quiet, shy Irishman of the famous film family isn't at all quiet or shy when it comes to boosting others. He took Johnny along with him to the old Victor Studio, where the first thing Johnny knew he was playing a lead opposite Florence Lawrence. Matt also is chiefly responsible for Lewis Milestone's directorial prominence. Milestone was a more or less obscure director when he was handed the job of putting Matt through the paces of a picture. The two of them, star and director, came to New York to take street scenes. One day in the actors' rendezvous, the Lambs Club, Matt met Tommy Meighan, who wanted a good director—and wanted him bad. "I've got just the man you want," said Matt Moore; and he dragged Milestone in to meet Meighan. Milestone was engaged on the spot to direct a Paramount feature. It left Matt alone in a big city without a director; he had to shoot all the exteriors himself. But what did he care? Milestone's success was more important.

Johnny Hines pulled a half a dozen pretty girls into pictures. He gave Dorothy Mackaill, Billie Dove, Jobyna Ralston, Doris Kenyon, Norma Shearer, and Jacqueline Logan a chance, when they were struggling for a foothold on the little old ladder.

Bebe Daniels is a regular little Miss Columbus. She loves to discover promising talent and pass it on to the world. She began soon after her own beginning in pictures. When she was playing opposite



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By Rosemary Morgan

The personal story of a woman who never was really sick, yet always ailing, always too tired to enjoy life—and how she made herself into a virile, vital being of youth and health

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"Not so many years ago I was a young, buoyant and carefree girl, aglow with glorious good health. Filled with life and energy, I was intensely interested in tennis, golf and all sports. I was on the go all day and oftentimes late into the night, yet always fresh as a daisy in the morning. I never gave a thought to my health—it took care of itself.

"It was while I was still in splendid health that I met and married my husband. We were supremely happy. He was just as fond of sport as I and together we spent joyous hours on the tennis court and golf links and in the round of social activities. It seemed life could hold no more. I was the happiest girl alive.

"Then came the crowning joy. Our dear little baby was born and my cup of happiness was filled to the overflowing. I was blessed with everything a girl could wish for.

"But I found shortly that the care of baby took so much of my time that I was unable to resume my former active life. However, I consoled myself with the thought that as soon as Junior was a little older I would again take up my busy life.



Rosemary Morgan

"Time went on and I failed to again get in touch with my activities and social duties. I sat around the house, reading, sewing or taking naps. As a result of this sedentary life I took on weight. I grew stout and flabby, my figure lost its girlishness and though still young in years I became old in body. All this happened so gradually I scarcely noticed it. Then I began to be troubled with headaches, backaches, indigestion, constipation, and a host of minor ills. I grew sluggish in mind and body and always had 'that tired feeling.' I was on the downward path to real sickness, serious illness.

"My health began failing rapidly. I was always ailing, yet never sick enough to call a doctor. Always in a run-down condition, yet never actually forced to remain in bed. I was not quite sick—yet not quite well. I never went out, never danced any more and was satisfied to sit home and resign myself to a life of illness and sickness. I made a few spasmodic efforts to do something about my condition. A visit to the doctor proved I had no organic trouble but the various pills and tonics I took proved of no benefit.

"Then, one evening, I saw Annette Kellermann on the stage—a perfect specimen of health and beauty. I knew she was much older than I, for I remembered seeing her—a full-grown woman—on the stage when I was a little girl. I wondered how she kept her marvellous figure and looks. Here I was—an old woman before my time and here was she, young as a girl of eighteen. The next day I saw an ad such as this in a magazine telling of Miss Kellermann's book, 'The Body Beautiful.' I wrote for this free book, and it truly led me to youth again. I took Miss Kellermann's instruction and in a few months was my own self again.

"I again took an interest in life. I lost weight and soon had my youthful figure back. My eyes, once cloudy and dim, became bright and clear; my headaches, backaches and constipation disappeared. I became the healthy,



happy girl I once had been. And how wonderful it is to be healthy and young! Oh, if only the thousands of women who are suffering the pain and discomfort I once suffered could only profit by my example, and get Miss Kellermann to help them out of their troubles, then this story has not been written in vain!"

* * *

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Harold Lloyd in the Roach two-reelers, she brought a girl-friend to the studio one day and asked that she be given a chance. The girl was Marie Mosquini, who's been doing well ever since. But Bebe's bright particular protegee is Diana Kane. Diana is Lois Wilson's sister, you know, and Bebe's best friend. Bebe saw no reason why Diana shouldn't be a hit in pictures, and persuaded her to try. To make it easy, she made a place for her in one of the Daniels comedies. Bebe and Diana are both pretty brunettes, and it isn't altogether usual for a girl star to introduce another girl of the same type of beauty into her own films. I never heard of anybody but Bebe doing it.

Gloria Swanson helped to promote Larry Gray from an assistant director to a leading man. And Gloria's new leading man, John Boles, also bows to Miss Swanson as his discoverer.

Ralph Ince apparently likes to "pull" for his sisters-in-law. I'm sure Director Ince won't mind if I remind you that his sister-in-law was once Anita Stewart. I say "once" because Anita's sister Lucille isn't Mrs. Ralph Ince any more. But when she was, and Anita was just a kid, Ralph gave the little sister-in-law the lead in a Vitagraph two-reeler, "The Wood Violet". If you're an old-timer you'll recall the hit Anita made. But don't admit it.

Now Ralph Ince has put a new sister-in-law into his films. The new Mrs. Ince is Lucilla Mendez, a beautiful Broadway dancer. Lucilla's little sister, Jola, came out to the coast to visit, and Ralph gave her a screen test, which was so satisfactory that she plays the lead in "Not for Publication".

Marie Prevost and Phyllis Haver were rival beauties in Mack Sennett comedies. But they happened to be good friends, too. Marie left comedy for drama before Phyllis did; and she was a long way ahead in stardom before Phyllis deserted the old comedy lot. What did Marie do? She used the pull she had earned to put Phyllis in an important role in a Prevost picture. Both girls were in "Up in Mabel's Room", in which Marie was the official star. But instead of crowding each other for close-ups, the blonde beauty set off the brunette, and helped the picture to success.

Of course, you know that Blanche Sweet discovered Sally O'Neil. Or maybe you heard that it was Mickey Neilan. Well, it seems that Blanche really spotted Sally first and called her husband's attention to the dainty Irish girl. Erich von Stroheim saw Roy D'Arcy in a musical comedy, "The Clinging Vine", in a Los Angeles theatre. D'Arcy had never done any screen work, but "Von" used his influence, and D'Arcy got the part of the crown prince in "The Merry Widow". Norma Shearer ushered her girl friend, Gwen Lee, into the M-G-M Studio by way of a part in Norma's picture, "Lady of the Night". Gwen is now a member of the stock company. Edwin Carewe met Dolores Del Rio down in Mexico City, her home town; and he used all of his directorial pull in Hollywood to make her a success in pictures; while Mrs. Carewe exerted all her social pull to make the Mexican belle feel at home in the film capital. Now Dolores is a star, and they're all happy.

Harold Lloyd is starring another comedian, Edward Everett Horton, in a series of comedies. King Vidor gave Jimmy Murray his opportunity. Richard Barthelmess had his start in films through "Pull". Nazimova gave him his first part, in "War Brides", quite as much because she was a friend of his mother's as because of her faith in young Richard's acting ability. And it was "Nazzy" who gave Patsy

Ruth Miller her opening—a chance in “Camille”.

June Mathis pulled for the unknown young Italian, Rudolph Valentino, until he was given the lead in “The Four Horsemen”. As for Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Francis X. Bushman, Jr.,—ask their dads;

they know. And that's not all.

I could go on, and on, and on. But by now you are sold on Pull. Pull and the world pulls with you—and for you. If you don't believe it after all these examples, try it over on your own taffy. And I hope you stick to it.

At the Hollywood Jazzerie

(Continued from page 21)

beautiful wife. It was such a blow to Patsy to find out that Don was married!

We all danced in the big, charming living room,—except Joseph Schildkraut, who came, but who sat on the stairway and gazed with a look of tolerant amusement on us foolish beings stepping about below! Elise Bartlett, his beautiful young wife, who looks so much like Norma Shearer, and who has just gone into pictures following a long stage experience, was there too, but was more democratic, and danced once or twice. But they left early, as “Peppy,” (her pet name for her husband) had to work next day.

Johnny Hines did a very funny dance for us, after which he put a napkin over his arm, brought us a plate of food, and explained in his own funny, kidding way,—“I get \$5 extra for doing this!”

Billie Dove looked just too decorative in a long, white, filmy gown with many tiny ruffles, sitting in a great easy chair beneath the soft light of a tall lamp.

Vivian Duncan, who has just finished playing Little Eva in “Topsy and Eva,” was there with her fiance, Nils Asther, but Rosetta Duncan, her sister, who played Topsy in the film, was ill, so she couldn't come. But anyway, Vivian played the piano, and Vernon Rickard, who used to play on the stage with Vivian and Rosetta, sang.

Edwin Carewe, Mary, his wife, and his daughter by his former marriage, Rita Carewe, were all there, Rita looking very charming in a long, blue, tight-bodied and floating-tulle-effect skirt. She had been ill, and Dolores Del Rio had taken her to the seaside for a few days.

Victor Varconi brought his charming little Hungarian wife, and he danced a lot, but she did not, as she is still suffering from heart trouble.

Harry Crocker as usual did not let the party sag for a moment. He and Vivian Duncan and Johnny Hines put on some funny little sketches, mostly impromptu, which brought down the house, so to speak. Only Johnny would improvise lines which broke up Harry and Vivian so they hardly could work.

Harry danced a lot with Betty Morrison, to whom he was once reported engaged, and we all wondered if they had made up again.

Dolores Del Rio danced for us,—one of those unearthly, beautiful, exquisitely graceful Spanish dances which she learned in Spain, while one of the Spanish guests played the mandolin for her.

When Patsy and I left, Patsy declared she never in her life had had her hand kissed so often in one evening.

“But thank goodness, I remembered to put some of my very best perfume on my hands!” she exclaimed.

“IMAGINE owning your own little private wharf, right in front of your own little private beach house!” exclaimed Patsy.

The Duncan Sisters were having a party at their beach house at Santa Monica, and if there was anybody from the film roster who wasn't there, I can't think who it could have been!

The Duncans are famous for their joyous jazzeries.

The house had been quite cleared of furniture except for some comfortable chairs and sofas, and there was a room at the top of the cottage, made mostly of glass and screens, and fitted with curtains, which can be used as a sleeping porch or a sun parlor. The Duncans were using it that afternoon for a sort of lounging room, where guests were served delicious punch, and they had even installed a soda-fountain for the occasion!

“A dream of my childhood come true!” exclaimed Gertrude Olmsted, who had come with Robert Leonard, her husband. “I always thought, when I was little, how wonderful it would be to have your own soda-fountain right in your front parlor! And I remember making a small boy who said he was in love with me promise to put a soda-fountain in our house before I would consent to be engaged to marry him.”

In the afternoon a lot of the guests went swimming, hopping right off the end of the wharf belonging to the Duncan house. Betty Blythe and Mabel Normand looked so nice in their bathing suits that everybody declared they should live in them.

At seven everybody was hungry, and a buffet supper was served to each guest, wherever he or she chanced to be, whether in the house or out on the little wharf, which is furnished with comfortable wicker chairs and settees. After supper, there was dancing in a tiny circular hall, and close



Julanne Johnston, next with Charlie Paddock in “The All American”.

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★

These are the rules of the contest:

Elsewhere in this magazine, you will find a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer advertisement. Study the pictures of the stars shown there and write a list of their names. Name your favorite star. And, in 8 words or less, write a suitable slogan for each star. (As, for example: “Lon Chaney—the man of a thousand faces.”)

The person sending the most correct list of names, with the set of slogans found best in the opinion of the judges, will be awarded \$100 and an autographed picture of his or her favorite star.

The fans sending the 50 next best lists and slogans will all receive autographed pictures of the stars they mention as their individual favorites.

M-G-M reserves the right to use, in any way, any or all slogans submitted, paying \$5 for each slogan so used.

Write your answers on one side of a single sheet of paper and mail to **Competition Editor, 3rd Floor, 1540 Broadway, New York.** All answers must be received by September 15th. Winners' names will be published in a later issue of this magazine.

NOTE: If you do not attend pictures yourself you may question your friends or consult motion picture magazines. In event of ties, each tying contestant will be awarded a prize identical in character with that tied for.

Winners of the Pringle-Cody Contest of June

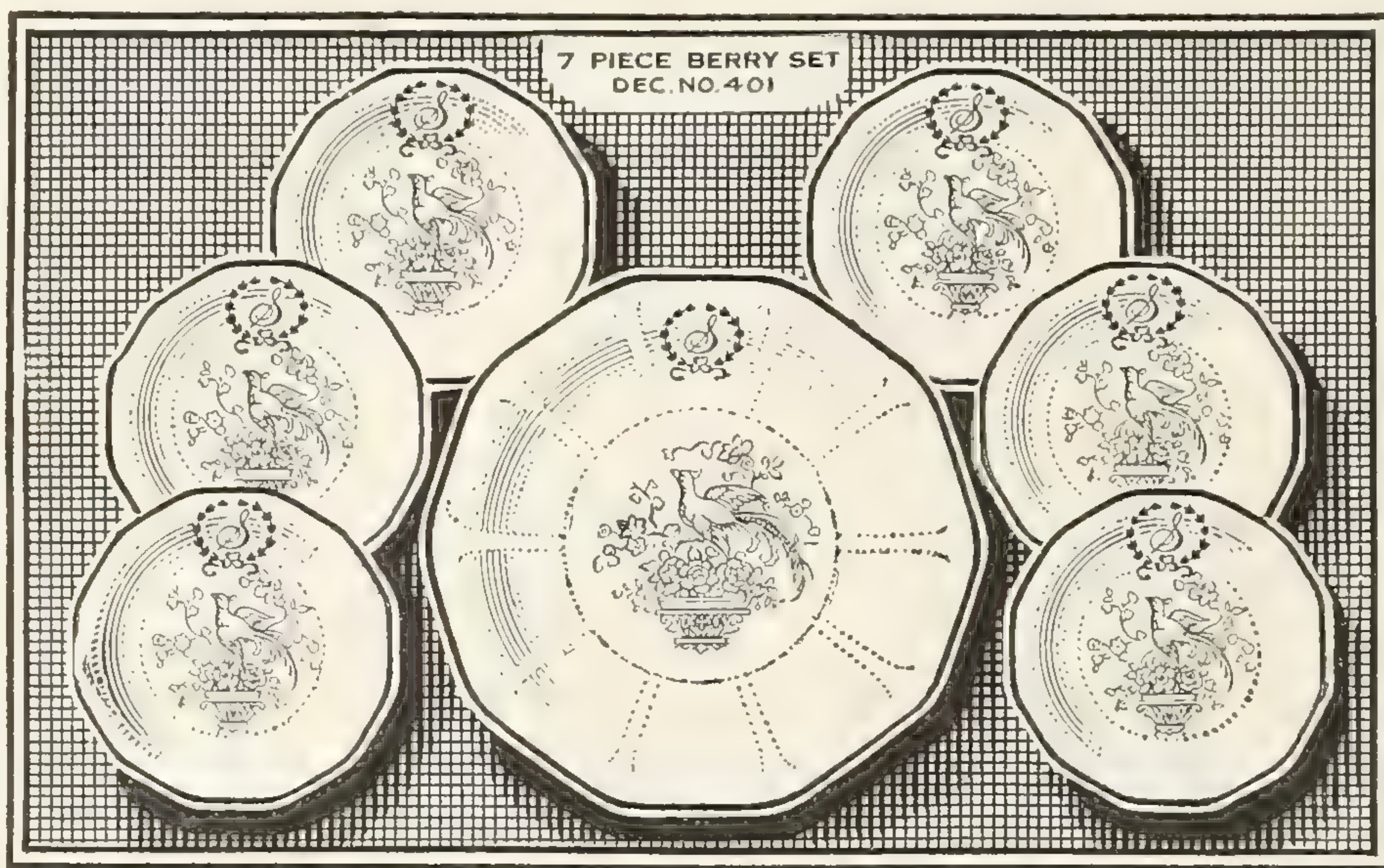
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communion it had to be, there was so little room.

We met Patsy Ruth Miller with one of her beaux, I really forget which one; Elise Bartlett and Joseph Schildkraut, Mabel Normand and Lew Cody, Lars Hanson, George K. Arthur, Jack Warner, Rosita, the Spanish dancer, who has just been signed by United Artists, Monte Blue, Jane Winton, Lupino Lane, Bryant Washburn, Claire Windsor, Nils Asther, William Barry,—who is engaged to Rosetta Duncan,—May McAvoy, Norma Shearer, Louise Fazenda, Constance Talmadge, Eileen Percy, Lois Weber and Captain Gantz, Johnny Hines, Prince Troubetskoy, Jetta Goudal, Dolores Del Rio, Billie Dove, Leatrice Joy, Belle Bennett, and just scores of others.

Estelle Taylor and Jack Dempsey were there a little while, but Jack is in training for his fight, so he never stays late at night anywhere.

"And Estelle is getting her beauty sleep therefore, and looking wonderful," remarked Patsy.

Greta Garbo came with Mauritz Von Stillier, which made us believe that perhaps Greta's engagement to John Gilbert really is off.

A little later on many of the guests motored over to Ocean Park, to take in the joys of the Midway, including the Fun House. Billie Dove hurt her foot in the Fun House, so she doesn't enjoy it so much any more.

It was really a show within a show, down there at Ocean Park, with all the sight-seeing crowds and all the patrons of the merry-go-round, trip-through-the-clouds, etc, stopping their own merrymaking to watch the Duncan guests have fun.

I cannot imagine a prettier sight, nor a more wonderful one, than a dozen of the film stars including Billie Dove, Dolores Del Rio, the Duncans, Claire Windsor, and some others, joining arms and romping down the wharf singing, "The More We Get Together!"

Claire and Dolores had their dresses ruined, however, taking in those awful so-called amusements in the Fun House.

"I do hope that the Duncans don't forget to ask us to their next party!" declared Patsy, as we travelled homeward. "The Duncans are among the few people who have really discovered what fun is!"



Ben Lyon and Pauline Starke tripping the light fantastic in "Dance Magic".



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"THE Breakfast Club is getting more and more popular as a place in which to hold parties, isn't it?" demanded Patsy. "I suppose it is so handy, in case they want to stay late, to be right there for breakfast."

Kathleen Key was giving a party there, one lovely moonlight night, and we found the guests gathered under the big sycamore trees, having supper at long tables, or dancing on a platform where there was a colored jazz orchestra.

It was a Hard Times party, with everybody dressed either in calico or in funny overalls, except Kathleen Key, our hostess, who looked utterly charming in an old-fashioned dress of the period of 1880 or thereabouts, with long skirt, tight waist and big bustle.

"The public never would recognize its idols, would it?" remarked Patsy, as we caught sight of Mildred Lloyd, Harold's wife, arrayed in striped overalls, and romping like a kid, while the beautiful Gertrude Olmsted was dressed in a calico gown and pinafore. Harold Lloyd himself sat sedately on the side-lines chatting with Jack Warner, who came dressed in a Nat Wills tramp make-up and looking very funny indeed.

Ivan Lebedeff, who has just signed with Cecil B. De Mille, was there in evening clothes, looking very distinguished.

Raymond Keane was amusing in overalls, and the Duncan sisters wore plain gingham dresses. Afterward they dolled up in a funny burlesque Florodora outfit, and gave a hilariously comic take-off on the famous sextette number.

"I'd manage to have a couple of birthdays a year if I were Estelle, and had a nice husband like Jack Dempsey to give me parties, and a nice place like this big Party House to give them in," vouchsafed Patsy.

Jack Dempsey was giving Estelle Taylor, his wife, a surprise party on her birthday, and everybody had been told to bring a rose-bush in lieu of any other sort of present, because Estelle is planting a special rose-garden.

"That was cute of Jack, wasn't it?" remarked Patsy. "He didn't want people to spend a lot of money on presents, and he knew they would if he didn't specify something, and here a lot of the guests have brought rose-bushes and slips from their own gardens."

The side-verandah, when we arrived, was full of stacks of rose-bushes.

We met Lenore Ulric as we entered, and had a little chat with her. She will go back into pictures if she can find just the right story she said. She looked very charming.

Constance Talmadge came with Buster Collier, whom everybody thinks she will marry before long; and Norma Shearer dropped in alone, looking as exquisitely lovely as ever.

"There are so many important people here that you simply can't see the party for the guests!" exclaimed Pat, as we found our way upstairs to remove our wraps.

Upstairs we found Patsy Ruth Miller, Louise Fazenda, Rosetta and Vivian Duncan, Edna Murphy and a lot of other girls. And downstairs, when we descended with them we found Monte Blue, John Miljan, Marie Prevost, Mervyn Leroy, and a score of others.

After supper we all went over to the Party House mentioned above,—a sort of Old English lodge situated on the big grounds of Jack's home,—where we found a huge room with a fireplace at one end, furnished with comfortable chairs and lounges and a big dance floor.

Mervyn Leroy, to whom Edna Murphy is engaged, is a splendid dancer, even though he is a writer, and Patsy remarked that she

is awfully glad, because Edna never should marry a man who could not dance, she is such a splendid stepper herself, and does so love it.

Monte Blue and Louise Fazenda improvised a very funny spring song dance, burlesquing the classic, at which everybody roared.

Jack Dempsey is in wonderful condition, and everybody is hoping that he will fight Tunney again,—and win!

"DAVID KIRKLAND seems to know just as well how to direct a party as he does a picture!" exclaimed Patsy.

The Kirklands live in one of those houses built on what Bill Nye used to call an "upright lot,"—viz., on the side of a Hollywood hill. There are three or four floors, with the rooms, most of them, on different levels,—all very charming and intriguing to the imagination.

We met Grant Withers and his fiancée, Alberta Vaughn, and Jerry Miley and Lois Wilson, May McAvoy, Henry Victor and others.

Dorothy Devore was there, looking prettier than ever, and telling us of the fact that she was happy about returning to the screen. She was with her nice husband, Wylie Mather.

George K. Arthur amused everybody by telling us how the only thing that was sustaining him in his picture career was the hope of some day wearing high heels in a picture and thus being able to look down on the heroine and call her "little woman!"

Dorothy Devore gathered a group around her and invited us all to dinner, explaining that she and Wylie own four lovely dogs, and that if we didn't like her and Wylie we would be sure to like the dogs!

We had a little chat with Barbara Bennett, daughter of the noted stage actor, Richard Bennett, who is back in Hollywood for another picture after having been away some time.

The beautiful Olive Hausbrook was there, and we found her one of the most charming girls in filmdom. Somehow we had never met her before.

Maurice Costello doesn't go out much to parties, I think, but when he does he is always the favorite beau of the evening, being very handsome, charming and magnetic. His hair has turned snow-white, and is most becoming.

That cute Sally O'Neil was there, and Mel Brown and his wife, Edward Everett Horton, Lilyan Tashman and Eddie Lowe.

After supper everybody danced in the big living room to the music of the colored orchestra. Mrs. Kirkland put Mr. Kirkland into circulation, with the result that we all had a nice dance with him.

HOTEL AND TRAVEL

HOTEL AND TRAVEL

The Breakers

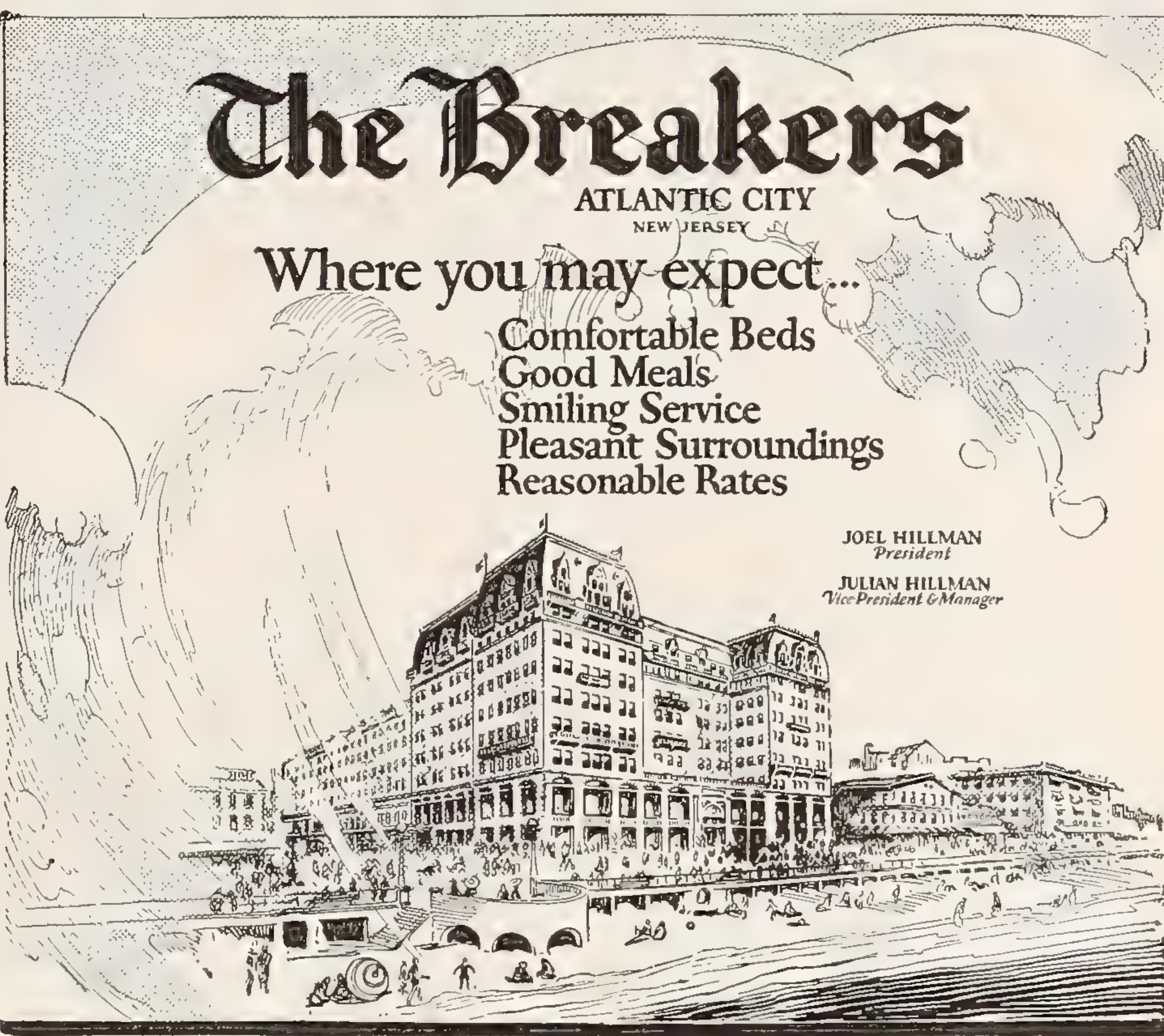
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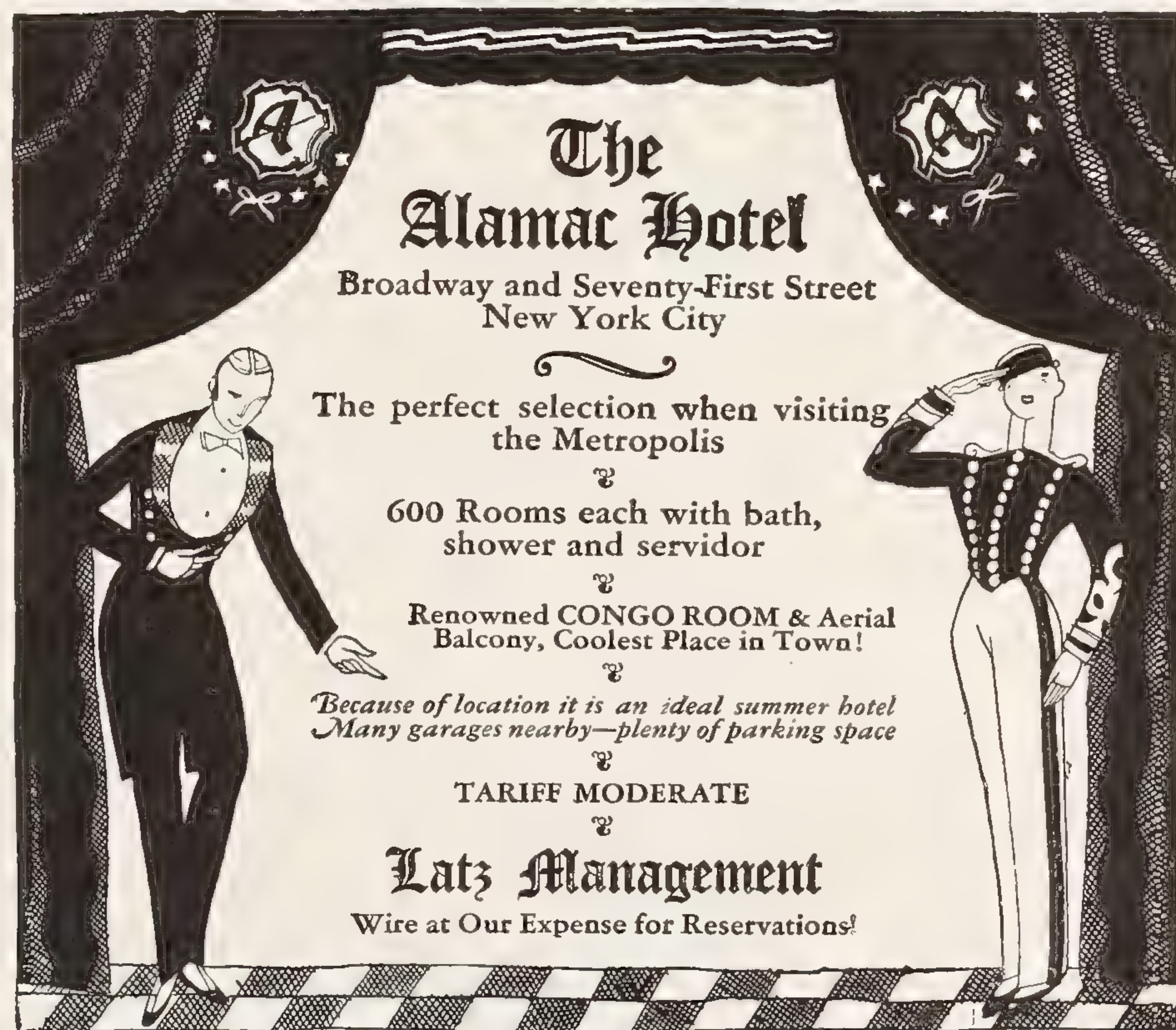


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Margie's Magic

(Continued from page 29)

a long term contract.

Eight months ago Marjorie started her "dramatic" career by handing billiard balls, water pitchers and what not to a magician in vaudeville.

"I would draw a magician!" lamented Margie, as she reflected upon her experiences.

As a matter of fact, Meno Sabe and Margie started their dramatic careers together, for he, too, was in the act. Only, Meno Sabe was then just Pat. It was a characteristic bit of indiscreet activity that earned him his odd sobriquet.

For six weeks Margie, in a chic maid's costume that hid none of her charm, grinned a saccharine grin at audiences three times a day, while Meno Sabe—nee Pat—did the clever bit of business of pulling at the coat tails of the magician as he swallowed billiard balls, annoying him beyond words, presumably, and eliciting loud guffaws from a gullible audience. Then—

"Well, it was in Denver", explained Margie, on the set where she was playing a comedy part in "Colleen" with Madge Bellamy. "And it was the first show at night. The house was full—and I think Meno Sabe must have been, too, or he never would have acted the way he did. I had just handed Mr. Magician a high silk hat and the wand that he brought that he brought everything out of from a mushroom omelette to a Russian sable coat.

"The magician stirred the inside of the hat with this thing that looked like a flute and—lo and behold he drew forth a rabbit, just as he had done three times a day for six weeks. Then he let the rabbit down and it scampered across the stage. I don't



(Dainty Anna May Wong whose next picture is "The Chinese Parrot".

know what got into Meno Sabe. He knew that rabbit as well as he knew me, but he cocked his head, wagged what is left of his tail and—zip!

"Lickety-split he went after that rabbit—off the stage—up the aisles—and out of the theatre, while the audience yelled.

"I bawled him out. 'Don't you ever do anything like that again—savvy?' He just looked at me quite proudly and showed that he didn't savvy at all, so I changed his name.

"That ended our dramatic careers so far as the spoken stage was concerned, but we didn't mind. Neither of us could ever understand why they called it the 'spoken' stage, anyway. We never uttered a word during the entire six weeks."

Marjorie had been a clownish mimic in her childhood days in Kansas City, where she was born nineteen years ago. So, back in Hollywood, she turned to pictures as a possible career.

Marjorie's sense of humor proved an asset from the start. Without it she would still be handing billiard balls to some other magician. Instead, she found a job as an extra at the F. B. O. studios and that was that. Three months more and another chance. It was a two reel comedy, "Hey Taxi!"

"The name appealed to me," said Margie, "I hadn't ridden in a taxi in a long, long time."

Margie stood out in "Hey, Taxi!" as she is bound to stand out in any picture if she has the slightest opportunity. More two reelers at Universal and then, as if she had waved the wand of the magician who fired her, the big chance came. She was sent for by James Ryan, casting director of the Fox Studios. The part was "Flo" in "Ankles Preferred" and she got it. She also got a long term contract as the result of her work. In "Rich, But Honest", her following picture, she did even better, attracting the attention of many critics by her tom-foolery as the department store sales girl who goes on the stage and, through her awkwardness,

makes a hit as a comedienne.

"It seems as though once the ball of luck started rolling it has just kept on going", says Margie. "Now, if I can keep Meno Sabe out of the way I think everything will be all right. What that pup couldn't do to a motion picture set with all the maze of scenery and wires and props is nobody's business.

"I prefer comedy to drama for two reasons. One is that I've never had and dramatic training—except for that tragic affair of Meno Sabe and the magician—and the other is that, well, I haven't exactly what you'd call a dramatic face."

Marjorie is a red head. She has hazel eyes and a jovial, whimsical disposition that carries with it the impression that she hasn't a care in the world. She is—what shall we say—inclined to plumpness. That is, she is 5 feet 3½ inches and weighs 120 pounds.

"You know," she says, "weight is one of my problems. I laugh too much, I think. When I was on the road I used to eat in Child's where they had all the calories figured out for you and printed on the side of the menu. After you had eaten five or six thousand calories you were supposed to stop. I had to quit eating there. It was too hard eating and adding. I always was rotten at Arithmetic, anyway."

Now, in Hollywood, Marjorie does a lot of swimming to keep the figure in proper trim. It is one of her hobbies, as is dancing, and between the two she manages to combine pleasure with necessity. She is an avid reader of modern literature and drives a Buick.

"But, to get back to pictures", said Margie, "After all I have gotten my chance within less than a year after I started. I know some girls who have been trying for three and four years to break out of the extra ranks. Things have moved so swiftly in the last three months that I have been dazzled. Really, I don't know yet what it's all about." And Marjorie Beebe's eyes looked out of their corners with her own irresistible humorous charm.

A Book for Fans

(Continued from page 12)

dramatic episodes involving the erring mother and Kit's matriculation as a surgeon, while a generous sprinkling of quiet humor has not been overlooked. The thing that makes it all real, however, is the indelible characterization—the careful investing with real flesh and blood, of all the persons in the story. And that is the thing that so few stories accomplish. We are asked, alas too often, to believe in tailored mannikins whose individuality is delineated by sub-titles, their emotions illustrated by "camera angles".

I chose "Sorrell And Son" chiefly because it rings true, because it says something worth while, because it leaves a reader feeling a little better than before he read it, without knowing exactly why. The editor of SCREENLAND said something in a recent comment on Mr. DeMille's excellent picture, "The King of Kings", which, I think, hits the nail on the head. He remarked that "the greatness of a story lies in its invisible spirit, in the thing unseen". That, I believe, is everlastingly true! We directors are given fulsome credit when we succeed in putting over a good picture, but our chief function has been, merely the faithful translation of a story or play to our medium.

That thing unseen—that touch of spiritual elevation or inspiration, whatever it may be—is what makes a picture great. It is a privilege to be able to handle a story that one feels possesses this invisible quality. I

have handled three such in my time: "Peter Pan", with its plea for eternal youth, delicately wrapped in poetic fantasy; "Beau Geste", with the glorious overtone of exalted sentiment in its theme of brother love, overshadowing its brutal realism; and now, "Sorrell And Son", a great love story of the greatest love.

People have told me that "Sorrell And Son" could not be made into a picture; the hero doesn't rescue the heroine from the villainy clutches and receive his reward in a ten foot fade-out. They said the same thing about "Beau Geste". As far as stories are concerned, I believe the public is ready for new formulae. I think the old hokum, with whatever polish and artistic technique, has been done to death.

I am making "Sorrell And Son" in even firmer faith than I did "Beau Geste" because, as I said in the beginning, it appeals strongly to my own emotion and experience. I happen to have a son of my own and I know there are millions of fathers in this land with sons of their own and millions of wives, who are aware of similar attachments between their husbands and sons as existed between Stephen and Kit Sorrell. A large percentage of those millions has enjoyed and been uplifted by Mr. Deeping's fine story. I only hope they and millions more may find my picture of that story as uplifting and enjoyable.



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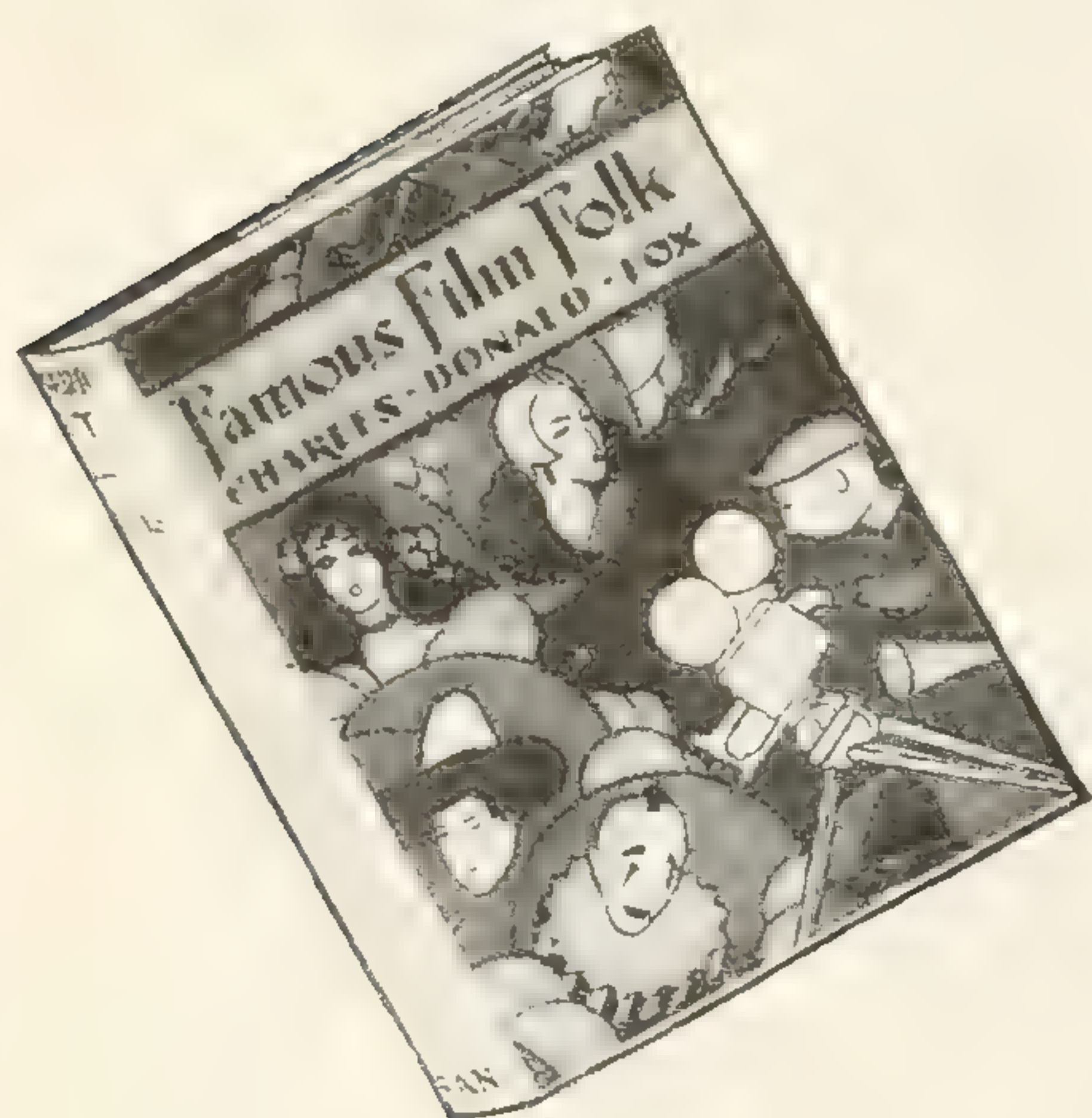
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Now He's in a Position to Help You

(Continued from page 75)

certain knowledge, has ever bought a film company outright, giving up all his banking connections and himself gone into the business of producing films.

Everybody in the trade was dumbfounded. "What" they said, "a rank outsider going into the business of producing pictures—without any actual experience!" It was laughable. It was ludicrous. And they all sat back waiting for Joseph P. to make costly and foolish mistakes. But he didn't. Nor will he. Everybody underestimated first, the depth of Mr. Kennedy's financial genius; second, his uncanny organization abilities; and third, (and most important of all) the power of his personality as an individual.

Instead of bankrupting his company, Joseph P. Kennedy has fostered Film Booking Offices into as progressive a company as there is. And he has only had his hands on the wheel two years. Wait another five and see what happens. This man knows what he wants and goes out and gets it.

Joseph P. Kennedy has taken his adopted profession far more seriously than many a man born in it. Realizing the need for competent information regarding the executive end of pictures, Mr. Kennedy has caused Harvard to inaugurate a series of film lectures. These have been inculcated in the Harvard course of Business Administration. Famous picture directors and executives journey to Cambridge, Massachusetts, in order that from their talks all men taking this course may have prime instruction regarding the business of picture making.

Nor did Mr. Kennedy's efforts stop here. Believing in this industry—just as every man has to believe before he can bring his efforts to anything like a successful conclusion—Joseph P. Kennedy has so arranged it that each year twelve of the season's best films are chosen by a celebrated committee. These pictures are then hermetically sealed and locked up in a vault at the Harvard library so that the coming generations may

be inspired by the efforts of their ancestors who created and cherished the Great Motion Picture Art.

In building up this energetic Film Booking Offices of his, Mr. Kennedy has realized the importance of surrounding himself with assistants of the highest possible calibre. He has striven to bring worth while people into his industry. Through his continuous efforts many Harvard men have become affiliated with film producing. And for the same reason that he has influenced Harvard alumni to enter his organization, he is with SCREENLAND's help combing the United States in order that the best type of American boy may have a start towards success.

This then is the man, who, in memory of his own struggle is willing to give you a hand up. A lot of people—when they reach the top—forget the shaky little ladder by which they climbed. But not Joseph P. Kennedy. He stands on the heights of the world—and holds out his hand to you.

This contest is only open to young men but you girls must not be disappointed for your chance will come very soon. What Joseph P. Kennedy has done, others will do. And it won't be long before some eminent film executive will offer you the same chance that Mr. Kennedy is giving SCREENLAND's boys.

I always used to love the biographies of Alexander the Great and Caesar and Napoleon. I used to think it inspired me to achievement to read their lives. But now, and I hope it is not heretical to say so, I would much rather hear, talk about or write of the Joseph P. Kennedys of our great industry.

It's harder to conquer the city of New York in this year of our Lord nineteen hundred and twenty-seven than it was centuries ago for Caesar to gird on his sword, stride out and overwhelm the hordes of Helvetians.

In this age, Joseph P. Kennedy carved his career through supreme ability. And what one man can do, all can do.

The Stage Coach

(Continued from page 57)

bystanders. Then he fired the revolver.

Well, by this time the reserves had been called out. But the whole situation was settled when your correspondent, with the wits that he always carries with him, even when he is wearing plus-fours, took Harpo, Groucho and the reserves over to see the second act of "Merry-Go-Round" at the Klaw.

"The Second Man"

Utterly undiscouraged by our reactions to "Peggy-Ann", we went to see another show that had been touted highly. "The Second Man" is the name of it, the Theatre Guild is—the producer, and S. N. Behrman is the author. And there aren't many better shows on the boards.

It has dialogue that can stand up fairly well with that of the late Oscar Wilde. It is witty, sparkling and civilized. It is the sort of talk smart people wish they could talk. And yet, coming from the brilliant cast we saw, that talk never sounded as though it were anything but spontaneous. Which is a tribute to the company the Guild engaged.

Well, you will ask, who is this company? Well, we reply, we are glad you asked.

There is, for one, Alfred Lunt, in as smooth a performance as he has ever given. There is for two, Lynn Fontanne. There is, for three, Earle Larimore. And there is, for four, Margalo Gillmore.

There is an explanatory note to the program, which gives the clue to the title. The second man in us—and there's one in us even if you haven't got him—is the cynical, calculating guy who watches with a cold interest the genuine emotions and reflexes of the first. When the first guy, under the influence of a beautiful moon and an even more beautiful gal, says in so many words, "I love you", the second man is the guy who says, "You're a cock-eyed liar, and you know it."

Lunt plays the part of the first and second men. He is a wise-cracking, second-rate author, a little too worldly to quite let the sincerity of the first man in him win out. Then there is the lady he loves, and the lady whose wealth he loves. And then there's the fellow who has no second man at all, who thinks straight and shoots a little less straight.

A fine, light and yet searching comedy. Don't miss it.

One of the Boys That Ran Away

(Continued from page 19)

not landscape. "Clint", as his familiars called him, bought a ticket and sat down front that night and every time Marie pulled her line Clint's Adam's apple ran up and down inside his collar, and his eyes and mouth would open wide enough to swallow Marie, the foots and the wood set in front of which she worked. As the show went on Clint forgot the foots and the wood set . . . forgot everything except the idea that was fast taking root in his mind that with Marie at his side for inspiration, he could paint Dallas into something that would out-art anything that was ever hung in the salons of Paris.

After the show, Clint worked his way back along the alley and crashed the stage door. For the first time in his life Clint was sitting on the top . . . and he felt about as comfortable and easy in the head as a man at his first Woman's Club Luncheon.

But Clint had something to say to Marie. He was deadly in earnest and the strangest thing about it was that Marie was tickled silly to hear it. Nobody but Clint and Marie knows exactly what it was Clint said to her that night, or the next, or the next. It probably wasn't very original. Maybe the same old story not as well told, but whatever it was Marie listened attentively and when the show left town, it had to get someone to do Marie's turn. She stayed and became the little wife of one of Dallas's best and biggest open air painters.

Clint and Marie settled down, and along in the proper course of events, little Thelma came and then followed Jimmy, a snub-nosed, pie-faced little rascal whose sole purpose in life seemed to be the lapping up of oatmeal, milk and the mother talk that seem-

ingly goes in one ear and out of the other. But enough of it stuck and reached the right spot, for Jimmy took on form and a grin that was worth miles of muddy-going to see. Marie must have put the right stuff in Jimmy's breakfast food. If you don't believe it go and see Jimmy in one of his pictures.

If you will remember, the little mother was a dancer, so it quite followed that Jimmy began to shake a leg as soon as he recognized it from his other limbs, and as soon as he began to find his lungs Marie polished up his squaking till it began to sound like a Musical Morning at the Ritz. Next he was taught to stand up and deliver "The Village Blacksmith" and other such recitations that go into the making of young American Orators. Jimmy was coming on. He didn't know where he was headed but he was on his way.

Just when Jimmy was stepping out at his best he got his first jolt. His little mother died and Jimmy lost not only his first teacher but the best friend a boy may ever hope to have.

It made a complete upheaval in Jimmy's career. His father couldn't keep up with his painting and take care of three children—Little Marie had come along just after Jimmy—and the painting just had to be done. Jimmy, in consequence was farmed out to his grandfather who owned a ranch a couple of hundred miles away; not far as distances go in Texas, but the point is: Jimmy suddenly found himself without the gentle companionship of both parents which is as near orphanage as a kid can be forced up against at ten.

Jimmy now went to school but he never forgot his mother's early training in the three R's of stagecraft: Elocution, vocalization and the rhythmic slinging of a nimble pedal. After school Jimmy used to sit in the gloaming, glooming over the great career that now seemed about as easy for him to reach as a million dollars.

But Jimmy was only waiting till Time was ready to give him his cue.

Three years rolled along, as years will, and Jimmy got word that his father had married again and wanted him home. So Jimmy went back to Dallas and attended a Military Academy where boys are taught to fight the battle of life as well as their neighboring country. But Jimmy always found time between class hours to patter with his feet, keep his voice oiled and his ear cocked, as well as his gun, to hear his cue . . . and along about this time it came.

Jimmy always knew what was going on at the theatre. His was a wise and well trained nostril. He could pick up the scent of grease paint before a company reached the railroad station . . . He used to sneak out the back door, slip down to the theatre stage door and go on in a song and dance number on Amateur nights. And there wasn't the least doubt that Jimmy enjoyed the hand clapping he got in the theatre infinitely better than he did the hand slapping he got on the seat of his trousers when he met his father waiting for him at the old homestead. . . But despite these physical discouragements, Jimmy went back every Friday night. You can't keep a good actor out of the theatre. Like Love you may shoo him out of one show but he'll come riding in on the next one and although Jimmy took his father's chastisement he never neglected to take his curtain calls.



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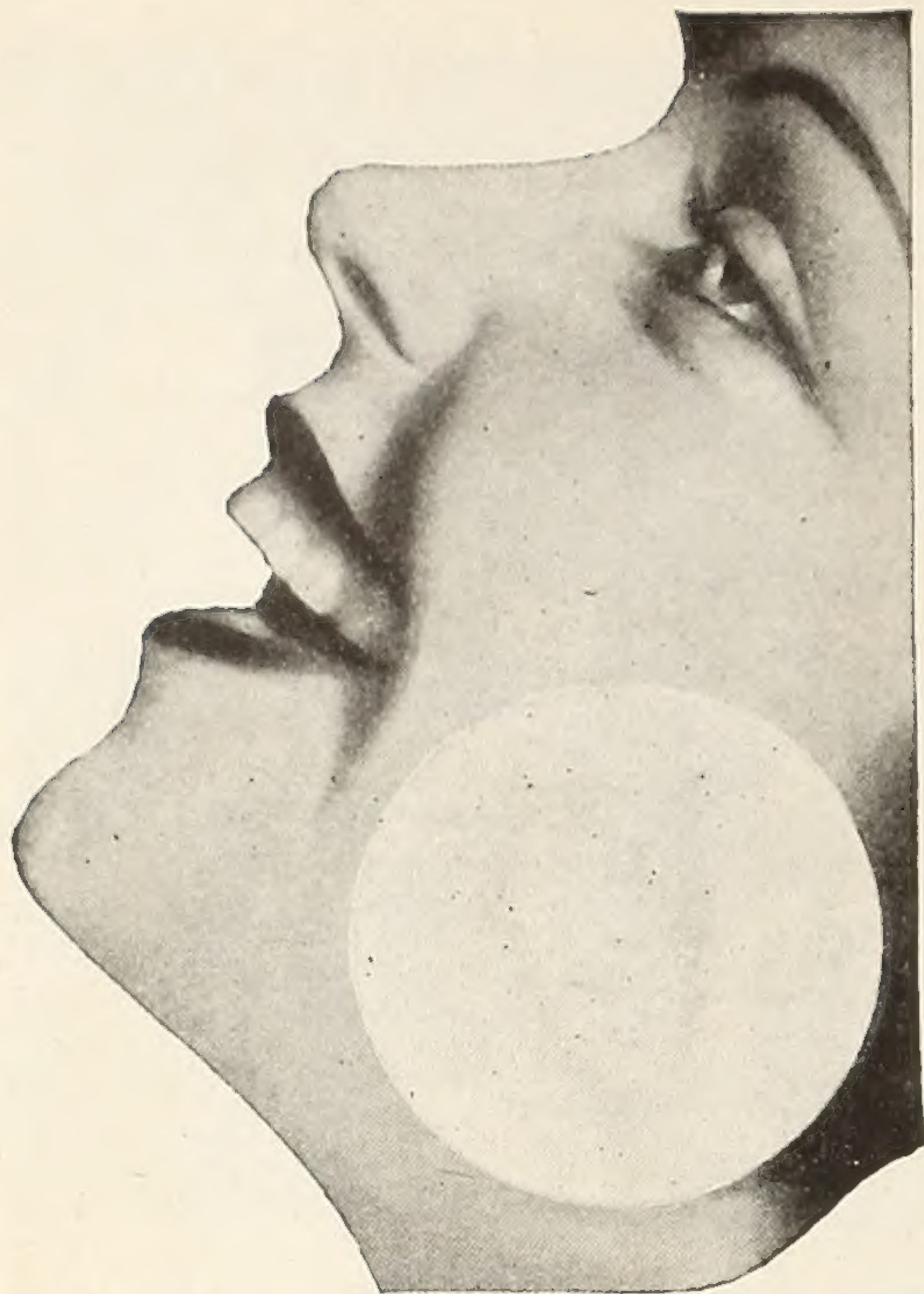
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In "Ham and Eggs"

Myrna Loy proves that she is a good sport as well as a good trouper because she plays a black-face part.



Along the way of Life there is always a cross road. Sometimes it's a funny little crooked lane . . . again a gay boulevard brightly lit. You never can tell which is the way for you. There ought to be one of God's traffic cops stationed there. It would make life so much easier.

Jimmy's loomed up one dark night when he was thirteen. It crossed the Dallas Railroad Station. Otis Skinner rode into town with "Kismet" and Jimmy was one of Dallas's first citizens to welcome the company. I wonder if Jimmy knew then that there's something in the word "Kismet" that bore to him a mystic meaning?

Jimmy was standing at the train when he saw a woman with two heavy bags. Up stepped Jimmy and the woman knew by the smile he threw at her that she need have nothing to fear . . . just as Mr. Lasky later recognized the smile that wins . . . and Jimmy got a job that night selling the book of the play in the lobby. Jimmy pulled down four to five dollars a night; his first real salary, and in his seventh heaven, he thought he had reached the pinnacle . . . fame and fortune. Here was indeed the life of Riley. But Jimmy wanted to act and when the show left town, Jimmy went with it playing his first big part; a beggar Hindu boy without a line. But his run was shorter than Kismet's . . . the blood hounds caught up with him at Richmond, Virginia, and brought him back to school and the further development of his education.

But it was too late. Jimmy was all broken out with the fever of the footlights; a disease for which there is no lasting cure. He stayed at home but his heart was on the road and finally after a brief struggle, his father acknowledged himself beaten and Jimmy was permitted to follow his hunch. The skis were under his feet. He could scale the heights or bump the lamp-post at the foot of the hill. He knew by this time where he wanted to go and that's as much as any man, woman or actor can ask the gods to tell him.

Jimmy stayed home only long enough to get re-acquainted with his own house number when a road company playing "Everywoman" booked Dallas and when it hit the trail again it had absorbed Jimmy who doubled as a newsboy and an altar boy . . . one foot in the gutter, the other on the altar but both really in paradise.

Ever since then Jimmy has been in and out of the theatre . . . mostly in. He's done everything from transportation man to headliner. His first part in New York was as an usher in the Mark Strand Theatre where he got considerable experience, at

least as a critic. He had time to watch the antics of other actors. He learned about mummies from them.

From the Strand he moved around the corner to the Globe, this time as an actor in "Chin Chin". Next he mixed with the Vaudeville elite and went out in two small plays "Bud Wise" and "Hilda" and little by little the rough edges were polished smooth by the friction he roused with his public, and his friends back stage. The raw recruit was fast being groomed into a seasoned trooper.

In 1915-16 he landed in the Ziegfeld follies . . . that kindergarten for the Movies, and mixed it with such fast players as Ann Pennington, Mae Murray, Ed Wynn, Leon Errol and W. C. Fields who more or less had something to offer the young man in the way of stage deportment.

One of the most peculiar irrelevancies in Jimmy's career is the fact that he tried several times to break into the Films. When he was with "The Passing Show" in California he was given two screen tests but the keen eyes of the Producers gave him the gate . . . they couldn't see him for a nickle's worth. Again in New York, Warner Bros. gave him a chance but they didn't like him enough to offer him sufficient to buy cigarettes. Universal took a shot at him but they too couldn't quite get the idea of putting any real money up on him.

All of which only goes to show whether Mr. Lasky knows his business or not.

Today Jimmy has played in six or seven pictures. His first was with Bebe Daniels in "The Campus". After that you may have seen him or you may yet see him, (depending on whether you live in a city or in a village) in "Hotel Imperial", "Stranded in Paris", "Love's Greatest Mistake", "Senorita", "Rolled Stockings" and "Ritzy", and I am led to believe that he will soon be filmed in "Swim, Girl Swim" playing opposite (or against) Bebe Daniels for the fourth time. This picture, by the way, also enlists the nautical services of Gertrude Ederle, the human gold fish who crossed the English Channel under her own power.

Jimmy Hall is really a find. His good looks are an asset. By that I mean that it doesn't hurt him to look handsome. He wears clothes as if he'd been born all dolled up and his general deportment on the screen is as unconscious to him as if he'd never been on the stage. At the same time his development is so satisfactory you'd think he spent all his time in a dark room.

All of which would give you the impression that I like Jimmy Hall . . . well, I do. Go and see him and if you don't agree with me, I'll never speak to you again.

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